McCLURE'S

S. S. McCLURE, Editor

My Life and Work by Henry Ford in Collaboration with Samuel Crowther

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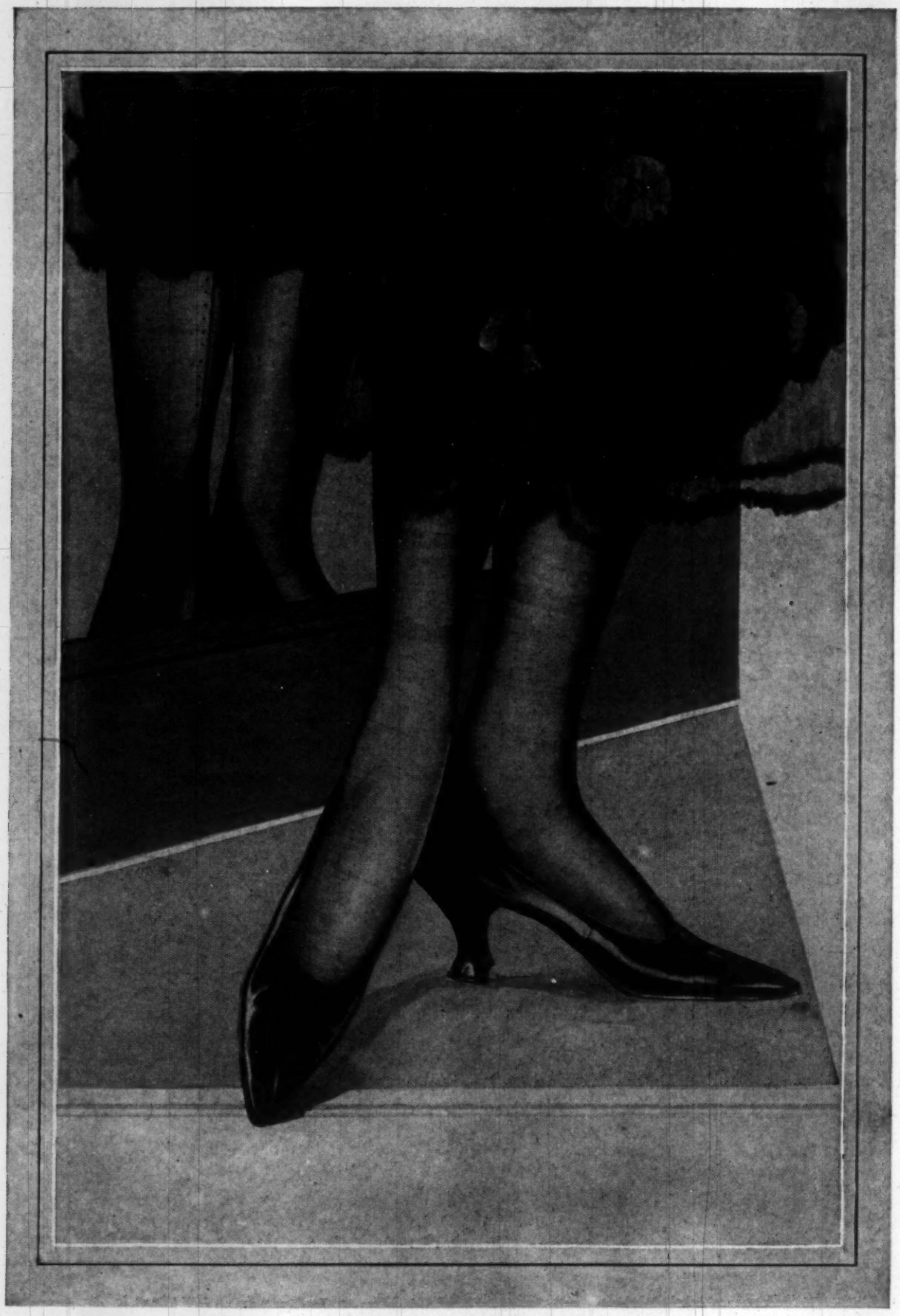

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Volume 54 Number 3

McCLURE'S

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McCLURE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 76-88 Lafayette Street, New York

It's a Shame for *You* Not to Earn $10,000 a Year

—When Others Do It So Easily

He Does It

"Last week my earnings amounted to $554.37; this week will go over $400."—F. Wynn, Portland, Oregon.

So Does He

"I had never earned more than $60 a month. Last week I cleared $306 and this week $218."—George W. Kearns, Oklahoma City, Okla.

And He—

"The very first month I earned $1,000. I was formerly a farmhand." Charles Beery, Winterset, Iowa.

And He—

"After spending ten years in the railway mail service at salaries ranging from $900 to $1,600 a year I decided it was necessary for me to make a change. . . . My earnings during the past thirty days were more than $1,000."—W. Hartle, Chicago, Ill.

WHEN a farmhand steps from $50 to $1,000 a month—when a fireman jumps from $60 a month to a job paying him $500 for two weeks' work—when a former railway mail clerk at a yearly salary of $1,600 changes his job and earns $1,000 in thirty days—and when hundreds of others quickly jump from small pay to magnificent earnings in the same way—then it's a shame for you not to earn *your* $10,000 a year!

There is nothing exceptional about these men. They'd tell you that themselves. Many had been clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics. Some had been policemen farm-hands, firemen. And then in one swift stroke, they found themselves making more money than they had ever dreamed possible. The grind of routine work—the constant struggle to obtain even a small increase—all this was left behind. To-day they know the thrill of making big money; they are no longer ruled by an office clock. There is genuine enjoyment in every hour of the day, for their work is filled with real fascination. They have found not only the most interesting, but the best paying branch of all business.

A field that they had never dreamed of as theirs they found to be easy and uncrowded. Earnings that they had always *hoped* to reach and that their old jobs could *never* have paid, were right there in this new field waiting for them. Hundreds of others have found success the same way. You can too—let us tell you how.

How You Can Do It Too

What these men have done, hundreds of others have done, hundreds are doing to-day, hundreds will do to-morrow. And *you* can be one of them! For now the same opportunity that put these men into the big-money class is open to you!

In the first place they discovered a vital fact about business. They discovered that the big money is in the selling end of business. In the second place they discovered a new and amazingly easy way that will make *any* man of average intelligence and ambition a salesman, no matter what job he held before.

Salesmen are the very life blood of any concern—upon them depends the amount of profits made. The men who can put a product on the market and boost its sales are absolutely indispensable. No wonder that man for man Salesmen receive the highest pay. For the men who are Masters of Salesmanship—there is practically no limit to their earnings. Some receive almost fabulous amounts. And that is how these men and hundreds of others like them found the way to their present handsome incomes. They are all Master Salesmen now!

Yet previously they had no idea of becoming Salesmen. If you had told them success awaited them in a field of Selling, they would have laughed at you. They would have told you that it was absurd to think of it—for they had never sold a dime's worth of goods in their lives! Then they learned of a great organization of top-notch Salesmen and Sales Managers formed for the great opportunities in the field of Salesmanship and to help them to positions in the lines that most appeal to them. Step by step—in their spare time at home—this great organization, The National Salesmen's Training Association, took them through every phase of selling. Every underlying principle of salesmanship was made as simple as A B C. Then as soon as they were qualified and ready, the Free Employment Service of this Ass'n helped them secure good Selling positions. Almost before they realized it they were in the big-money class.

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The same opportunity that has brought hundreds of others their good fortune is open to you. Whether or not you have ever thought of becoming a Salesman, you should examine the facts about the tremendous possibilities for big earnings in this fascinating field. Mail the coupon below. This will place you under no obligation. It simply means that you will receive, *entirely free*, a remarkable illustrated book, "The Knight of the Grip," and the personal stories of men in every part of the country who to-day are enjoying splendid success and earning five, ten and fifteen times as much money as ever before. It's a shame for *you* not to make big money when others do it so easily! Make a start now for *your* $10,000 *Year*. Mail coupon at once to The National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. 81-E, Chicago, Ill.

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Business, too, has its beacons. They are the *advertisements,* which throw a powerful light to guide you in your buying. They show you what to buy, where to buy and when to buy.

Spend a few minutes running through the advertisements in this publication. Then buy the products that have proved up in the light of advertising.

Manufacturers who advertise deliberately focus thousands of eyes on their products. Their wares must be *good*, their values *honest* and their prices right or they could not advertise successfully.

In the advertisements you see products that have made good under the critical inspection of buyers. These products are *full value* products. They return you dollar for dollar. Buy them.

Let the beacon of advertising guide you as it is guiding so many astute buyers.

Then you can know that every cent you spend buys its full quota of value.

Why Stout People Can't Wear New Styles

Easy to lose a pound a day or more by new fascinating method. No exercise, self-denial or discomforts.

Illustrations show what wonderful improvement in figure is secured by reduction of 30 pounds.

Reduce to Your Ideal Figure In *Two Weeks!*

Make This Free Test – Results Guaranteed.

"I REDUCED from 175 pounds to 153 pounds in 2 weeks! (**22 pounds lost in 14 days**). If you had known me before and could see me now, you would realize what a wonderful discovery your new method is. Before I started I was flabby, heavy and sick—had stomach trouble all the time. Had no vigor. I feel wonderful now." *Name furnished on request.*

This person's experience is duplicated by that of hundreds of others who have quickly regained their normal, healthful weight, and strong, graceful and slender figures in the simplest, easiest and most delightful way known. Mrs. George Guiterman of 420 East 66th Street, New York, lost 13 pounds in the very first 8 days. Mrs. Mary Denneny of 82 West 9th Street, Bayonne, N. J., lost 74 pounds in record time, reduced her bust 7½ inches, her waist 9 inches and her hips 11 inches. She also banished her pimples and secured a beautiful complexion; all through this marvelous new method. She can now RUN upstairs without puffing or discomfort, whereas before it made her feel faint just to walk up.

Look Years Younger When Fat Departs

A Pennsylvania woman writes: "Since I lost those 54 pounds I *feel* 20 years younger—and my family say I *look* it."

This appearance of youth is one of the most delightful results of this new method. Fat people always look older than they really are. Merely to secure a slender form would bring a more youthful appearance. But this new method also results in a clearer skin, a brighter eye, a firmer step and the most wonderful energy and vitality. Many write us that they have been positively amazed to lose lines and wrinkles which they had supposed to be ineffaceable So that when you reduce to normal weight in this new simple fascinating, natural way, you look even younger than most slender people of the same age. You can then dress stylishly and yet be in perfect taste. This season's designs are made for thin people. In a very short time after using this marvelous new method, you can wear the most colorful, the most fluffy, and the most extreme styles; and look well in them.

***NO** Exercise, Starving, Special Baths, Rolling, Massage, Appliances, Special Clothing or any Discomfort Whatever.*

Results in 48 Hours

And best of all, these wonderful benefits are secured without any discomforts whatever. No starving, no exercise, no medicines—nothing to do but pay attention to an easily followed law of nature. In reward, nature gives everything and exacts no payment.

The Secret Explained

As simple and easily understood as is this natural law it seems almost magical in its results. Eugene Christian, a specialist of international renown, discovered that it is not *how much* they eat, and to a certain extent it is not even *what* they eat that causes people with *natural fatty tendencies* to put on surplus flesh. It is how their food is *combined*. Eat certain dishes at the same meal and they will cause more flabbiness and fat and fill the body with the poisons that cause the puffiness, the lacklustre eyes and the skin blemishes which so often accompany obesity. But eat these very same dishes at different times and properly combined with other ordinary foods and they make muscle and bone and good rich blood instead of fat. Then the fat you have already stored up is rapidly consumed. This discovery is the greatest boon ever given to stout people who have found dieting a weakener, exercises a task and drugs a delusion. For when you learn the secret of properly combining your food you can eat **Potatoes, Fowl, Meat, Fish, Milk, Butter, Cheese, Chocolate, Corn Bread, Wheat Bread** and many other dishes you have probably been denying yourself. And yet you will lose weight steadily, right from the start—perhaps a pound a day, perhaps more, as so many others have done.

And as the unhealthy fat departs, your flesh becomes firm, your complexion clears, your eyes brighten and your health and energy increase wonderfully. Youthful looks, youthful spirits and a youthful form become quickly yours.

When you have reduced to normal weight and your fatty tendencies have been corrected it will not be necessary for you to pay further attention to how your food is combined. Still you will probably want to keep these combinations up all your life, for as Mr. Clyde Tapp, of Poole, Ky., says: "The delicious menus make every meal a pleasure never experienced before."

Free Trial—Send No Money

Send no money now—just fill out and mail coupon or send letter if you prefer. We will send you in 12 interesting booklets, complete instructions and dozens of delicious menus containing the foods you like combined in a way to enable you to quickly attain a slenderness which makes you look well in the most colorful, fluffy or bouffant styles. Weigh yourself when the course arrives. Follow the appetizing menus in the first lesson. Weigh yourself again in a couple of days and note the delightful and astonishing result.

People have been so grateful for what Christian has done for them that they have voluntarily paid him fees of $500.00 to $1,000.00. But he wants everyone to be able to own this course on "Weight Control." So in addition to a FREE TRIAL offer, he makes the following nominal price, which you will probably consider as hardly paying for printing and handling. You pay the postman only $1.97 (plus postage) when the course arrives. And it is then yours. If more convenient you may remit with coupon but this is not necessary. *There are no further charges.* If you are dissatisfied with it you will have the privilege of returning it within 5 days and your money will then be instantly refunded. So you risk nothing. Act today! You'll soon create astonishment and envy among your friends by your renewed slenderness, increased health and youthful appearance. **CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Dept. W-105, 43 W. 16th St., New York City**

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Editorial Announcement

ONE of the most difficult situations of the times is involved in the government of countries in which there are extreme racial hatreds.

In the former Turkish Empire there is no region where either Turks, Armenians or Greeks can rule without arousing racial hostilities, so strong as to render normal government impossible.

There are very special conditions in Palestine, where eighty per cent of the inhabitants are Arabs, ten per cent Christians and ten per cent Jews. All the land is already occupied. The population of Palestine cannot be largely increased. It is a small country of very limited resources.

The situation in Ireland is greatly complicated by the fact that there is no region where all the people are either Unionists or Separatists.

In an early issue of the magazine there will be an article telling the exact truth about Turkey as it is to-day by Robert Dunn, who was a member of the American Mission in Constantinople.

The governance of Turkey involves the control of the Bosphorous and the Dardanelles. And the policy of England in Turkey has a direct bearing on the situation in India.

One of the most difficult questions in Ireland is the delimitation of Ulster. The editor of McClure's will explain why the Ulster people are opposed to secession from the United Kingdom, and further why they are opposed to joining the Free State. The prime difficulty is the impossibility of making a boundary that excludes adherents of both Ulster and the Free State from the government they prefer.

The utilization of water power in the United States will be illustrated by an article on Muscle Shoals by William Almon Wolff. There are several States in the South which are determined that Muscle Shoals shall be developed by Mr. Ford, and Mr. Wolff's article will give the results of his visit to many of these States, and also of his investigations of all the questions involved.

Admiral Sims has prepared for the magazine a study of Roosevelt and his relation to the Navy that will appear in three issues. This series of articles is of extraordinary interest and importance.

Mr. John J. Leary, Jr., has written an article giving Roosevelt's last utterances in regard to the relations between America and England. In a sense this is Roosevelt's farewell message to his countrymen.

It will be news to most people that the method of "Twilight Sleep," as it is known, has been greatly perfected, and its use greatly extended. The present status of this marvelous discovery will be described in the magazine by Mrs. Anna Strunsky Walling and Zoe Beckley.

May She Invite Him Into the House?

THEY have just returned from a dance. It is rather late, but the folks are still up. Should she invite him into the house or say good-night to him at the door? Should he ask permission to go into the house with her? Should she ask him to call at some other time?

There are countless other problems, that arise every day. Should a woman allow a man she knows only slightly to pay her fare on a car or train? Should a man offer his hand to a woman when he is introduced to her? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside.

Those who know how to act under all circumstances are usually considered charming and cultured. But those who are always committing embarrassing mistakes, who do and say the wrong thing at the wrong time, betray themselves as uncultured.

The Value of Social Knowledge

Everyone loves to attend dances and theatres, to mingle with cultured, brilliant people, to take part in social functions. Without the social knowledge which gives one polish and poise, one cannot hope to be happy and at ease in these circles. Social knowledge, or etiquette, serves as a barrier to keep the crude and unpolished out of the circles where they themselves would be embarrassed and where they would cause mortification to others.

Through generations of observation in the best circles of Europe and America, these rules of etiquette have come down to us—and to-day those that have stood the test of time must be observed by those who wish to be well-bred, who wish to avoid embarrassment and humiliation when they come into contact with cultured people.

The man or woman who knows the rules of etiquette should be able to mingle with brilliant, cultured people, and yet feel entirely at ease, always calm and well-poised. And if one knows how to conduct oneself with grace and confidence, one will win respect and admiration no matter where one chances to be. The charm of manner has a greater power than wealth or fame—a power which admits one to the finest circles of society.

What Do You Know About Etiquette?

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do on a certain puzzling occasion, what to wear to some unusual entertainment, what to say under certain circumstances? Do you know, for instance, how to word a wedding announcement in the newspapers? Do you know how to acknowledge a gift? Do you know the correct thing to wear to a formal dinner?

Do you know how to introduce a man to a woman, how to plan a tea-party, how to decorate the home for a wedding? Do you know how to overcome self-consciousness, how to have the charm of correct speech, how to be an ideal guest, an ideal host or hostess? Do you know all about such important details as setting a dinner table correctly, addressing invitations correctly, addressing servants correctly? Do you know the etiquette of weddings, of funerals, of dances?

How Many of These Questions Can You Answer?

Should the engaged girl embroider her linens with her own initials or the initials of her future married name?

What is the correct way to eat corn on the cob in a public dining-room?

Does the woman who marries for the second time wear a veil?

Is it correct for a woman to wear a hat in a restaurant or hotel dining-room in the evening?

How should wedding gifts or birthday gifts be acknowledged?

In sending an invitation or announcement to a family in which there are adult children, is it correct to use the form "and family" on the envelope?

The Famous "Book of Etiquette" in two Volumes Sent to You Free for Examination

There are two methods of gaining the social polish, the social charm that every man and woman must have before he or she can be always at ease in cultured society. One method is to mingle with society for years, slowly acquiring the correct table manners, the correct way to conduct oneself at all times, in all places. One would learn by one's own humiliating mistakes.

The other method is to learn at once, from a dependable authority, the etiquette of society. By knowing exactly what to do, say, write, and wear on all occasions, under all conditions, one will be better prepared to associate with the most highly cultivated people and yet feel entirely at ease. At the theatre, in the restaurant, at the dance or dinner, one will be graceful and charming—confident in the knowledge that one is doing or saying only what is correct.

The famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette has solved the problem in thousands of families. Into these two volumes have been gathered all the rules of etiquette. Here you will find the solutions to all your etiquette problems—how to word invitations, what to wear to the theatre or dance, how much to tip the porter or waiter, how to arrange a church wedding. Nothing is omitted.

Would you like to know why rice is thrown after the bride, why a teacup is usually given to the engaged girl, why the woman who marries for the second time may not wear white? Even the origin of each rule of etiquette is traced, and, wherever possible, explained. You will learn why the bride usually has a maid-of-honor, why black was chosen as the color of mourning, why the man raises his hat. As interesting as a story—yet while you read you will be acquiring the knowledge that will protect you against embarrassment and humiliation.

Examine these two famous volumes at our expense. Let us send you the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days. Read the tables of contents in the books. Glance at the illustrations. Read one or two of the interesting chapters. And then decide whether or not you want to return the splendid set. You will wonder how you could have ever done so long without it!

Within the 5 days' free examination period, you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the books without obligation. If you decide to keep them, as we believe you will, simply send $3.50 in full payment—and they are yours. But be sure you take advantage of this free examination offer. Send the coupon at once! Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 1045, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

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Without money in advance, send me the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days' examination. Within 5 days I will either return the books or keep them and send you only $3.50 in full payment.

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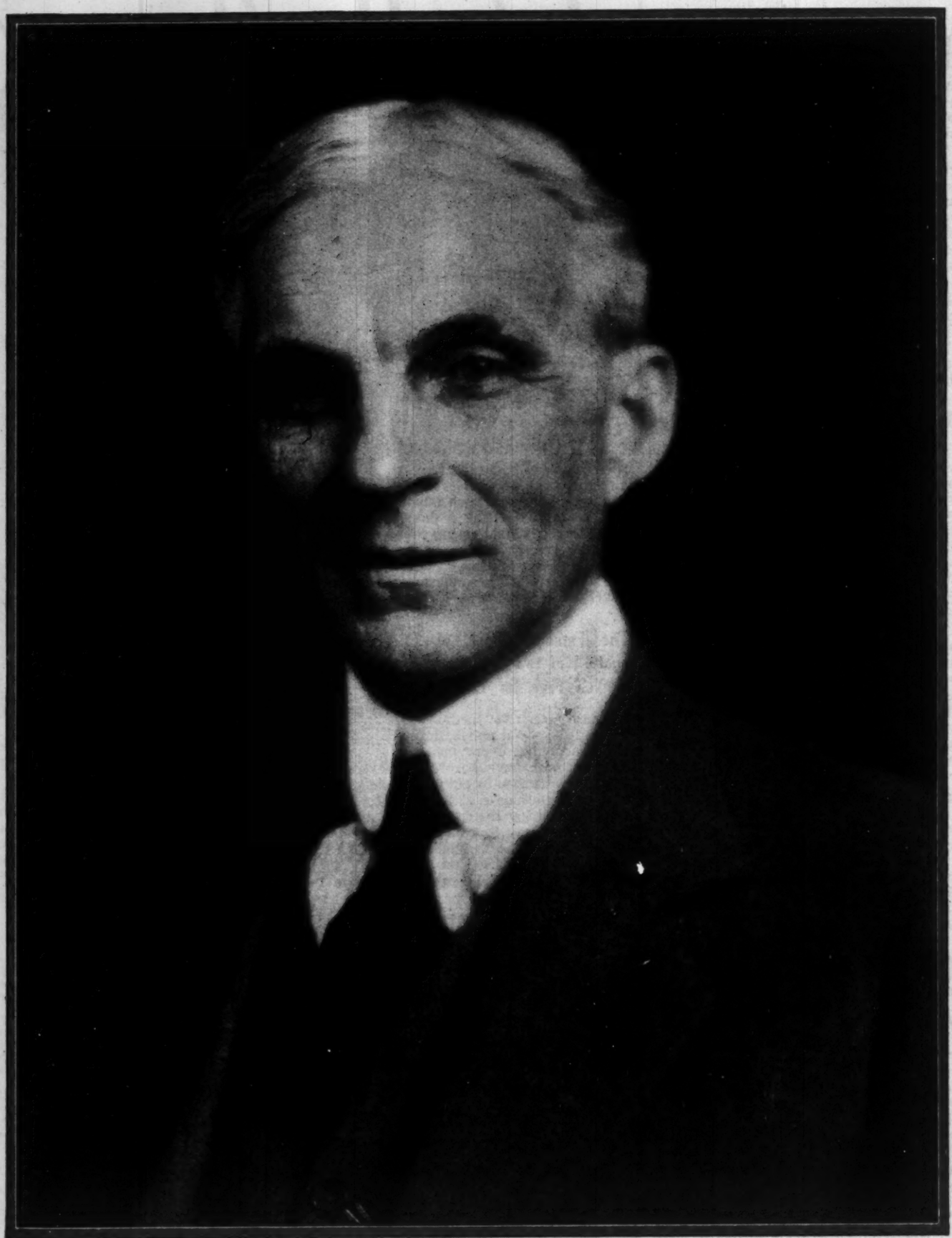


HENRY FORD
From a recent photograph

VOLUME 54
No. 3

McCLURE'S

S. S. McCLURE, *Editor*

MAY
1922

My Life and Work

By Henry Ford in Collaboration with Samuel Crowther

WE have only started on the development of our country — we have not as yet, with all our talk of wonderful progress, done more than scratch the surface. The progress has been wonderful enough — but when we compare what we have done with what there is to do, then our past accomplishments are as nothing. When we consider that more power is used merely in plowing the soil than is used in all the industrial establishments of the country put together, an inkling comes of how much opportunity there is ahead. And now, with so many countries of the world in ferment and with so much unrest everywhere, is an excellent time to suggest something of the things that may be done — in the light of what has been done.

When one speaks of increasing power, machinery and industry there comes up a picture of a cold, metallic sort of world in which great factories will drive away the trees, the flowers, the birds, and the green fields. And that then we shall have a world composed of metal machines and human machines.

I think that unless we know more about machines and their use, unless we better understand the mechanical portion of life, we cannot have the time to enjoy the trees, and the birds, and the flowers, and the green fields. I think that we have already done too much toward banishing the pleasant things from life by thinking that there is some opposition between living and providing the means of living. We waste so much time and energy that we have little left over in which to enjoy ourselves, and machinery, money and goods are useful only as they set us free to live. They are but means to an end. For instance, I do not consider the machines which bear my name simply as machines. If that was all there was to it I would do something else. I take them as concrete evidence of the working out of a theory of business which I hope is something more than a theory of business — a theory that looks toward making this world a better place in which to live. The fact that the commercial success of the Ford Motor Company has been most unusual is important only because it serves to demonstrate, in a way which no one can fail to understand, that the theory to date is right. Considered solely in this light I can criticize the prevailing system of industry and the organization of money and society from the standpoint of one who has not been beaten by them.

As things are now organized, I could, were I thinking only selfishly, ask for no change. If I merely wanted money the present system is all right; it gives money in plenty to me. But I am thinking of service. The present system does not permit the best service because it encourages every kind of waste — it keeps many men from getting the full return from service. And it is going nowhere. Improvement is all a matter of better planning and adjustment.

I have no quarrel with the general attitude of scoffing at new ideas. It is better to be sceptical of all new ideas and to insist upon being shown rather than to rush around in a continuous brainstorm after every new idea. Scepticism, if by that we mean cautiousness, is the balance wheel of civilization. Most of the present acute troubles of the world arise out of taking on new ideas without first carefully investigating to discover if they are good ideas. An idea is not necessarily good because it is old, or necessarily bad because it is new, but if an old idea works, then the weight of the evidence is all in its favor. Ideas are of themselves extraordinarily valuable but an idea is just an idea. Almost anyone can think up an idea. The thing that counts is developing it into a practical product.

I am now most interested in fully demonstrating that the ideas I have put into practise are capable of the largest application — that they have nothing to do peculiarly with motor cars or tractors, but form something in the nature of a universal code. I am quite certain that it is the natural code, and I want to demonstrate it so thoroughly that it will be accepted not as a new idea, but as a natural code.

The natural thing to do is to work — to recognize that prosperity and happiness can be obtained only through honest effort. Human ills flow largely from attempting to escape from this natural course. I have no suggestion which goes beyond accepting in its fullest this principle of nature. I take it for granted that we must work. All that I have done comes as the result of a certain insistence that since we must work, it is better to work intelligently and forehandedly; that the better we do our work the better off we shall be. All of which I conceive to be merely elemental common sense.

I am not a reformer. I think there is entirely too much attempt at reforming in the world and that we pay too much attention to reformers. We have two kinds of reformers. Both are nuisances. The man who calls himself a reformer wants to smash things. He is the sort of man who could tear up a whole shirt because the collar button did not fit the button hole. It would never occur to him to enlarge the button hole. This sort of reformer never under any circumstances knows what he is doing. Experience and reform do not go together. A reformer cannot keep his zeal at white heat in the presence of a fact. He must discard all facts.

Since 1914 a great many persons have received brand new intellectual outfits. Many are beginning to think for the first time. They opened their eyes and realized that they were in the world. Then, with a

thrill of independence, they realized that they could look at the world critically. They did so and found it faulty. The intoxication of assuming the masterful position of a critic of the social system — which it is every man's right to assume — is unbalancing at first. The very young critic is almost sure to be unbalanced. He is strongly in favor of wiping off the whole world and starting a new one. They actually managed to start a new world in Russia. It is there that the work of the world makers can best be studied. We learn from Russia that it is the minority and not the majority who determine destructive action. We learn also that while men may decree social laws in conflict with natural laws, Nature vetoes those laws more ruthlessly than could the Czars. Nature has vetoed the whole Soviet Republic. For it sought to deny Nature. It denied, above all else, the right to the fruits of labor. Some people say, "Russia will have to go to work," but that does not describe the case. The fact is that poor Russia is at work, but her work counts for nothing. It is not free work. In the United States a workman works eight hours a day; in Russia, he works twelve to fourteen. In the United States, if a workman wishes to lay off for a day or a week, and is able to afford it, there is nothing to prevent him. In Russia, under Sovietism, the workman goes to work whether he wants to or not. The freedom of the citizen has disappeared in the discipline of a prison-like monotony in which all are treated alike. That is slavery. Freedom is the right to work a decent length of time and to get a decent living for doing so; to be able to arrange the little personal details of one's own life. It is the aggregate of these and many other items of freedom which makes up the great idealistic Freedom. The minor forms of Freedom lubricate the everyday life of all of us. Russia could not get along without intelligence and experience. As soon as she began to run her factories by committees, they went to rack and ruin; there was more debate than production. As soon as they threw out the skilled men, thousands of tons of precious materials were spoiled. The fanatics talked the people into starvation. The Soviets are now offering the engineers, the administrators, the foremen and superintendents, whom at first they drove out, large sums of money if only they will come back. Bolshevism is now crying for the brains and experience which it yesterday treated so ruthlessly. All that "reform" did to Russia was to block production.

There is in this country a sinister element that desires to creep in between the men who work with their hands and the men who think and plan for the men who work with their hands. The same influence that drove the brains, experience, and ability out of Russia is busily engaged in raising prejudice here. We must not suffer the stranger, the destroyer, the hater of happy humanity, to divide our people. In unity is American strength — and freedom.

On the other hand we have a different kind of reformer who never calls himself one. He is singularly like the radical reformer. The radical has had no experience and does not want it. The other class of reformer has had plenty of experience, but it does him no good. I refer to the reactionary — who will be surprised to find himself put in exactly the same class as the Bolshevist. He wants to go back to some previous condition, not because it was the best condition, but because he thinks he knows about that condition. The one crowd wants to smash up the whole world in order to make a better one. The other holds the world as so good that it might well be let stand as it is — and decay. The second notion arises as does the first — out of not using the eyes to see with. It is perfectly possible to smash the world, but it is not possible to build a new one. It is possible to prevent the world from going forward, but it is not possible then to prevent it from going back — from decaying. It is foolish to expect that, if everything be overturned, every one will thereby get three meals a day. Or, should everything be petrified, that thereby six per cent. interest may be paid. The trouble is that reformers and reactionaries alike get away from the realities — from the primary functions.

One of the counsels of caution is to be very certain that we do not mistake a reactionary turn for a return of common sense. We have passed through a period of fireworks of every description, and the making of a great many idealistic maps of progress. We did not get anywhere. It was a convention, not a march. Lovely things were said, but when we got home we found the furnace out. Reactionaries have frequently taken advantage of the recoil from such a period, and they have promised "the good old times" — which usually means the bad old abuses — and because they are perfectly void of vision they are sometimes regarded as "practical men." Their return to power is often hailed as the return of common sense.

The primary functions are agriculture, manufacture and transportation. Community life is impossible without them. They hold the world together. Raising things, making things, and carrying things are as primitive as human need and yet as modern as anything can be. They are of the essence of physical life. When they cease, community life ceases. Things do get out of shape in this present world under the present system, but we may hope for a betterment if the foundations stand sure. The great delusion is that one may change the foundation — usurp the part of destiny in the social process. The foundations of society are the men and means to *grow* things, to *make* things and to *carry* things. As long as agriculture, manufacture and transportation survive, the world can survive any economic or social change. As we serve our jobs we serve the world. . . There is plenty of work to do. Business is merely work. Speculation in things already produced — that is not business. It is just more or less respectable graft. But it cannot be legislated out of existence. Laws can do very little. Law never does anything constructive. It can never be more than a policeman, and so it is a waste of time to look to our state capitals or to Washington to do that which law was not designed to do. As long as we look to legislation to cure poverty or to abolish special privilege we are going to see poverty spread and special privilege grow. We have had enough of looking to Washington and we have had enough — not so much, however, in this as in other countries — of legislators promising laws to do that which laws cannot do.

When you get a whole country — as did ours — thinking that Washington is a sort of heaven and behind its clouds dwell omniscience and omnipotence, you are educating that country into a dependent state of mind which augurs ill for the future. Our help does not come from Washington, but from ourselves; our help may, however, go to Washington as a sort of central distribution point where all our efforts are coordinated for the general good. We may help the Government; the Government cannot help us.

The slogan of "less government in business and more business in government" is a very good one, not mainly on account of business or government, but on

account of the people. Business is not the reason why the United States was founded. The Declaration of Independence is not a business charter, nor is the Constitution of the United States a commercial schedule. The United States — its land, people, government, and business — are but methods by which the life of the people is made worth while. The Government is a servant and never should be anything but a servant. The moment the people become adjuncts to government, then the law of retribution begins to work, for such a relation is unnatural, immoral, and inhuman. We cannot live without business and we cannot live without government. Business and government are necessary as servants, like water and grain; as masters they overturn the natural order.

The welfare of the country is squarely up to us as individuals. That is where it should be and that is where it is safest. Governments can promise something for nothing, but they cannot deliver. They can juggle the currencies as they did in Europe. And as bankers the world over do, as long as they get the benefit of the juggling, with a patter of solemn nonsense. It is work, and work alone, that can continue to deliver the goods — and that, down in his heart, is what every man knows.

There is little chance of an intelligent people, such as ours, ruining the fundamental processes of economic life. Most men know they cannot get something for nothing.

Most men feel — even if they do not know — that money is not wealth. The ordinary theories which promise everything to everybody, and demand nothing from anybody, are promptly denied by the instincts of the ordinary man, even when his mind does not form reasons against them. He *knows* they are wrong. That is enough. The present order, always clumsy, often stupid, and in many ways imperfect, has this advantage over any other — it works. Doubtless our order will merge by degrees into another, and the new one will also work — but not so much by reason of what it is as by reason of what men will bring into it.

The reason why Bolshevism did not work, and cannot work, is not economic. Bolshevism failed because it was both unnatural and immoral. Our system stands. Is it wrong? — of course it is wrong, at a thousand points! Is it clumsy? — of course it is clumsy. By all right and reason it ought to break down. But it does not — because it is instinct with certain economic and moral fundamentals.

The economic fundamental is labor. Labor is the human element which makes the fruitful seasons of the earth useful to men. It is men's labor that makes the harvest what it is. That is the economic fundamental; every one of us is working with material which we did not and could not create, but which was presented to us by Nature. The moral fundamental is man's right in his labor. This is variously stated. It is sometimes called "the right of property." It is sometimes masked in the command, "Thou shalt not steal." It is the other man's right in his property that makes stealing a crime. When a man has earned his bread, he has a right to that bread. If another steals it, he does more than steal bread; he invades a sacred human right.

If we cannot produce we cannot have — but some say if we produce it is only for the capitalists. Capitalists who become such because they provide better means of production are of the foundation of society. They have really nothing of their own. They merely manage property for the benefit of others. Capitalists who become such through trading in money are a temporarily necessary evil. They may not be evil at all if their money goes to production. If their money goes to complicating distribution — to raising barriers between the producer and the consumer — then they are evil capitalists and they will pass away when money is better adjusted to work, and money will become better adjusted to work when it is fully realized that through work and work alone may health, wealth, and happiness inevitably be secured.

There is no reason why a man who is willing to work should not be able to work and to receive the full value of his work. There is equally no reason why a man who can but will not work should not receive the full value of his services to the community. He should most certainly be permitted to take away from the community an equivalent of what he contributes to it. If he contributes nothing he should take away nothing. He should have the freedom of starvation. We are not getting anywhere when we insist that every man ought to have more than he deserves to have — just because some do get more than they deserve to have.

There can be no greater absurdity and no greater disservice to humanity in general than to insist that all men are equal. Most certainly all men are not equal, and any democratic conception which strives to make men equal is only an effort to block progress. Men cannot be of equal service. The men of larger ability are less numerous than the men of smaller ability; it is possible for a mass of the smaller men to pull the larger ones down — but in so doing they pull themselves down. It is the larger men who give the leadership to the community and enable the smaller men to live with less effort.

The conception of democracy which means a leveling-down of ability — makes for waste. No two things in nature are alike. We build our cars absolutely interchangeable. All parts are as nearly alike as chemical analysis, the finest machinery, and the finest workmanship can make them. No fitting of any kind is required and it would certainly seem that two Fords standing side by side, looking exactly alike and made so exactly alike that any part could be taken out of one and put into the other — would be alike. But they are not. They will have different road habits. We have men who have driven hundreds, and in some cases thousands, of Fords, and they say that no two ever act precisely the same — that, if they should drive a new car for an hour or even less and then the car were mixed with a bunch of other new ones, also each driven for a single hour and under the same conditions, although they could not tell which was the car they had been driving, merely by looking at it, they could by driving pick out the car they had before.

I have been speaking in general terms. Let us be more concrete. A man ought to be able to live on a scale commensurate with the service that he renders. This is rather a good time to talk about the point, for we have recently been through a period when the rendering of service was the last thing that most people thought of. We were getting to a place where no one cared about costs or service. Orders came without effort. Whereas once it was the customer who favored the merchant by dealing with him, conditions changed until it was the merchant who favored the customer by selling to him. That is bad for business. The lack of necessity to hustle is bad for business. Business is never as healthy as when, like a chicken, it must do a certain amount of scratching for what it gets. Things were coming too easily. There was a let-down of the principle that an honest relation ought to obtain be-

tween values and prices. The public no longer had to be "catered to." There was even a "public be damned" attitude in many places. It was intensely bad for business. Some men called that abnormal condition "prosperity." It was not prosperity — it was just a heedless money chase. Money chasing is not business.

It is very easy, unless one keeps a plan thoroughly in mind, to get burdened with money and then, in an effort to make more money, to forget all about selling to the people what they want. Business on a money-making business is most insecure. It is a touch-and-go affair, moving irregularly and rarely over a term of years amounting to much. It is the function of business to produce for consumption and not for money or speculation. Producing for consumption implies that the quality of the article produced will be high and that the price will be low — that the article be one which serves the people and not merely the producer. If the money feature is twisted out of its proper perspective, then the production will be twisted to serve the producer, which is about the most short-sighted act that can possibly be performed. . . .

The producer depends for his prosperity upon serving the people. He may get by for a while serving himself, but if he does, it will be purely accidental and when the people wake up to the fact that they are not being served, the end of that producer is in sight. During the boom period the larger effort of production was to serve itself, and hence, the moment the people woke up, many producers went to smash. They said that they had entered into a "period of depression." Nothing of the kind. They were simply trying to pit nonsense against sense — which is something that cannot successfully be done. Being greedy for money is the surest way not to get it, but when one serves for the sake of service — for the satisfaction of doing that which one believes to be right — then money abundantly takes care of itself.

Money comes naturally as the result of service. And it is absolutely necessary to have money. But we do not want to forget that the end of money is not ease, but the opportunity to perform more service. In my mind, nothing is more abhorrent than a life of ease. None of us have any right to ease. There is no place in civilization for the idler. Any scheme looking to abolishing money is only making affairs more complex, for we must have a measure. That our present system of money is a satisfactory basis for exchange is a matter of grave doubt. That is a question which I shall talk of in a subsequent chapter. The gist of my objection to the present monetary system is that it tends to become a thing of itself and to block instead of facilitate production.

My effort is in the direction of simplicity. People in general have so little and it costs so much to buy even the barest necessities (let alone that share of the luxuries to which I think everyone is entitled), because nearly everything that we make is much more complex than it needs to be. Our clothing, our food, our household furnishings — all could be much simpler than they now are and at the same time be better looking. Things in past ages were made in certain ways, and makers since then have just followed. I do not mean that we should adopt freak styles. There is no necessity for that. Clothing need not be a bag with a hole cut in it. That might be easy to make but it would be inconvenient to wear. A blanket does not require much tailoring but none of us could get much work done if we went around Indian-fashion in blankets. Real simplicity means that which gives the very best service and is the most convenient in use. The trouble with drastic reforms is they always insist that a man be made over in order to use certain designed articles. I think that dress reform for women — which seems to mean ugly clothes — must always originate with plain women who want to make everyone else look plain. That is not the right process. Start with an article that suits and then study to find some way of eliminating the entirely useless parts. This applies to everything — a shoe, a dress, a house, a piece of machinery, a railroad, a steamship, an airplane. As we cut out useless parts and simplify necessary ones we also cut down the cost of making. This is simple logic, but oddly enough the ordinary process starts with a cheapening of the manufacturing instead of with a simplifying of the article. The start ought to be with the article. First we ought to find whether it is as well made as it should be — does it give the best possible service? Then — are the materials the best or merely the most expensive? Then — can its complexity and weight be cut down? And so on. . . .

There is no more sense in having extra weight in an article than there is in the cockade on a coachman's hat. In fact, there is not as much. For the cockade may help the coachman to identify his hat while the extra weight means only a waste of strength. I cannot imagine where the delusion that weight means strength came from. It is all well enough in a pile-driver, but why move a heavy weight if we are not going to hit anything with it? In transportation why put extra weight in a machine? Why not add it to the load that the machine is designed to carry? Fat men cannot run as fast as thin men but we build most of our vehicles as though dead weight fat increased speed! A deal of poverty grows out of the carriage of excess weight.

Some day we shall discover how further to eliminate weight. Take wood, for example. For certain purposes wood is now the best substance we know, but wood is extremely wasteful. The wood in a Ford car contains thirty pounds of water. There must be some way of doing better than that. There must be some method by which we can gain the same strength and elasticity without having to lug useless weight. And so through a thousand processes.

The farmer makes too complex an affair out of his daily work. I believe that the average farmer puts to a really useful purpose only about 5 per cent. of the energy that he spends. If any one ever equipped a factory in the style, say, the average farm is fitted out, the place would be cluttered with men. The worst factory in Europe is hardly as bad as the average farm-barn. There power is utilized to the least possible degree. Not only is everything done by hand, but seldom is a thought given to logical arrangement. A farmer doing his chores will walk up and down a rickety ladder a dozen times. He will carry water for years instead of putting in a few lengths of pipe. His whole idea, when there is extra work to do, is to hire extra men. He thinks of putting money into improvements as an expense. Farm products, at their lowest prices, are dearer than they ought to be. Farm profits, at their highest, are lower than they ought to be. It is waste motion — waste effort — that makes farm prices high and profits low.

On my own farm at Dearborn we do everything by machinery. We have eliminated a great number of wastes, but we have not as yet touched on real economy. We have not yet been able to put in five or ten years of intense night and day study to discover what really ought to be done. We have left more undone than we

have done. Yet at no time — no matter what the value of crops — have we failed to turn a first-class profit. We are not farmers — we are industrialists on the farm. The moment the farmer considers himself as an industrialist, with a horror of waste either in material or in men, then we are going to have farm products so low-priced that all will have enough to eat, and the profits will be so satisfactory that farming will be considered as among the least hazardous and most profitable of occupations.

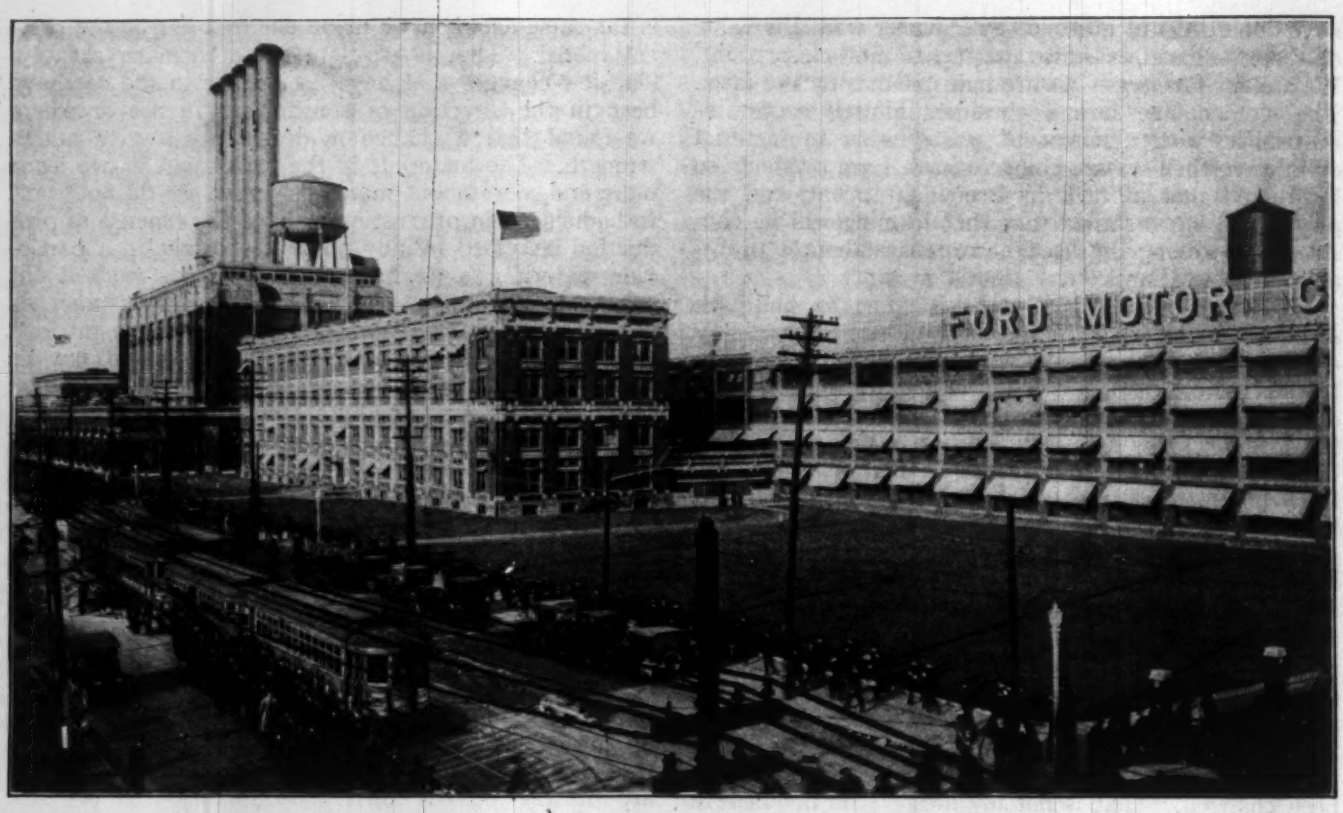
Lack of knowledge of what is going on and lack of knowledge of what the job really is and the best way of doing it are the reasons why farming is thought not to pay. Nothing could pay the way farming is conducted. The farmer follows luck and his forefathers. He does not know how economically to produce, and he does not know how to market. A manufacturer who knew how neither to produce nor to market would not long stay in business. That the farmer can stay on shows how wonderfully profitable farming can be.

The way to attain low-priced, high volume production in the factory or on the farm — and low-priced, high volume production means plenty for every one — is quite simple. The trouble is that the general tendency is to complicate very simple affairs. Take, for an instance, an "improvement." . . . When we talk about improvements usually we have in mind some change in a product. An "improved" product is one that has been changed. That is not my idea. I do not believe in starting to make until I have discovered the best possible thing. This, of course, does not mean that a product should never be changed, but I think that it will be found more economical in the end not even to try to produce an article until you have fully satisfied yourself that utility, design, and material are the best. If your researches do not give you that confidence then keep right on searching until you find confidence. The place to start manufacturing is with the article. The factory, the organization, the selling, and the financial plans will shape themselves to the article. You will have a cutting edge on your business chisel and in the end you will save time. Rushing into manufacturing without being certain of the product is the unmentioned cause of many business failures. People seem to think that the big thing is the factory or the store or the financial backing or the management. The big thing is the product, and any hurry in getting into fabrication before designs are completed is just so much waste time. I spent twelve years before I had a Model "T" — which is what is known to-day as the Ford car — that suited me. We did not attempt to go into real production until we had a real product. That product has not been essentially changed.

We are constantly experimenting with new ideas. If you travel the roads in the neighborhood of Dearborn you can find all sorts of models of Ford cars. They are experimental cars — they are not new models. I do not believe in letting any good idea get by me, but I will not quickly decide whether an idea is good or bad. If an idea seems good, or even seems to have possibilities, I believe in doing whatever is necessary to test out the idea from every angle. But testing out the idea is something very different from making a change in the car. Where most manufacturers find themselves quicker to make a change in the product than in the method of manufacturing, we follow exactly the opposite course.

Our big changes have been in methods of manufacturing. They never stand still. I believe that there is hardly a single operation in the making of our car that is the same as when we made our first car of the present model. That is why we make them so cheaply. The few changes that have been made in the car have been in the direction of convenience in use or where we found that a change in design might give added strength. The materials in the car change as we learn more and more about materials. Also we do not want to be held up in production or have the expense of production increased by any possible shortage in a particular material, so we have for most parts worked out substitute materials. Vanadium steel, for instance, is our principal steel. With it we can get the greatest strength with the least weight, but it would not be good business to let our whole future depend upon being able to get vanadium steel. We have worked out a substitute. All our steels are special, but for every one of them we have at least one and sometimes several fully proved and tested substitutes. And so on through all of our materials and likewise with our parts. In the beginning we made very few of our parts and none of our motors. Now we make all our motors and most of our parts because we find it cheaper to do so. But also we aim to make some of every part so that we cannot be caught in any market emergency or be crippled by some outside manufacturer being unable to fill his orders. The prices on glass were run up outrageously high during the war; we are among the largest users of glass in the country. Now we are putting up our own glass factory. If we had devoted all of this energy to making changes in the product we should be nowhere; but by not changing the product we are able to give our energy to the improvement of the making. The principal part of a chisel is the cutting edge. If there is a single principle on which our business rests it is that. It makes no difference how finely made a chisel is or what splendid steel it has in it or how well it is forged — if it has no cutting edge it is not a chisel. It is just a piece of metal. All of which being translated means that it is what a thing does — not what it is supposed to do — that matters. What is the use of putting a tremendous force behind a blunt chisel if a light blow on a sharp chisel will do the work? The chisel is there to cut, not to be hammered. The hammering is only incidental to the job. So if we want to work why not concentrate on the work and do it in the quickest possible fashion? The cutting edge of merchandising is the point where the product touches the consumer. An unsatisfactory product is one that has a dull cutting edge. A lot of waste effort is needed to put it through. The cutting edge of a factory is the man and the machine on the job. If the man is not right the machine cannot be; if the machine is not right the man cannot be. For any one to be required to use more force than is absolutely necessary for the job in hand is waste.

The essence of my idea, then, is that waste and greed block the delivery of true service. Both waste and greed are unnecessary. Waste is due largely to not understanding what one does, or being careless in the doing of it. Greed is merely a species of near-sightedness. I have striven toward manufacturing with a minimum of waste, both of materials and of human effort, and toward distribution at a minimum of profit, depending for the total profit upon volume of distribution. In the process of manufacturing I want to distribute the maximum of wage — that is, the maximum of buying power. Since, also, this makes for a minimum cost and we sell at a minimum profit, we can distribute a product in consonance with buying power. Thus every one who is connected with us — either as



Main building of the Ford Motor Company at Detroit, Mich.

a manager, worker or purchaser — is the better for our existence. The institution that we have erected is performing a service. That is the only reason I have for talking about it. The principles of that service are these:

1. An absence of fear of the future or veneration for the past. One who fears the future, who fears failure, limits his activities. Failure is only the opportunity more intelligently to begin again. There is no disgrace in honest failure; there is disgrace in fearing to fail. What is past is useful only as it suggests ways and means for progress.

2. A disregard of competition. Whoever does a thing best ought to be the one to do it. It is criminal to try to get business away from another man — criminal because one is then trying to lower for personal gain the condition of one's fellow man, to rule by force instead of by intelligence.

3. The putting of service before profit. Without a profit, business cannot extend. There is nothing inherently wrong about making a profit. Well-conducted business enterprise cannot fail to return a profit, but profit must and inevitably will come as a reward for good service. It cannot be the basis — it must be the result of service.

4. Manufacturing is not buying low and selling high. It is the process of buying materials fairly and, with the smallest possible addition of cost, transforming those materials into a consumable product and giving it to the consumer. Gambling, speculating, and sharp dealing, tend only to clog this progression.

How these ideas arose, how they have worked out, and how they apply generally are the subjects of these chapters.

On May 31, 1921, the Ford Motor Company turned out Car No. 5,000,000. It is out in my museum along with the gasoline buggy that I began work on thirty years before and which first ran satisfactorily along in the spring of 1893. I was running it when the bob-o-links came to Dearborn and they always come on April 2d. There is all the difference in the world in the appearance of the two vehicles and almost as much difference in construction and materials, but in fundamentals the two are curiously alike — except that the old buggy has on it a few wrinkles that we have not yet quite adopted in our modern car. That first car or buggy, even though it had but two cylinders, would make twenty miles an hour and run sixty miles on the three gallons of gas the little tank held, and is as good to-day as the day it was built. The development in methods of manufacture and in materials has been greater than the development in basic design. The whole design has been refined; the present Ford car, which is the Model "T," has four cylinders and a self-starter — it is in every way a more convenient and an easier riding car. It is simpler than the first car. But almost every point in it may also be found in the first car. The changes have been brought about through experience in the making and not through any change in the basic principle — which I take to be an important fact demonstrating that, given a good idea to start with, it is better to concentrate on perfecting than to hunt around for a new idea. One idea at a time is about as much as anyone can handle.

It was life on the farm that drove me into devising ways and means to better transportation. I was born on July 30, 1863, on a farm at Dearborn, Michigan, and my earliest recollection is that there was too much work on the place for the results. That is the way I still feel about farming. There is a legend that my parents were very poor and that the early days were hard ones. Certainly they were not rich, but neither were they poor. As Michigan farmers went, we were prosperous. The house in which I was born is still standing, and it and the farm are part of my present holding.

There was too much hard, hand labor on our own and all other farms of the time. Even when very young

I suspected that much might somehow be done in a better way. That is what took me into mechanics — although my mother always said that I was born a mechanic. I had a kind of workshop with odds and ends of metal for tools before I had anything else. In those days we did not have the toys of to-day; what we had were home made. My toys were all tools — they still are. And every fragment of machinery was a treasure.

The biggest event of those early years was meeting with a road engine about eight miles out of Detroit one day when we were driving to town. I was then twelve years old. The second biggest event was getting a watch — which happened in the same year. I remember that engine as though I had seen it only yesterday, for it was the first vehicle other than horse-drawn that I had ever seen. It was intended primarily for driving threshing machines and sawmills and was simply a portable engine and boiler mounted on wheels with a water tank and coal cart trailing behind. I had seen plenty of these engines hauled around by horses, but this one had a chain that made a connection between the engine and the rear wheels of the wagon-like frame on which the boiler was mounted. The engine was placed over the boiler and one man standing on the platform behind the boiler shoveled coal, managed the throttle, and did the steering. It had been made by Nichols, Shepard & Company of Battle Creek. I found that out at once. The engine had stopped to let us pass with our horses and I was off the wagon and talking to the engineer, before my father, who was driving, knew what I was up to. The engineer was very glad to explain the whole affair. He was proud of it. He showed me how the chain was disconnected from the propelling wheel and a belt put on to drive other machinery. He told me that the engine made two hundred revolutions a minute and that the chain pinion could be shifted to let the wagon stop while the engine was still running. This last is a feature which, although in different fashion, is incorporated into modern automobiles. It was not important with steam engines, which are easily stopped and started, but it became very important with the gasoline engine.

It was that engine that took me into automotive transportation. I tried to make models of it, and some years later I did make one that ran very well, but from the time I saw that road engine as a boy of twelve right forward to to-day, my great interest has been in making a machine that would travel the roads. Driving to town I always had a pocket full of trinkets — nuts, washers, and odds and ends of machinery. Often I took a broken watch and tried to put it together. When I was thirteen I managed for the first time to put a watch together so that it would keep time. By the time I was fifteen I could do almost anything in watch repairing — although my tools were of the crudest. There is an immense amount to be learned simply by tinkering with things. It is not possible to learn from books how everything is made — and a real mechanic ought to know how nearly everything is made. Machines are to a mechanic what books are to a writer. He gets ideas from them and if he has any brains he will apply those ideas.

From the beginning I never could work up much interest in the labor of farming. I wanted to have something to do with machinery. My father was not in sympathy with my bent towards mechanics. He thought that I ought to be a farmer. When I left school at seventeen and became an apprentice in the machine shop of the Drydock Engine Works I was all but given up for lost. I passed my apprenticeship without trouble — that is, I was qualified to be a machinist long before my three-year term had expired — and having a liking for fine work and a leaning towards watches I worked nights at repairing in a jewelry shop. At one period of those early days I think that I must have had fully three hundred watches. I thought that I could build a serviceable watch for around thirty cents and nearly started in the business. I did not because I figured out that watches were not universal necessities and therefore people generally would not buy them. Just how I reached that surprising conclusion I am unable now to state. I did not like the ordinary jewelry and watchmaking work excepting where the job was hard to do. Even then I wanted to make something in quantity. It was just about the time when the standard railroad time was being arranged. We had formerly been on sun time and for quite a while, just as in our present daylight-saving days, the railroad time differed from the local time. That bothered me a good deal and so I succeeded in making a watch that kept both times. It had two dials and it was quite a curiosity in the neighborhood.

In 1879 — that is about four years after I first saw that Nichols-Shepard machine — I managed to get a chance to run one and when my apprenticeship was over I worked with a local representative of the Westinghouse Company of Schenectady as an expert in the setting up and repair of their road engines. The engine they put out was much the same as the Nichols-Shepard engine excepting that the engine was up in front, the boiler in the rear, and the power was applied to the back wheels by a belt. They could make twelve miles an hour on the road even though the self-propelling feature was only an incident of the construction. They were sometimes used as tractors to pull heavy loads and, if the owner also happened to be in the threshing machine business, he hitched his threshing machine and other paraphernalia to the engine in moving from farm to farm. What bothered me was the weight and the cost. They weighed a couple of tons and were far too expensive to be owned by other than a farmer with a great deal of land. They were mostly employed by people who went into threshing as a business or who had sawmills or some other line that required portable power.

Even before that time I had the idea of making some kind of a light steam car that would take the place of horses — more especially, however, as a tractor to attend to the excessively hard labor of plowing. It occurred to me, as I remember somewhat vaguely, that precisely the same idea might be applied to a carriage or a wagon on the road. A horseless carriage was a common idea. People had been talking about carriages without horses for many years back — in fact ever since the steam engine was invented — but the idea of the carriage at first did not seem so practical to me as the idea of an engine to do the harder farm work, and of all the work on the farm, plowing was the hardest. Our roads were poor and we had not the habit of getting around. One of the most remarkable features of the automobile on the farm is the way it has broadened the farmer's life. We simply took for granted that unless the errand were urgent we would not go to town and I think we rarely made more than a trip a week. In bad weather we did not go even that often.

Being a full-fledged machinist and with a very fair workshop on the farm it was not difficult for me to build a steam wagon or tractor. In the building of it came the idea that perhaps it might be made for road use.

I felt perfectly certain that horses, considering all the bother of attending them and the expense of feeding, did not earn their keep. The obvious thing to do was to design and build a steam engine that would be light enough to run an ordinary wagon or to pull a plow. I thought it more important first to develop the tractor. To lift farm drudgery off flesh and blood and lay it on steel and motors has been my most constant ambition. It was circumstances that took me first into the actual manufacture of road cars. I found eventually that people were more interested in something that would travel on the road than in something that would do the work on the farms. In fact I doubt if the light farm tractor could have been introduced on the farm had not the farmer had his eyes opened slowly but surely by the automobile. But that is getting ahead of the story. I thought he would be more interested in the tractor.

I built a steam car that ran. It had a kerosene heated boiler and it developed plenty of power and a neat control — which is so easy with a steam throttle. But the boiler was dangerous. To get the requisite power without too big and heavy a power plant required that the engine work under high pressure; sitting on a high pressure steam boiler is not altogether pleasant. To make it even reasonably safe required an excess of weight that nullified the economy of the high pressure. For two years I kept experimenting with various sorts of boilers — the engine and control problems were simple enough — and then I definitely abandoned the whole idea of running a road vehicle by steam. I knew that in England they had what amounted to locomotives running on the roads hauling lines of trailers and also there was no difficulty in designing a big steam tractor for use on a large farm. But ours were not then English roads; they would have stalled or racked to pieces the strongest and heaviest road tractor. And anyway the manufacturing of a big tractor which only a few wealthy farmers could buy did not seem to me worth while.

But I did not give up the idea of a horseless carriage. The work with the Westinghouse representative only served to confirm the opinion I had formed that steam was not suitable for light vehicles. That is why I stayed only a year with that company. There was nothing more that the big steam tractors and engines could teach me and I did not want to waste time on something that would lead nowhere. A few years before — it was while I was an apprentice — I read in the *World of Science*, an English publication, of the "silent gas engine" which was then coming out in England. I think it was the Otto engine. It ran with illuminating gas, had a single large cylinder, and the power impulses being thus intermittent required an extremely heavy fly-wheel. As far as weight was concerned it gave nothing like the power per pound of metal that a steam engine gave and the use of illuminating gas seemed to dismiss it as even a possibility for road use. It was interesting to me only as all machinery was interesting. I followed in the English and American magazines which we got in the shop the development of the engine and most particularly the hints of the possible replacement of the illuminating gas fuel by a gas formed by the vaporization of gasoline. The idea of gas engines was by no means new, but this was the first time that a really serious effort had been made to put them on the market. They were received with interest rather than enthusiasm and I do not recall any one who thought that the internal combustion engine could ever have more than a limited use. All the wise people demonstrated conclusively that the engine could not compete with steam. They never thought that it might carve out a career for itself. That is the way with wise people — they are so wise and practical that they always know to a dot just why something cannot be done; they always know the limitations. That is why I never employ an expert in full bloom. If ever I wanted to kill opposition by unfair means I would endow the opposition with experts. They would have so much good advice that I could be sure they would do little work.

The gas engine interested me and I followed its progress, but only from curiosity, until about 1885 or 1886 when, the steam engine being discarded as the motive power for the carriage that I intended some day to build, I had to look around for another sort of motive power. In 1885 I repaired an Otto engine at the Eagle Iron Works in Detroit. No one in town knew anything about them. There was a rumor that I did, and, although I had never before been in contact with one, I undertook and carried through the job. That gave me a chance to study the new engine at first hand, and in 1887 I built one on the Otto four-cycle model just to see if I understood the principles. "Four-cycle" means that the piston traverses the cylinder four times to get one power impulse. The first stroke draws in the gas, the second compresses it, the third is the explosion or power stroke, while the fourth stroke exhausts the waste gas. The little model worked well enough; it had a one-inch bore and a three-inch stroke, operated with gasoline, and while it did not develop much power, it was slightly lighter in proportion than the engines being offered commercially. I gave it away later to a young man who wanted it for something or other and whose name I have forgotten; it was eventually destroyed. That was the beginning of the work with the internal combustion engine.

I was then on the farm to which I had returned, more because I wanted to experiment than because I wanted to farm, and, now being an expert machinist, I had a first class workshop to replace the toy shop of earlier days. My father offered me forty acres of timber land, provided I gave up being a machinist. I agreed in a provisional way, for cutting the timber gave me a chance to get married. I fitted out a sawmill and a portable engine and started to cut out and saw up the timber on the tract. Some of the first of that lumber went into a cottage on my new farm, and in it we began our married life. It was not a big house — thirty-one feet square and only a story and a half high — but it was a comfortable place. I added to it my workshop, and when I was not cutting timber I was working on the gas engines — learning what they were and how they acted. I read everything I could find, but the greatest knowledge came from the work. A gas engine is a mysterious sort of thing — it will not always act the way it should. You can imagine how those first engines acted!

It was in 1890 that I began work on a double cylinder engine. It was quite impractical to consider the single cylinder for transportation purposes — the fly-wheel had to be entirely too heavy. Between making the first four-cycle engine of the Otto type and the start on a double cylinder I had made a great many experimental engines out of tubing. I fairly knew my way about. The double cylinder I thought could be applied to a road engine, and my original idea was to put it on a bicycle with a direct connection to the crankshaft and allowing for the rear wheel of the bicycle to act as the balance wheel. The speed was going to be varied only by the throttle. I never carried

out this plan because it soon became apparent that the engine, gasoline tank, and the various necessary controls would be entirely too heavy for a bicycle. The plan for the two opposed cylinders was that, while one would be delivering power the other would be exhausting. This naturally would not require so heavy a fly-wheel to even the application of power. The work started in my shop on the farm. Then I was offered a job with the Detroit Electric Company as an engineer and machinist at forty-five dollars a month. I took it because that was more money than the farm was bringing me, and I had decided to get away from farm life anyway. The timber had all been cut. We rented a house on Bagley Avenue, Detroit. The workshop came along and I set it up in a brick shed at the back of the house. During the first several months I was in the night shift at the electric light plant — which gave me very little time for experimenting — but after that I was in the day shift, and every night and all of every Saturday night I worked on the new motor. I cannot say that it was hard work. No work with interest is ever hard. I always am certain of results. They always come if you work hard enough. But it was a very great thing to have my wife even more confident than I was. She has always been that way.

I had to work from the ground up — that is, although I knew that a number of people were working on horseless carriages, I could not know what they were doing. The hardest problems to overcome were in the making and breaking of the spark and in the avoidance of excess weight. For the transmission, the steering gear, and the general construction, I could draw on my experience with the steam tractors. In 1892 I completed my first motor car, but it was not until the spring of the following year that it ran to my satisfaction. This first car had something the appearance of a buggy. There were two cylinders with a two-and-a-half-inch bore and a six-inch stroke set side by side and over the rear axle. I made them out of the exhaust pipe of a steam engine that I had bought. They developed about four horse-power. The power was transmitted from the motor to the countershaft by a belt and from the countershaft to the rear wheel by a chain. The car would hold two people, the seat being suspended on posts and the body on elliptical springs. There were two speeds — one of ten and the other of twenty miles per hour — obtained by shifting the belt, which was done by a clutch lever in front of the driving seat. Thrown forward, the lever put in the high speed; thrown back, the low speed; with the lever upright the engine could run free. To start the car it was necessary to turn the motor over by hand with the clutch free. To stop the car one simply released the clutch and applied the foot brake. There was no reverse, and speeds other than those of the belt were obtained by the throttle. I bought the iron work for the frame of the carriage and also the seat and the springs. The wheels were twenty-eight inch wire bicycle wheels with rubber tires. The balance wheel I had cast from a pattern that I made, and all of the more delicate mechanism I made myself. One of the features that I discovered necessary was a compensating gear that permitted the same power to be applied to each of the rear wheels when turning corners. The machine altogether weighed about five hundred pounds. A tank under the seat held three gallons of gasoline, which was fed to the motor through a small pipe and a mixing valve. The ignition was by electric spark. The original machine was air-cooled — or, to be more accurate, the motor simply was not cooled at all. I found that on a run of an hour or more the motor heated up, and so I very shortly put a water jacket around the cylinders and piped it to a tank in the rear of the car over the cylinders.

The first flivver, spring, 1893

Nearly all of these various features had been planned in advance. That is the way I have always worked. I draw a plan and work out every detail on the plan before starting to build. For, otherwise, one will waste a great deal of time in makeshifts as the work goes on and the finished article will not have coherence. It will not be rightly proportioned. Many inventors fail because they do not distinguish between planning and experimenting. The largest building difficulties that I had were in obtaining the proper materials. The next were with tools. There had to be some adjustments and changes in details of the design, but what held me up most was that I had neither the time nor the money to search for the best material for each part. But in the spring of 1893 the machine was running to my partial satisfaction and giving an opportunity further to test out the design and material on the road.

My "gasoline buggy" was the first, and for a long time the only, automobile in Detroit. It was considered to be something of a nuisance, for it made a racket and it scared horses. Also it blocked traffic. For if I stopped my machine anywhere in town a crowd was around it before I could start up again. If I left it alone even for a minute some inquisitive person always tried to run it. Finally I had to carry a chain, and chain it to a lamp post whenever I went in anywhere. And then there was trouble with the police. I do not know quite why, for my impression is that there were no speed-limit laws in those days. Anyway, I had to get a special permit from the mayor, and thus for a time enjoyed the distinction of being the only licensed chauffeur in America. I ran that machine about one thousand miles through 1895 and 1896, and then sold it to Charles Ainsley of Detroit

for two hundred dollars. That was my first sale. I had not built the car to sell, but only to experiment with. I wanted to start another car. Ainsley wanted to buy. I could use the money and we had no trouble in agreeing upon a price.

It was not at all my idea to make cars in any such petty fashion. I was looking ahead to production, but before that could come I had to have something to produce. It does not pay to hurry. I started a second car in 1896; it was much like the first, but a little lighter. It also had the belt drive, which I did not give up until some time later; the belts were all right excepting in wet weather. That is why I later adopted gears. I learned a great deal from that car. Others in this country and abroad were building cars by that time, and in 1895 I heard that a Benz car from Germany was on exhibition in Macy's store in New York. I traveled down to look at it, but it had no features that seemed worth while. It also had the belt drive, but it was much heavier than my car. I was working for lightness; the foreign makers have never seemed to appreciate what light weight means. I built three cars in all in my home shop, and all of them ran for years in Detroit. I still have the first car; I bought it back a few years later from a man to whom Mr. Ainsley had sold it. I paid one hundred dollars for it.

During all this time I kept my position with the electric company, and gradually advanced to chief engineer at a salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. But my gas engine experiments were no more popular with the president of the company than my first mechanical leanings were with my father. It was not that my employer objected to experiments — only to experiments with a gas engine. I can still hear him say:

"Electricity, yes, that's the coming thing. But gas — no."

He had ample grounds for his scepticism — to use the mildest terms. Practically no one had the remotest notion of the future of the internal combustion engine, while we were just on the edge of the great electrical development. As with every comparatively new idea, electricity was expected to do much more than we even now have any indication that it can do. I did not see the use of experimenting with electricity for my purposes. A road car could not run on a trolley even if trolley wires had been less expensive; no storage battery was in sight of a weight that was practical. An electrical car had of necessity to be limited in radius and to contain a large amount of motive machinery in proportion to the power exerted. That is not to say that I held, or now hold, electricity cheaply; we have not yet begun to use electricity. But it has its place and the internal combustion engine has its place. Neither can substitute for the other — which is exceedingly fortunate.

I have the dynamo that I first had charge of at the Detroit Edison Company. When I started our Canadian plant I bought it from an office building to which it had been sold by the electric company, had it revamped a little, and for several years it gave excellent service in the Canadian plant. When we had to build a new power plant, owing to the increase in business, I had the old motor taken out to my museum — a room out at Dearborn that holds a great number of my mechanical treasures.

The Edison Company offered me the general superintendency of the company, but only on condition that I would give up my gas engine and devote myself to something really useful. I had to choose between my job and my automobile. I chose the automobile, or rather I gave up the job — there was really nothing in the way of a choice. For already I knew that the car was bound to be a success. I quit my job on August 15, 1899, and went into the automobile business.

It might be thought something of a step, for I had no personal funds. What money was left over from living was all used in experimenting. But my wife agreed that the automobile could not be given up — that we had to make or break. There was no "demand" for automobiles — there never is for a new article. They were accepted in much the fashion as was more recently the airplane. At first the "horseless carriage" was considered merely a freak notion, and many wise people explained with particularity why it could never be more than a toy. No man of money even thought of it as a commercial possibility. I cannot imagine why each new means of transportation meets with such opposition. There are even those to-day who shake their heads and talk about the luxury of the automobile, and only grudgingly admit that perhaps the motor truck is of some use. But in the beginning there was hardly anyone who sensed that the automobile could be a large factor in industry. The most optimistic hoped only for a development akin to that of the bicycle. When it was found that an automobile really could go, and several makers started to put out cars, the immediate query was as to which would go fastest. It was a curious but natural development — that racing idea. I never thought anything of racing, but the public refused to consider the automobile in any light other than as a fast toy. Therefore, later we had to race. The industry was held back by this initial racing slant, for the attention of the makers was diverted to making fast rather than good cars. It was a business for speculators.

A group of men of speculative turn of mind organized, as soon as I left the electric company, the Detroit Automobile Company to exploit my car. I was the chief engineer and held a small amount of the stock. For three years we continued making cars more or less on the model of my first car. We sold very few of them; I could get no support at all toward making better cars to be sold to the public at large. The whole thought was to make to order and to get the largest price possible for each car. The main idea seemed to be to get the money. And being without authority other than my engineering position gave me, I found that the new company was not a vehicle for realizing my ideas, but merely a money-making concern — that did not make much money. In March, 1902, I resigned, determined never again to put myself under orders. The Detroit Automobile Company later became the Cadillac Company under the ownership of the Lelands, who came in subsequently.

I rented a shop — a one-story brick shed — at 81 Park Place to continue my experiments and to find out what business really was. I thought that it must be something different from what it had proved to be in my first adventure.

The year from 1902 until the formation of the Ford Motor Company was practically one of investigation. In my little one-room brick shop I worked on the development of a four-cylinder motor and on the outside I tried to find out what business really was and whether it needed to be quite so selfish a scramble for money as it seemed to be from my first short experience. From the period of the first car which I have described until the formation of my present company I built in all about twenty-five cars, of which nineteen

or twenty were built with the Detroit Automobile Company. The automobile had passed from the initial stage where the fact that it could run at all was enough, to the stage where it had to show speed. Alexander Winton of Cleveland, the founder of the Winton car, was then the track champion of the country, and willing to meet all comers. I designed a two-cylinder enclosed engine of a more compact type than I had before used, fitted it into a skeleton chassis, found that I could make speed, and arranged a race with Winton. We met on the Grosse Point track at Detroit. I beat him. That was my first race, and it brought advertising of the only kind that people cared to read.

The public thought nothing of a car unless it made speed — unless it beat other racing cars. It was to build the fastest car in the world that led me to plan a four-cylinder motor. But of that more later.

The most surprising feature of business as it was conducted was the large attention given to finance and the small attention to service. That seemed to me to be reversing the natural process, which is that the money should come as the result of work and not before the Work. The second was the general indifference to better methods of manufacture as long as whatever was done got by and took the money. In other words, an article apparently was not built with reference to how greatly it could serve the public, but with reference solely to how much money could be had for it — and that without any particular care whether the customer was satisfied. To sell him was enough. A dissatisfied customer was not regarded as a man whose trust had been violated, but either as a nuisance or as a possible object to get more money out of in fixing up the work which ought to have been done correctly in the first place. For instance, in automobiles there was not overmuch concern as to what happened to the car once it had been sold. How much gasoline it used per mile was of no great moment; how much service it actually gave did not matter; and if it broke down and had to have parts replaced then that was just hard luck for the owner. It was considered good business to sell parts at the highest possible price on the theory that since the man had already bought the car he simply had to have the part and would be willing to pay for it.

The automobile business was not on what I would call an honest basis, to say nothing of being, from a manufacturing standpoint, on a scientific basis, but it was no worse than business in general. That was the period, it may be remembered, in which many corporations were being floated and financed. The bankers, who before then had confined themselves to the railroads, got into industry. My idea was then, and still is, that if a man did his work well the price he would get for that work, the profits and all financial matters, would care for themselves, and that a business ought to start small and build itself up out of its earnings. If there are no earnings then that is a signal to the owner that he is wasting his time and does not belong in the business. I have never found it necessary to change those ideas, but I discovered that this simple formula of doing good work and getting paid for it was supposed to be too slow for modern business. The plan at that time most in favor was to start off with the largest possible capitalization and then sell all the stock and all the bonds that could be sold. Whatever money happened to be left over after all the stock and bond selling expense and promoters' charges, and all that, went grudgingly into the foundation of the business. A good business was not one that did good work and earned a fair profit. A good business was one that would give the opportunity for the floating of a large amount of stocks and bonds at high prices. It was the stocks and bonds, not the work, that mattered. I could not see how a new business or an old business could be expected to be able to charge into its product a great big bond interest and then sell the product at a fair price. I have never been able to see that.

I have never been able to understand on what theory the original investment of money can be charged against a business. Those men in business who call themselves financiers say that money is "worth" 6 per cent or 5 per cent or some other per cent, and that if a business has one hundred thousand dollars invested in it, the man who made the investment is entitled to charge an interest payment on the money because, if, instead of putting that money into the business he had put it into a savings bank or into certain securities, he could have a certain fixed return. Therefore they say that a proper charge against the operating expenses of a business is the interest on this money. This idea is at the root of many business failures and most service failures. Money is not worth a particular amount. As money it is not worth anything, for it will do nothing of itself. The only use of money is to buy tools to work with or the product of tools. Therefore money is worth what it will help you to produce or buy, and no more. If a man thinks that his money will earn 5 per cent or 6 per cent he ought to place it where he can get that return, but money placed in a business is not a charge on the business — or, rather, should not be. It ceases to be money and becomes, or should become, an engine of production, and it is therefore worth what it produces — and not a fixed sum according to some scale that has no bearing upon the particular business in which the money has been placed. Any return should come *after* it has produced, not before.

Business men believed that you could do anything by "financing" it. If it did not go through on the first financing then the idea was to "refinance." The process of "refinancing" was simply the game of sending good money after bad. In the majority of cases the need of refinancing arises through bad management, and the effect of refinancing is simply to pay the poor managers to keep up their bad management a little longer. It is merely a postponement of the day of judgment. This makeshift of refinancing is a device of speculative financiers. Their money is no good to them unless they can connect it up with a place where real work is being done, and that they cannot do unless, somehow, that place is poorly managed. Thus, the speculative financiers delude themselves that they are putting their money out to use. They are not; they are putting it out to waste.

I determined absolutely that never would I join a company in which finance came before the work or in which bankers or financiers had a part. And, further, that if there was no way of getting started in the kind of business that I thought could be managed in the interest of the public, then I simply would not get started at all. For my own short experience, together with what I saw going on around me was quite enough proof that business as a mere money-making game was not worth giving much thought to, and was distinctly no place for a man who wanted to accomplish anything. Also it did not seem to me to be the way to make money. I have yet to have it demonstrated that it is the way. For the only foundation of real business is service.

A manufacturer is not through with his customer

when a sale is completed. He has then only started with his customer. In the case of an automobile, the sale of the machine is only something in the nature of an introduction. If the machine does not give service, then it is better for the manufacturer if he never had the introduction, for he will have that worst of all advertisement — a dissatisfied customer. There was something more than a tendency in the early days of the automobile to regard the selling of a machine as the real accomplishment and that thereafter it did not matter what happened to the buyer. That is the short-sighted salesman-on-commission attitude. If a salesman is paid only for what he sells — it is not to be expected that he is going to exert any great effort on a customer out of whom no more commission is to be made. And it is right on this point that we later made the largest selling argument for the Ford. The price and the quality of the car would undoubtedly have made a market, and a large market. We went beyond that. A man who bought one of our cars was, in my opinion, entitled to continuous use of that car, and therefore if he had a breakdown of any kind it was our duty to see that his machine was put into shape again at the earliest possible moment. In the success of the Ford car the early provision of service was an outstanding element. Most of the expensive cars of that period were ill provided with service stations. If your car broke down you had to depend on the local repair man — when you were entitled to depend upon the manufacturer. If the local repair man were a forehanded sort of a person, keeping on hand a good stock of parts (although on many of the cars the parts were not interchangeable) the owner was lucky. But if the repair man were a shiftless person, with an inadequate knowledge of automobiles and an inordinate desire to make a good thing out of every car that came into his place for repairs, then even a slight breakdown meant weeks of laying up and a whopping big repair bill that had to be paid before the car could be taken away. The repair men were for a time the largest menace to the automobile industry. Even as late as 1910 and 1911 the owner of an automobile was regarded as essentially a rich man, whose money ought to be taken away from him. We met that situation squarely and at the very beginning. We would not have our distribution blocked by stupid, greedy men.

That is getting some years ahead of the story, but it is control by finance that breaks up service because it looks to the immediate dollar. If the first consideration is to earn a certain amount of money, then, unless by some stroke of luck matters are going especially well and there is a surplus over for service (so that the operating men may have a chance) future business has to be sacrificed for the dollar of to-day.

And also I noticed a feeling among many men in business to feel that their lot was hard — they worked against a day when they might retire and live on an income — get out of the strife. Life to them was a battle to be ended as soon as possible. That was another point I could not understand, for, as I reasoned, life is not a battle except with our own tendency to sag under the down-pull of "getting settled." If to petrify is success, all one has to do is to humor the lazy side of the mind; but if to grow is success, then one must wake up anew every morning and keep awake all day. I saw great businesses become but the ghost of a name because some one thought they could be managed just as they were always managed, and though the management may have been most excellent in its day, its excellence consisted in its alertness to its day, and not in slavish following of its yesterdays. Life, as I see it, is not a location, but a journey. Even the man who most feels himself "settled" is not settled — he is probably sagging back. Everything is in flux, and was meant to be. Life flows. We may live at the same number of the street, but it is never the same man who lives there.

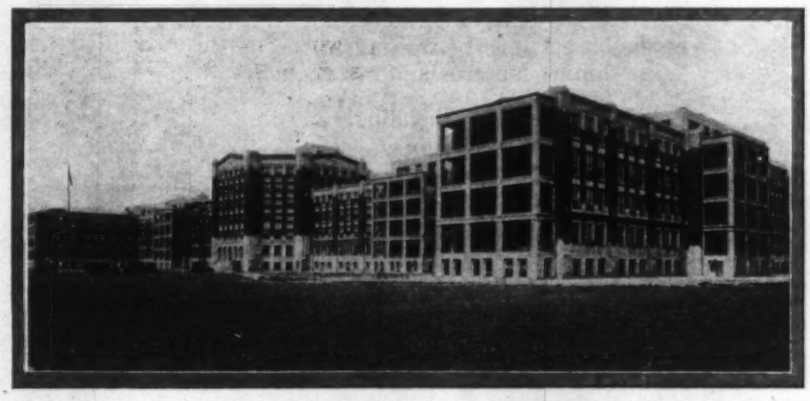
And out of that delusion that life is a battle that may be lost by a false move grows, I have noticed, a great love for regularity. Men fall into the half-alive habit. Seldom does the cobbler take up with the new-fangled way of soling shoes, and seldom does the artisan willingly take up with new methods in his trade. Habit conduces to a certain inertia, and any disturbance of it affects the mind like trouble. It will be recalled that when a study was made of shop methods, so that the workmen might be taught to produce with less useless motion and fatigue, it was most opposed by the workmen themselves. Though they suspected that it was simply a game to get more out of them, what most irked them was that it interfered with the well-worn grooves in which they had become accustomed to move. Business men go down with their businesses because they like the old way so well they cannot bring themselves to change. One sees them all about — men who do not know that yesterday is past, and who woke up this morning with their last year's ideas. It could almost be written down as a formula that when a man begins to think that he has at last found his method, he had better begin a most searching examination of himself to see whether some part of his brain has not gone to sleep. There is a subtle danger in a man thinking that he is "fixed" for life. It indicates that the next jolt of the wheel of progress is going to fling him off.

There is also the great fear of being thought a fool. So many men are afraid of being considered fools. I grant that public opinion is a powerful police influence for those who need it. Perhaps it may be true that the majority of men need the restraint of public opinion. Public opinion may keep a man better than he would otherwise be — if not better morally, at least better as far as his social desirability is concerned. But it is not a bad thing to be a fool for righteousness' sake. The best of it is that such fools usually live long enough to prove that they were not fools — or the work they have begun lives long enough to prove they were not foolish.

The money influence — the pressing to make a profit on an "investment" — and its consequent neglect of or skimping of work, and hence of service, showed itself to me in many ways. It seemed to be at the bottom of most troubles. It was the cause of low wages — for without well directed work high wages cannot be paid. And if the whole attention is not given to the work it cannot be well directed. Most men want to be free to work; under the system in use they could not be free to work. During my first experience I was not free — I could not give full play to my ideas. Everything had to be planned to make money; the last consideration was the work. And the most curious part of it all was the insistence that it was the money and not the work that counted. It did not seem to strike any one as illogical that money should be put ahead of work — even though every one had to admit that the profit had to come from the work. The desire seemed to be to find a short cut to money and to pass over the obvious short cut — which is through the work.

Take competition; I found that competition was supposed to be a menace, and that a good manager

circumvented his competitors by getting a monopoly through artificial means. The idea was that there were only a certain number of people who could buy, and that it was necessary to get their trade ahead of some one else. Some will remember that later many of the automobile manufacturers entered into an association under the Selden Patent just so that it might be legally possible to control the price and the output of automobiles. They had the same idea that so many trades unions have — the ridiculous notion that more profit can be had by doing less work than more. The plan, I believe, is a very antiquated one. I could not see then, and am yet unable to see, that there is not always enough for the man who does his work· time spent in fighting competition is wasted; it had better be spent in doing the work. There are always enough people ready and anxious to buy, provided you supply what they want and at the proper price —and this applies to personal services as well as to goods.



The Ford Hospital

During this time of reflection I was far from idle. We were going ahead with a four-cylinder motor and the building of a pair of big racing cars. I had plenty of time, for I never left my business. I do not believe a man can ever leave his business. He ought to think of it by day and dream of it by night. It is nice to plan to do one's work in office hours, to take up the work in the morning, to drop it in the evening — and not have a care until the next morning. It is perfectly possible to do that, if one is so constituted as to be willing through all of his life to accept direction, to be an employee, possibly a responsible employee, but not a director or manager of anything. A manual laborer must have a limit on his hours, otherwise he will wear himself out. If he intends to remain always a manual laborer, then he should forget about his work when the whistle blows, but if he intends to go forward and do anything, the whistle is only a signal to start thinking over the day's work in order to discover how it might be better done.

The man who has the largest capacity for work and thought is the man who is bound to succeed. I cannot pretend to say, because I do not know, whether the man who works always, who never leaves his business, who is absolutely intent upon getting ahead, and who therefore does get ahead — is happier than the man who keeps office hours, both for his brain and his hands. It is not necessary for any one to decide the question. A ten horse-power engine will not pull as much as a twenty. The man who keeps brain office hours limits his horse-power. If he is satisfied to pull only the load that he has, well and good, that is his affair — but he must not complain if another who has increased his horse-power pulls more than he does. Leisure and work bring different results. If a man wants leisure and gets it — then he has no cause to complain. But he cannot have both leisure and the results of work.

Concretely, what I most learned about business in that year — and I have been learning more with each year without finding it necessary to change my first conclusions — was this:

(1) That finance is given a place ahead of work, and therefore tends to kill the work and destroy the fundamental of service.

(2) That thinking first of money instead of work brings on fear of failure, and this fear blocks every avenue of business — it makes a man afraid of competition, of changing his methods, or of doing anything which might change his condition.

(3) That the way is clear for any one who thinks first of service — of doing work in the best possible way.

The next installment of the Ford series will appear in June and thereafter monthly till the conclusion in the September issue

Three Poems By Anita Fitch

The Newcomer

Like some small child, with poor bewildered feet,
My Soul may pass into eternity. . . .
Shall those I love be waiting in the dark
With shining lanterns and old thoughts of me?

Like mother lips
Of long agoes,
And village moons
And garden blows,
Would seem their lights! . . .
Sweeter than dream
Of Seraphim
My folks would seem.

Grace Before Meat

Saint Francis, bless my table's spread:
This water and this broken bread.

Grant me the heart of thankfulness
For this the portion thou dost bless: —

The grace to see The Bread and Wine
Set forth in Heavenly candleshine.

With holy joying I would sup,
Cleaning the platter and the cup.

Saint Francis bless my poverty:
This portion and the heart of me,
Through thy great Love,
Amen.

The Midnight Mass

Jesus, little Shepherd — King,
I have not anything
To bring to Thy sweet Mystery,
Save, Lord, the fault of me.

Like some strange lamb, bespent with cold,
I saw Thy lighted Fold:
I came unknowing Thou should'st be
The Sovereign Lord of me!

Jesus, Shepherd of my soul,
Make Thou my worship whole;
Take, Lord, the sins I bring to Thee —
The tears and hope of me.

His Majesty's Representative

By Somerset Maugham

Illustrated by Lee Townsend

Then the consul stepped forward, and told the soldiers to shoot and be damned

HE was a man of less than middle height, with stiff brown hair *en brosse*, a little tooth-brush moustache, and glasses through which his blue eyes, looking at you aggressively, were somewhat distorted. There was a defiant perkiness in his appearance which reminded you of the cock-sparrow, and as he asked you to sit down and inquired your business, meanwhile sorting the papers littered on his desk as though you had disturbed him in the midst of important affairs, you had the feeling that he was on the lookout for an opportunity to put you in your place. He had cultivated the official manner to perfection. You were the public, an unavoidable nuisance, and the only justification for your existence was that you did what you were told without argument or delay. But even officials have their weakness and somehow it chanced that he found it very difficult to bring any business to an end without confiding his grievance to you. It appeared that people, missionaries especially, thought him supercilious and domineering. He assured you that he thought there was a great deal of good in missionaries; it is true that many of them were ignorant and unreasonable, and he didn't like their attitude; in his district most of them were Canadians; but as for saying that he put on airs of superiority (he fixed his pince-nez more firmly on his nose), it was monstrously untrue. On the contrary, he went out of his way to help them, but it was only natural that he should help them in his way rather than in theirs. It was hard to listen to him without a smile, for in every word he said you felt how exasperating he must be to the unfortunate persons over whom he had control. His manner was deplorable. He had developed the gift of putting up your back to a degree which is very seldom met with. He was in short a vain, irritable, bumptious, and tiresome little man.

During the revolution, while a lot of firing was going on in the city between the rival factions, he had occasion to go to the Southern general on official business connected with the safety of his nationals, and on his way through the yamen he came across three prisoners being led out to execution. He stopped the officer in charge of the firing party and, finding out what was going to happen, vehemently protested. These were prisoners of war and it was barbarity to kill them. The officer — very rudely, in the consul's words — told him that he must carry out his orders. The consul fired up.

He wasn't going to let a confounded Chinese officer talk to him in that way. An altercation ensued. The general, informed of what was occurring, sent out to ask the consul to come in to him, but the consul refused to move till the prisoners, three wretched coolies, green with fear, were handed over to his safekeeping. The officer waved him aside and ordered his firing squad to take aim. Then the consul — I can see him fixing his glasses on his nose and his hair bristling fiercely — then the consul stepped forward, between the leveled rifles and the three miserable men, and told the soldiers to shoot and be damned. There was hesitation and confusion.

It was plain that the rebels did not want to shoot a British Consul. I suppose there was a hurried consultation. The three prisoners were given over to him and in triumph the little man marched back to the consulate.

"Damn it, sir," he said furiously, "I thought the blighters would have the confounded cheek to shoot me."

They are strange people, the British. If their manners were as good as their courage is great, they would merit the opinion they have of themselves.

The Real Ireland

By S. S. McClure

A Few Words in Praise of Ireland

"But do let us be a sensible and truthful people. Do let us remember that we to-day of our generation are a free people. We have emancipated the farmer, we have housed the agricultural labourer, we have won local government, we have won religious liberty, we have won free education, we have brought the Irish language to the schools, we have given the ownership of the land to the people who till it, we have laid broad and deep the foundation of national prosperity, and finally, we have won an Irish Parliament with an Executive responsible to it."

—JOHN REDMOND, October 14, 1914.

WE find in history many records of human delusions. To-day, probably the largest single delusion is the average man's opinion of Ireland. I propose in this place to give a few facts about Ireland. I shall not deal with the temporary conditions produced by the quasi civil war of the past two or three years, but with the permanent and fundamental conditions. I shall describe the actual Ireland as I saw it in 1919.

In that year I spent nearly six months in Ireland studying the "Irish Question." Most of the time I spent with the Sinn Fein side of the question.

Here are a few facts as to the Ireland of 1919 and many preceding years. 1—The Irish are a free people. Ireland, as an integral part of the United Kingdom, had her representatives in Parliament, just as the State of New York has its representatives in Congress. In this representation Ireland was especially fortunate because it required only 60 per cent as many Irishmen to have a member of Parliament as it did the English.

2—The Irish are a prosperous people. In the first week of July, 1919, I made a journey through the whole length and breadth of Ireland in company with an American who, like myself, had spent his youth on a farm; he in Iowa, and I in Indiana and Illinois. We, therefore, looked at Ireland with the eyes of American farmers. We were simply astounded at the appearance of unbounded agricultural wealth. We saw farm houses, averaging as well as the homes of Indiana and Iowa, great herds of cattle of noble breeds, people well dressed and looking happy and prosperous. We had food better than we had in England or France. Ireland was the only part of the world at war that escaped the rationing of food.

There are few peoples in the world who, for, a generation at least, have been as prosperous as the Irish. A larger percentage of the Irish people than of the American people own their own homes.

In studying a mass of statistics in many fields dealing with Irish economics, the only statistics in which the figures grew smaller were the statistics of the poor-houses and of those in receipt of out-door relief and in this matter the Irish made a considerably better showing than the State of New York.

I shall prove the truth of my assertions by giving the opinions largely of those who fought against the union of Ireland with Great Britain, and by the actual figures, and I shall also deal with such delusions as that Ireland suffers from any economic handicaps in taxation, in freedom of commerce, in development of her resources, or that in any way the position of the inhabitants of Ireland economically or politically differs from the inhabitants of England, Scotland or Wales, excepting to the advantage of Ireland.

The first witness I will call is John Redmond, whom I knew and admired. In 1910 he wrote an article for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE (October number). Redmond was probably the most successful leader that Ireland ever possessed. He was a real statesman. He acquired wisdom with knowledge.

I will first place Redmond by giving his views. At Newry, June 16, 1898, he said:

I remember when Parnell was asked whether he would, on behalf of the United Nationalist nation that he represented, accept as a final settlement the Home Rule compromise proposed by Gladstone. I remember his answer: He said:

> I believe in the policy of taking from England anything we can wring from her which will strengthen our arms to go on for more. I will accept the Home Rule compromise of Gladstone as an instalment of our rights, but I refuse to say that it is a final settlement of the National question, and I declare that no man shall set a boundary on the onward march of the nation.
>
> And that is our motto.

Speaking at Worcester, Massachusetts, on November 13, 1901, Mr. Redmond said:

What are our motives and objects? First of all, our ultimate goal is the National independence of our country. I say, in its essence, the National movement is the same today as it was in the days of Hugh O'Neill, of Owen Roe, of Emmet, or of Wolfe Tone.

In New York, September, 1908, to an interviewer of the New York *Herald*, he said:

What Ireland wants is Home Rule and a Government of its own, and that is what Ireland is going to have. I hope to see Ireland placed in the scale of nations much after the fashion of the United States as to Constitution, but it will, of course, be some time before there is actual independence there.

In McCLURE'S MAGAZINE (October, 1910), John Redmond, after many years devoted to the study of the relations of Ireland with Great Britain and the British Empire, shows the result of a mind capable of seeing realities, and I quote certain passages giving his views:

Parnell, in the House of Commons, clearly stated Ireland's position. He said:

> We have always known, since the introduction of this bill, the difference between a coordinate and a subordinate Parliament, and we have recognized that the Legislature which the Prime Minister proposes to substitute is a subordinate Parliament. . . . Undoubtedly I should have preferred . . . the restitution of Grattan's Parliament; . . . but I consider there are practical advantages connected with the proposed statutory body, limited and subordinate to this Imperial Parliament as it undoubtedly will be, which will render it much more useful and advantageous to the Irish people than was Grattan's Parliament.

Redmond goes on to define what he meant by the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament:

I understand the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament to be this; that they can interfere in the event of the powers which are conferred by this bill being abused under certain circumstances. But the Nationalists, in accepting this bill, go, I think, under an honorable understanding not to abuse these powers; and we pledge

ourselves in that respect for the Irish people, as far as we can pledge ourselves, not to abuse those powers, and to devote our energies and our influences . . . to prevent those powers being abused.

The Imperial Parliament will have at command the force which it reserves to itself, and it will be ready to intervene, but only in the case of grave necessity arising.

Finally he made it clear that he spoke for Ireland:

I believe that this is by far the best mode in which we can hope to settle this question. We look upon the provisions of this bill as a final settlement of the question, and I believe that the Irish people have accepted it as such a settlement.

In other words, we want an Irish Parliament, with an Executive responsible to it, created by Act of the Imperial Parliament, and charged with the management of purely Irish affairs (land, education, local government, transit, labor, industries, taxation for local purposes, law and justice, police, etc.), leaving to the Imperial Parliament, in which Ireland would probably continue to be represented, but in smaller numbers, the management, just as at present, of all Imperial affairs—army, navy, foreign relations, customs, Imperial taxation, matters pertaining to the Crown, the colonies, and all those other questions which are Imperial and not local in their nature, the Imperial Parliament also retaining an overriding supreme authority over the new Irish legislature, such as it possesses to-day over the various legislatures in Canada, Australia, South Africa, and other portions of the Empire.

In an address to the Wexford Volunteers, October 14, 1914, Redmond, after referring to the "wrongs done to our fathers a hundred or two hundred years ago," said:

But do let us be a sensible and truthful people. Do let us remember that we to-day of our generation are a free people. We have emancipated the farmer, we have housed the agricultural labourer, we have won local government, we have won religious liberty, we have won free education, we have brought the Irish language to the schools, we have given the ownership of the land to the people who till it, we have laid broad and deep the foundation of national prosperity, and finally, we have won an Irish Parliament with an Executive responsible to it.

Some people say, "Yes, Ireland is prosperous now, or rather was prosperous during the war." But Redmond referred to conditions before the war. And in the Cork *Examiner* of July 31, 1919, we find this statement:

So much has been spoken and written connecting the prosperity of Ireland with the late war that many people, even in Ireland, became so hypnotised with the phrase that they have begun to believe that it was only in August, 1914, that the country knew its first prosperous day in modern times, and that since then wealth has been accumulating at such a rate that after less than five years Ireland is one of the most prosperous countries of Europe.

In the first place, however unorthodox the statement may appear to those persons who merely look upon the surface of things, we venture to suggest that whatever prosperity there is in the country is not wholly or primarily due to the war. Ireland began to show the outward signs of prosperity and to accumulate wealth as soon as the land problem was definitely settled by purchasing out the landlords' inflated interest. When the agricultural community realized that every improvement made on the land belonged to them and could not be confiscated, it became their interest to improve it and to increase production, to use a phrase which lately came into vogue. By the autumn of 1914 Ireland had achieved a degree of general prosperity which it never before knew.

And in *Sinn Fein*, April 9, 1910, Arthur Griffith prints an address delivered by Father Collins in Dallas, Texas, on St. Patrick's Day, in which we find this statement:

Referring to the assertions that the Irish people were a poor people, he said the Irish peasants were the richest in the world. They had £50,000,000 lying idle in the banks and the Post Offices that could be invested in Irish industries.

Lord MacDonnell, addressing the Bankers Institute in Dublin on November 30, 1911, said:

There had been a marvellous improvement in the state of Ireland. . . . From Mr. Balfour's arrival in Ireland up to the present day a great succession of beneficent Acts had been passed, and they should admit that, however Ireland had suffered in the past, the day of her regeneration had arrived.

Mr. Redmond's right hand man was Joseph Devlin, who in an address at Leeds, England, March 16, 1913, said:

In that period of ten years they had seen two-thirds of the land of Ireland transferred from the landlord class to the tillers of the soil.

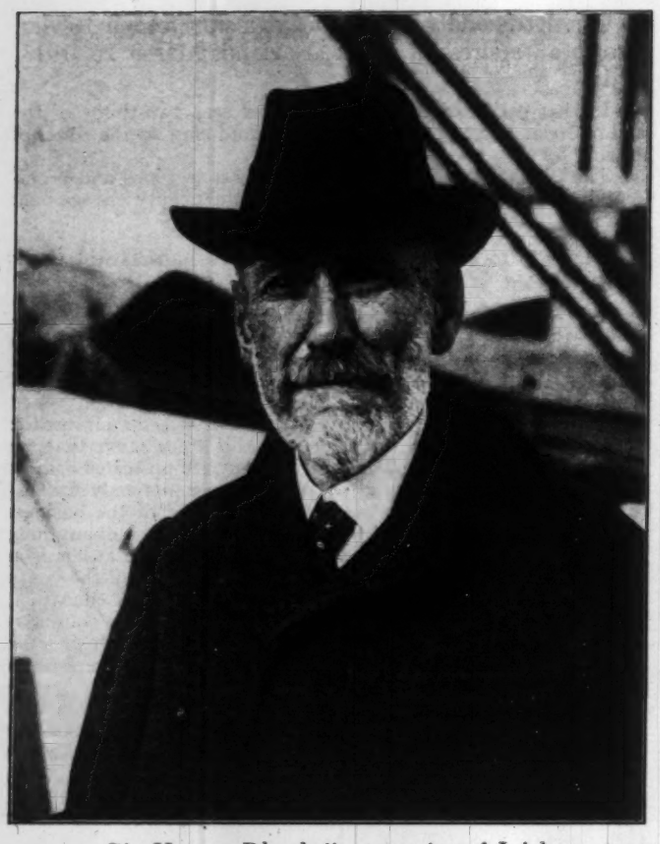
The Old Age Pensions Act was another marvellous and beneficent measure of reform. It had wrought a mighty change over Ireland.

Mr. Redmond, speaking at the Gresham Hotel, July 1, 1915, said:

. . . To-day the people, broadly speaking, own the soil. To-day the laborers live in decent habitations. To-day there is absolute freedom in the local government and local taxation of the country. To-day we have the widest Parliamentary and municipal franchise. We know that in the towns legislation has been passed facilitating the housing of the working classes. So far as the towns tenants are concerned, we have this consolation that we have passed for Ireland an Act whereby they are protected against arbitrary eviction, and are given compensation not only for disturbance from their homes but for the good will of the business they have created—a piece of legislation far in advance of anything for town tenants of England. We know that we have at last won educational freedom in University education for most of the youth of Ireland, and we know that in primary and secondary education, the thirty-four years that have passed have witnessed an enormous advance in efficiency and in the means provided for bringing the efficiency about. To-day we have a system of old-age pensions in Ireland, whereby every old man and woman over seventy is safe from the workhouse and free to spend their last days in comparative comfort. We have a system of national industrial insurance which provides for the health of the people and makes it impossible for a poor hard-working man or woman, when sickness comes in the door, to be carried away to the workhouse hospital, and makes it certain that they will receive decent Christian treatment during their illness.

Further, I quote from a report which represents the considered views of the leaders of the fight for Home Rule. The following Report of the Standing Committee of the United Irish League was read by Mr. Joseph Devlin, M. P., General Secretary, at the annual meeting

Arthur Griffith, editor of "Sinn Fein"



Sir Horace Plunkett, promoter of Irish Agricultural Organizations

of the National Directory of the United Irish League, 39 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin, on January 12, 1915, Mr. J. E. Redmond, M. P., presiding:

The people of Ireland are thus more firmly and securely rooted in the soil than at any period of history, and the Irish agricultural labourers are the best-housed and the most comfortable and independent peasantry in the world. The effects of these mighty changes are visible in the improved condition of the people generally. Formerly famine was an annual occurrence in many parts of Ireland; now it is a thing of the past.

The Old Age Pension Act was one of the most beneficent measures ever passed for Ireland. The old people were thus enabled to live at home with their families in frugal comfort. Under this Act at present in Ireland, over 203,000 persons are in receipt of pensions, the total amount distributed for the year 1913 being £2,590,462. Taking the first five years, up to the end of 1913, the total expenditure in Ireland under the Act is calculated at £11,720,000.

A dispatch by a well-known correspondent to the *Daily Mail* was copied into the *Independent* (Dublin) October 7, 1919, while I was in Ireland, and it told the exact truth. Mr. Thomas wrote:

One place and one place only rides undisturbed and comfortable on the backs of wars and those home wars which we call strikes. That place is Ireland. Fresh from a strike-time visit I am tempted to grow lyrical over Irish meals. Cream in quantity appears unsolicited on the table, and the cream, vanished from English tables, is a proper symbol to the surface of domestic life in Ireland. Living is good. The best butter abounds. It is much commoner than margarine, and your friends beg you to take back as much as you can carry to England.

Prosperity is the word that prevails, and her people think as little about scarcity as we did before the war.

On November 4, 1919, there appeared in the London *Times* a letter by Professor A. L. P. Dennis of the University of Wisconsin. This letter expresses a sympathetic spirit to Irish self-determination. I quote this passage:

Even in a hasty, self-conducted trip through Ireland there are impressions of life and social conditions which come with peculiar interest to one who has been chiefly interested in varied affairs which for the most part have been remote from Ireland. Therefore I think that the first impression is one of a surprising economic prosperity. It is a situation so vastly different from that familiar in most of Europe.

Ireland is a fat country with enormous material prospects. There have been practically no food restrictions in Ireland during the war, and Ireland has food in abundance, food which all the world needs and is likely to need for some time to come.

But not only is Ireland a land of easy comfort, it is particularly fortunate in possessing singularly beneficent laws. *The Freeman's Journal,* September 3, 1912, says:

They were in a better position in this country (Ireland) in regard to the land, the labourers' cottages and artisans' dwellings, than the people in England were.

The Cork *Examiner* of August 17, 1912, says:

The farmer, the labourer, the town tenants, all have advantages for which there is no parallel—in England, or, we believe, in any other country.

This is the Ireland that Senator La Follette characterizes in an advertisement of his magazine in the *Irish World* of April 24, 1920, as follows:

The commercial interests of the British Empire o'ertopped the human rights of martyred Ireland.

Why is Ireland so prosperous? Because of its wonderful agricultural resources. Ireland's prosperity is due in great part to its soil. Writing in the New York *Evening Journal,* September 19, 1919, Mr. De Valera said:

The fertility of Ireland's soil is unsurpassed. The rich color of the verdure is, perhaps, the first feature that strikes the eye of the traveller, and hence the name of the "Emerald Isle."

But it is not poets who have written the following:

1. Some places exhibit the richest loam I ever saw turned up by a plough.
2. Superior to England as a soil.
3. It is the richest soil I ever saw.
4. The luxuriance of the pastures, and the heavy crops of oats that are everywhere raised, even with the most wretched cultivation, attest its extraordinary fertility.
5. In the elements of natural fertility only the richer parts of England and very exceptional parts of Scotland approach it.

Not poets but statistical surveyors and other experts—Wakefield, De Lavergne, Arthur Young, McCulloch in the Statistical Account of Ireland, in the Statistics of the British Empire, etc.

In the writings of Bacon:

For this island, it is endowed with so many dowries of nature, considering the fruitfulness of the soil, the ports, the rivers, the quarries, the woods, and other materials, and especially the race and generation of men—valiant, hard and active, as it is not easy to find such confluence of commodities if the land of men did not join with the hand of Nature.

Soil and climate combine to make Ireland one of the richest farming countries in the world. In 1912 Ireland sold as much food to Great Britain as the United States. By the year 1913 only one country in the world sold more food to Great Britain than Ireland, and that country was the United States, and Ireland furnished nine-tenths as much as the United States. And during the second year of the war, when there was a tremendous increase in food shipments from the United States to Great Britain, Ireland sold to Great Britain half as much food as the United States. Here are the statistics for the years 1912 and 1916, of the imports of food into Great Britain from the three principal countries from which she imported food:

VALUES OF FOOD AND DRINK STUFFS IMPORTED INTO AND RETAINED FOR CONSUMPTION IN GREAT BRITAIN FROM THE UNDERMENTIONED

	1912 Millions Pounds	1913 Millions Pounds	1914 Millions Pounds	1915 Millions Pounds	1916 Millions Pounds
IRELAND	30	36	37	46	59
UNITED STATES	30	39	42	82	116
ARGENTINE	31	31	27	46	36

In 1913 Great Britain imported food to the value of 219,000,000 pounds and in 1916 to the value of 334,000,000 pounds, and in each case Ireland furnished about one-sixth of all food imports from all countries.

With 10 per cent of the population of the United Kingdom, Ireland produces 40 per cent of the cattle and 30 per cent of the pigs of the United Kingdom. Of beef cattle killed in Great Britain two out of every five are Irish.

Great Britain buys more food than any other country in the world. The prices of farm products are made by the British market.

Australia, the Argentine, Canada and the United States must ship their food products long distances to reach this market. Ireland is so situated that food can reach England in a night, and shipments can be made from any rail-head in Ireland to any rail-head in Great Britain. The agricultural districts of few countries are so fortunately situated as to markets as those of Ireland.

There is only one country in the world that has a larger trade with Great Britain than Ireland, and that country is the United States. Taking into account the last normal year, 1913, Ireland's trade with Great Britain was nearly 80 per cent of the trade between the United States and Great Britain, and nearly double the trade between Germany and Great Britain. Here are the figures for the trade between Great Britain and the nations with which she has the largest trade:

France	63,000,000
Germany	70,000,000
Ireland	135,000,000
United States	173,000,000

It will be seen that, with the exception of the United States, England has no customer nearly as big as Ireland. The value of the Irish market to England is greater than the value of the combined markets of France and Germany — and greater than the value of any half-dozen other markets.

The remarkable prosperity of Ireland is indicated by the growth in its exports and imports.

Regarding Ireland as an economic unit, that is, just the same as if it were an independent country, its foreign trade ranks it as one of the most prosperous nations in the world. Here are some figures, in millions of pounds, showing the increase during the last twelve years:

	Imports Millions of Pounds	Exports Millions of Pounds	Total Millions of Pounds
1904	54	49	103
1913	74.5	73.8	148.3
1916	105	107	212

The last normal year of the world's trade was in 1913. We can compare the foreign trade of the leading nations per head of population:

Ireland	32. 6. 7
United Kingdom	25.14. 6
Norway	20.15.11
Sweden	16. 7.11
France	15.10. 5
Germany	15. 5.11
United States	9. 0. 8
Italy	6.19. 1

It is hard for an Irishman like myself to hear continually about the poverty and suffering of Ireland.

Ireland leads the whole English-speaking world in its co-operative agricultural associations. The farmers of the United States could learn a lot from the farmers of Ireland.

In an address at a luncheon at the Lawyers' Club, New York City, February 17, 1922, Sir Horace Plunkett indicated that the new Ireland would rather make its financial affiliations with New York than with London. In 1919 the Irish banks were embarrassed with large deposits. The average Irishman who has money ahead, when he invests it, wants to see what he owns. Land is the most visible possession a man can have, and in 1919 the price of land doubled and trebled in Ireland. Here are a few illustrative prices from County Armagh. I found similar conditions everywhere.

County Armagh

Samuel Revels of Crankey, County Armagh, bought a farm at Jerrett's Pass containing about nine acres in 1908 for £160 and sold it in 1918 for £350.

James A. Greer bought a farm at Loughgilly, County Armagh, containing about 33 acres in 1911 at £750. He built a house on it for £350, and sold house and farm in 1918 for £2,300.

Mr. Gormley of Markethill bought a farm of about 56 acres in that neighborhood in 1910 for £1,000. In 1918 he was offered £3,500 for the same farm.

Mr. McMahon bought a farm near Markethill, County Armagh, in 1912 for £450 and sold it in 1918 for £1,200. Size of farm about 30 acres.

Here are a few statistics as to deposits in the Post Office Savings Banks, the Trustee Savings Banks and the Joint Stock Banks.

Post Office Savings Banks	
June 30, 1904	£4,155,000
December 30, 1918	£12,000,000
Trustee Savings Banks	
June 30, 1904	£1,856,000
December 30, 1918	£2,878,000
Joint Stock Banks	
June 30, 1904	£46,115,000
December 30, 1918	£121,191,000
We Find the Totals for	
1904	£52,126,000
1918	£136,069,000

Sir James Craig

There is one body of statistics that shows a backward movement — that is in relation to inmates of workhouses and those in receipt of outdoor relief. The total number in 1901 was 101,298 and in 1919 61,613.

Population

If Ireland is as prosperous as statistics and the statements of observers and leaders for Irish freedom like Devlin and Redmond show, why does the population decrease? Why is the present population of Ireland only about half what it was eighty years ago, while during the same period that of every other country in the world has increased?

In *Nationality*, May 25, 1918, Mr. Griffith says:

Ireland, under English rule, in the year 1864, had a population of 5,640,000. In Russian Poland the population was 5,000,000. By 1914—the date of the present war—the population of Ireland had decreased to 4,370,000. The population of Poland had increased to 12,000,000.

It is an instructive contrast. Ireland was once called "the Poland of the West," but had she been treated as Poland was treated, her population would to-day number 14,000,000 and her island be a hive of industry. Poland lost her freedom—Ireland lost not only her freedom but her people and her money. The Russian tyranny was a cruel tyranny, but it never reached the point of oppressing a people not only nationally and politically, but economically as well.

In *Nationality*, May 31, 1919, Mr. Griffith says:

The natural increase of the population in Ireland between 1841 and 1911 would have given us a country of some 16,000,000 people. Instead we have a country of little more than 4,000,000. We, with a birth-rate almost the highest in civilization, have lost three-fourths of our people by the operation of the laws imposed upon us.

One of the principal arguments advanced by the Ulster Unionists is that Ulster is prosperous, that with a part of Ireland not so well-favored as other portions of Ireland, with a soil less productive than many other parts of Ireland they have prospered. Further, that out of a little crooked creek, flowing through a swamp, they have created a great harbor. That the present ship-building yards were dug out of mud, that a large section of the business buildings of Belfast are on land reclaimed from swamps, and that what they have done could well be done in the rest of Ireland. But Mr. Griffith takes issue with this argument and marshals a body of statistics to show that Ulster has suffered decay like the rest of England. In *Nationality* for February 17, 1917, he publishes his views under the heading "The Decay of Unionist Ulster." In this article he says:

That portion of the province of Ulster which prefers to be ruled by England instead of taking a hand in ruling herself, is continually cited by enemy politicians as an example of abounding prosperity. So long has the falsehood persisted that even decaying Ulster has come to believe it a fact, through much the same process that is often demonstrated in the case of a weak-minded person who is induced to believe that a piece of blue paper is really a brown paper—four persons in turn assuring him that it is so. The decay of Ulster is more remarkable than the decay of the other Irish provinces, for Ulster had fixity of tenure and an established linen trade when the other provinces had neither of these things to help them against the English depopulation policy.

Belfast has increased in population, they tell us, at an almost unprecedented rate. Why, if it has, where has its population come from? From the denuded fields of Antrim and Down. Belfast in 1841 had 64,000 people, it now has 387,000. But Antrim in 1841 had 361,000 people, and it now has but 194,000. Down had 361,000 people and it has now but 204,000. We are bade to admire Derry City because it has increased from 15,000 people in 1841 to 40,000 in this year of our Lord. Yes, but Derry County has had more than half its population swept away. Where 220,000 people flourished in 1841, but 104,000 now exist, and Armagh —where Armagh had 232,000 there are to-day but 120,000.

Behold it set down in a sum that any child of the North may read:

	Population	
	1841	1911
Antrim	361,000	194,000
Armagh	232,000	120,000
Belfast	64,000	387,000
Derry City	15,000	40,000
Derry County	222,000	100,000
Down	361,000	204,000
In all	1,255,000	1,045,000

There are 210,000 people missing—one-sixth of the entire population has vanished from Unionist Ulster in these seventy years. Where else, outside of Ireland, in any civilized country of Europe can the Ulster Unionist show a parallel? The more prosperous the Ulster people grow, the more they vanish from Ulster. This is the Unionist paradox.

But we have not done with these figures for our Ulster Unionists fellow countrymen. It is not 200,000 but a million and a half people who have vanished from Unionist Ulster. At the natural rate of increase this population of the four counties in 1911 should have been 2,500,000.

If decay of population and increase of emigration be signs of prosperity, Armagh, Antrim, Down and Derry are prosperous. But if they are, as all men outside of Ireland hold them to be, signs of national degeneracy or infamous misgovernment, then Armagh, Derry, Antrim and Down are degenerate or misgoverned. That the people are not degenerate we know—that they are misgoverned we know; but this distinguishes them from their fellow countrymen whom they are taught to disbelieve and urged to depise—that they do not realize that they are misgoverned.

There is not the slightest inaccuracy in Mr. Griffith's figures. They are taken from the census reports of the United Kingdom.

And yet by every token, while Ireland's population has declined, her prosperity has increased. In 1864, when Mr. Griffith says Ireland had a population of 5,600,000, I was a child in County Antrim. My father owned a farm of nine acres. This farm was too small to support the family and my father mostly worked at his trade as a carpenter. Adjoining our farm on one side was a brother of my father with a farm of twenty acres. On the other side my grandfather, who was also a carpenter, had a farm of about twenty-four acres. There were many of my father's people on the farms and in a neighborhood a mile or two away, another countryside was filled with my mother's people, brothers and sisters, who likewise were farmers. By 1914, Mr. Griffith says the population of Ireland had declined to 4,300,000. In the year 1914, just before the outbreak of the Great War, I spent a month in Ireland. During that time I visited all the Ulster counties mentioned by Mr. Griffith as having declined in population.

I can illustrate the decrease in population by the experience of my own people, the McClures and the Gastons. My father's little farm belonged to the son of his brother, who owned the adjoining farm of twenty acres. My cousin now had a farm of twenty-nine acres and was comfortable, even prosperous. My youngest uncle owned my grandfather's farm. He had increased it to forty acres and was prosperous. I found that none of the land owned by the McClures and the Gastons had passed into alien hands, that in fact they owned more land in the aggregate than they did when I lived in Ireland as a boy, but the number of families who lived on the land was probably less by half than in my youth, but they were in much better circumstances in every way. And I found that what had occurred among my own people was typical of the conditions over all Ireland.

In 1866 I left my father's little farm in Ireland and came to a farm in Indiana. Ireland and Indiana have about the same area, and at that time Indiana had a population under 1,500,000. Even before that

year, and for many years following, neighbors and relatives of mine in Ireland emigrated from Ireland to Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, and other states. Some went to Australia and others to South Africa. We all emigrated because land elsewhere was cheap and plentiful. Emigration left land for those remaining, and thereby increased their prosperity.

But Mr. Griffith contends that Ireland is the only nation that has decreased in population during the last forty years, and that in other countries where the land was as crowded as in Ireland the population has increased. In Germany, for example, in 1910 the density of the population was 310 per square mile, while in Ireland by the census of 1911, it was 135 per square mile.

Mr. Griffith speaks of the increase of population in Poland; according to the *Statesman's Year Book* for 1919 the density of the population in Poland is 280 per square mile, or more than double that of Ireland.

The apparent anomaly of the increasing prosperity in Ireland, with the decreasing population disappears, as do many other delusions, if Ireland is regarded as it actually is as an integral part economically of the nation called the United Kingdom. If Ireland were joined by land to Great Britain, we will say at the point not far from Belfast, where the two countries come very near each other, not a single economic fact would be changed, and the decrease of population in the agricultural regions of Ireland would seem no different from similar phenomena in other countries, and in other parts of the United Kingdom.

An illustration of the effect of the establishment of industries on the shifting population is to be found in Germany. There is no country in the world in which farming, and farm life, and the whole realm of farm economics are so well organized as in Germany. Co-operative organization for buying and selling, agricultural banks, the application of science and organization to farming, together with the industrious characteristics of the German people, have placed Germany in the forefront of all nations in farming. Within the last thirty years the farm produce of Germany has doubled in quantity.

Between 1871 and 1914 the population of Germany had grown from 40,000,000 to nearly 70,000,000 and there *were fewer people on the land in 1914 than in 1871.*

In a recent issue of the *Fortnightly Review* we find the following facts:

> Between 1880 and 1913—the latter was a particularly prolific year—not only the production of the great staple crops enumerated above, but that of meat also has doubled owing to the application of science to industry. It might, therefore, be expected that Germany's agricultural workers, and her rural population as well, should have greatly increased in numbers. As a matter of fact, both Germany's rural population and her rural workers have numerically declined, the vast increase of output notwithstanding. The colossal increase of the population which has taken place in Germany has been confined exclusively to the towns, and it has been particularly great in the large towns, and in the important manufacturing centers.

In former centuries civilization was based on wood fuel and timber. To-day populations mass where there is abundant coal. In the Ruhr district in Germany, a territory about twenty miles by forty miles, we find eleven towns of over 100,000 inhabitants, or nearly one-fourth of the German cities of over 100,000 inhabitants, and fifty-five towns of from 10,000 to nearly 100,000 inhabitants, and in this district we have over 6,000,000 people.

The great coal fields in Poland and the establishment of manufacturing cities like Lodz account for the increase of Poland's population.

The enormous increase in the population of Great Britain is in the towns and not on the land. During the decade 1901-1911 twenty-three British counties declined in population and during the decade 1900-1910, the farming population of ten states of the United States declined in population, although the population of the whole country increased by 15,000,000, and one of the richest farming states, Iowa, actually as a whole declined in population. These are the ten American states in which there was an actual decrease in the farming population between 1900 and 1910: Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, New Hampshire, New York, Ohio, Rhode Island and Vermont.

There are three good reasons for the decline of agricultural population:

1. The accessibility to cheaper land. (For many years American farmers to the number of 200,000 annually migrated to the Canadian West and Northwest.)
2. The development of agricultural machinery which enables the farmer to do more per man.
3. The enormous industrial development.

The Irish farmer needs about 30 acres to farm prosperously. One cause for Ireland's increasing and, (as Joseph Devlin said in an address at Blackrock, County Louth, August 15, 1919) "boundless prosperity" is precisely the reason that scores of my cousins in Ireland, McClures and Gastons, are prosperous, and that is the increase in the size of the farms.

Sir Horace Plunkett put the whole thing in a nutshell in his book, "Ireland and the New Century" (1904), in which he says:

> I am however convinced that in many parts of the island there is no solution except by the migration of a portion of the occupiers, and the utilization of the vacated holdings in order to enable the peasants who remain to prosper—much as a forest is thinned to promote the growth of trees.

Taxation

In the New York *Nation,* June 7, 1919, Mr. De Valera, president of the Irish Republic, summarizes the complaints of Ireland against England in these words:

> Chief of these results are depopulation, and destruction of industries and commerce; overtaxation; diversion of rents, savings, and surplus incomes from Ireland to England; obstruction to economic development and social improvement; exploitation for the benefit of English capital; . . .

This statement represents the general opinion of the Sinn Feiners, who, when Mr. De Valera became president, represented fully 90 per cent of the Nationalist party of which John Redmond was the leader.

By this election the vast majority of the Irish people became secessionists, just as in 1861 upon the election of Lincoln to the presidency a large section of the Democratic party became secessionists.

We have, therefore, three parties in Ireland: 1. The Republicans, constituting a majority of the Irish people. 2. The Nationalists, who elected only seven members of parliament out of 90, and 3, the Unionists, who constitute about a quarter of the inhabitants of Ireland.

Since the death of Redmond, Joseph Devlin is the leader of the Nationalist party.

I have already quoted Devlin as to Irish prosperity. In this quotation Mr. Devlin says, "Ireland has everything but freedom."

The Unionists, most of whom live in Ulster, also regard Ireland as prosperous, and also as governed beneficently and justly.

I am trying to get at the real truth as to the prosperity of Ireland and as to the claims of good govern-

ment by the Unionists and of oppressive government by the Sinn Feiners.

Now as to taxation.

This statement has appeared widely in the American newspapers:

> Last year England made out of her control of Ireland more than $200,000,000, one-fifth of the amount our Government owed as a national debt at the outbreak of the war, one-fifth of the sum Bismarck demanded of France at the end of the Franco-Prussian war, when he attempted to break France permanently from an economic standpoint.

In *Nationality*, May 4, 1918, Mr. Arthur Griffith says:

> The taxation imposed upon Ireland by the British Parliament in the coming financial year will approximate thirty-five million pounds. This is the heaviest taxation borne by any country in the world except Spain.

In the famous report on Ireland made by the American Commission on Irish Independence, the following statements are made:

> This combined system of taxation and monopoly automatically takes away the legitimate profit from the farmer, no matter how fertile the land, propitious the season, or energetic the individual, and sucks the life blood out of all industry.

This report was signed by Frank B. Walsh, former Governor Edward F. Dunne of Illinois and Michael J. Ryan of Philadelphia.

I have before me a report of the taxation of Ireland for the year 1918-1919. Ireland paid in taxes the enormous sum of £37,275,000.

We find, however, that Scotland contributed for the same year £97,321,500. England and Wales contributed £691,062,000.

This means taxes for both local and national purposes. The taxes were increased by the war.

First of all, one is struck by the fact that the Ulster people are satisfied with the taxation. This is the more remarkable because the principal industries of Ireland are located in Ulster, and especially in Belfast, resulting in a heavier taxation in Ulster than in the rest of Ireland. And no people so resent injustice as the Ulster people. Why should the owners of the great industries in Belfast labor under a handicap compared with their competitors in Great Britain?

The answer is: They do not.

The incidence of taxation in Ireland is identical with the taxation in other parts of the United Kingdom, with this reservation, that there are certain taxes in Great Britain that are not levied in Ireland. The custom duties are the same and the income tax is the same.

An American living in New York State pays for the same income a tax identical with the citizens of any other state, and all other national taxes are identical everywhere in the United States. The same is true of Ireland and every other part of the United Kingdom. I am speaking of the situation up to the establishment of the Free State.

No tax is paid in Ireland which is not paid in Great Britain; but several taxes affecting the middle and upper classes are exacted in Great Britain and not in Ireland. These are the Land Tax, the Inhabited House Duty, and the Assessed Taxes. It is, of course, a voluntary tax, but here again Ireland is favored. It is 7s. 6d. in England and only 2s. 6d. in Ireland. Or, to put it another way, if 4,500,000 of the population of England having the same incomes as the inhabitants of Ireland were to transfer themselves to that country, they would find their payments by way of taxation distinctly reduced. It requires much ingenuity to argue in the face of these figures that Ireland, as compared with England and Scotland, has been paying more than her fair share of Imperial Taxation.

Let us take a typical year, 1918-1919:

Ireland's national tax was.....	£ 15,113,500
Scotland's national tax was.....	£ 77,794,000
England's national tax was.....	£547,214,500

According to the census of 1911

The population of Scotland was.....	4,760,904
The population of Ireland was.....	4,390,219

It will be seen that the per capita tax to the national government was about five times as large in Scotland as in Ireland, and nearly five times as large in England as in Ireland.

If we separated the agricultural regions in the United States from the manufacturing districts, we would arrive at similar results.

As a part of the United Kingdom, the Irish people paid up to their income, precisely the same rate that was paid in the rest of the nation and any agricultural county in Great Britain has the same advantage of small national taxes as Ireland.

There is a certain confusion of thought arising from the point whether Ireland was to be regarded as a part of the United Kingdom or as an independent nation. Any American state, if it deemed itself an independent nation, could make a similar comparison as to the taxes it raises for local purposes with the taxes that the national government has levied for war and other national purposes.

Harbors

There are innumerable statements to the effect that England deprives Ireland of the free use of her harbors, and of the freedom of trade with nations other than England, one will find nowhere in the "literature" of the Ulster people any denials of these statements.

In his weekly *Nationality*, on March 20, 1919, Arthur Griffith states Ireland's case as follows:

> The Navy League points out that the sites for naval bases in Ireland are 22 in number and they are situated at:
>
> 1. Lough Swilly
> 2. Donegal Bay
> 3. Slige Bay
> 4. Killala Bay
> 5. Blacksod Bay
> 6. Clew Bay
> 7. Balway Bay
> 8. The Mouth of Shannon
> 9. Tralee Bay
> 10. Dingle Bay
> 11. Kenmare River
> 12. Bantry Bay
> 13. Dunmanus Bay
> 14. Queenstown & Cork Harbor
> 15. Dungarven
> 16. Waterford Harbor
> 17. Wexford Harbor
> 18. Dublin Bay
> 19. Dundalk
> 20. Carlingford Lough
> 21. Belfast Lough
> 22. Lough Foyle
>
> This is an imposing number, sufficient to accommodate every maritime power in the world.
>
> Ireland, it tells us, has 22 harbors as named. Five of these, it is good enough to say, are first class harbors. "The best of them face the Atlantic Ocean, on the surface of which floats the trade of the world." So that we have one great harbor for each of the five Great Powers and seventeen minor harbors for the minor maritime powers.
>
> As long as England's flag waves over these harbors they will never be of use to us or to anybody else. Overseas trade is, of course, international in character, and if these magnificent harbors are of no use for Irish trade, it follows that they are of no use to any nation overseas. To bring Irish harbors into use for trading purposes or for naval purposes the first step is to get them out of the grasp of England.

During the Peace Conference in Paris, Mr. Arthur Griffith wrote in his weekly, *Nationality*, May 3, 1919:

> If President Wilson is so keen on preserving an outlet for a new Nation to which the world has recently been introduced, perhaps it would not exceed the limits of international courtesy to point out to his wise vision that we have in Ireland 21 excellent Fiumes, entirely excluded from commercial intercourse with the world. Whatever may be the claims of the Jugo-Slavs or the Italians to control the ports of the Adriatic, none can deny the

right of Ireland to control her own ports and to enter the trade of the world which passes our shores.

And in *Nationality* of June 28, 1919, we find this statement from ex-Governor Dunne of Illinois:

> I was more struck with Galway falling to pieces from natural decay, all due to the decline in shipping. *It is worse than any shell-riddled town in Northern France.*
>
> Such is Galway under the occupation of the enemy.

First of all we are faced with the fact that Ireland has an immense export trade, and secondly with the fact that the laws as to harbors and commerce are identical in Ulster and the rest of Ireland, and further are identical with the laws governing harbors and commerce in the United Kingdom as a whole.

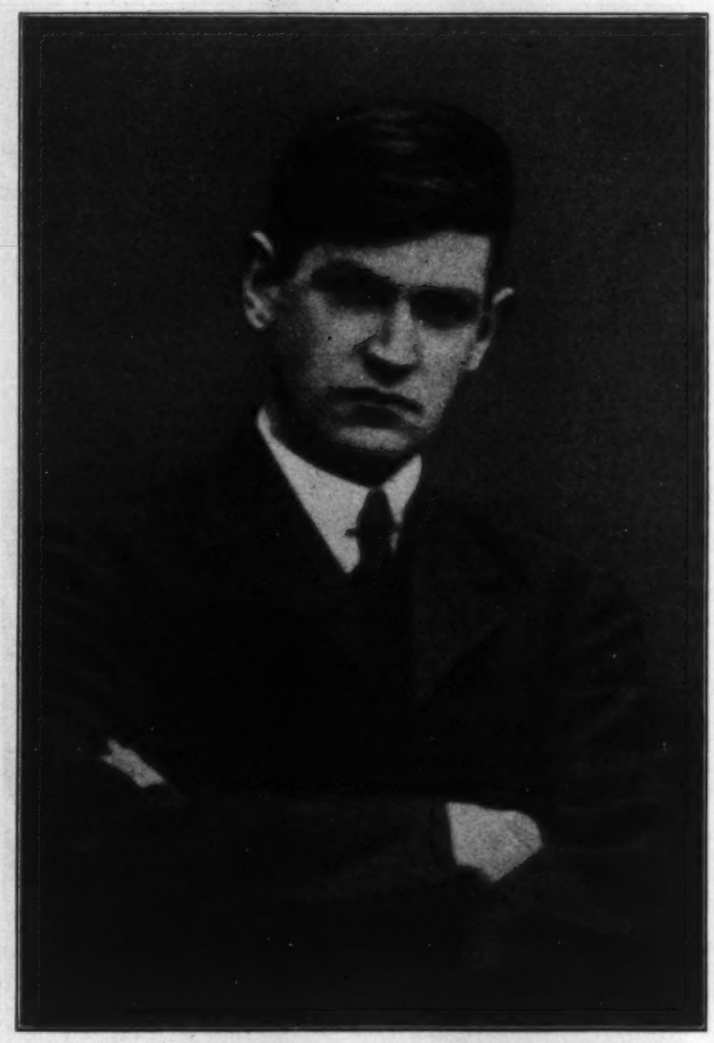
The seven principal ports in the United Kingdom in coastwise trade are as follows:

London	8,399,078 tons
Liverpool	4,284,853 tons
Newcastle	3,417,448 tons
Belfast	2,763,992 tons
Dublin	2,519,824 tons
Glasgow	1,965,585 tons
Cardiff	1,943,569 tons

From this it will be seen that Dublin cleared 30 per cent as much as London, and more than 90 per cent as much as Belfast and surpassed Glasgow, the largest coastwise port in Scotland.

Taking all Ireland in the year 1910, the coastwise trade of Ireland was more than one-seventh of the coastwise trade of the United Kingdom.

It is a simple fact that the status of the harbors in Ireland is identical with the status of the harbors in Scotland, England and Wales. And there is no nation in the world whose harbors are under such favoring laws as the harbors of the United Kingdom. This is because England lives by commerce.



Michael Collins, leader of the Sinn Fein

Now as to direct trade between Ireland and foreign countries. First of all Belfast has nearly one-half of the entire foreign trade of Ireland, largely on account of its manufactures.

In 1910 the total imports into the United Kingdom were 66,660,000. Of this immense total Belfast received only 516,906. The exports from the United Kingdom were 67,369,000 tons and of this Belfast's share was only 121,857 tons.

Now if any one imagines that the Ulster people would endure any hindrance in the freedom to ship goods wherever they pleased, they are laboring under the most absurd of all the delusions relating to Ireland.

Why is it that Belfast, which has among its industries the five largest industrial concerns of their kind in the world, including the largest linen mill, the largest ship-building yard, the largest rope works, the largest tobacco factory, the largest whiskey distillery, has such slight trade with the outside world?

For exactly the same reason that the manufacturing states of Connecticut and Rhode Island have such little foreign commerce.

I asked the leading Belfast manufacturers and merchants why they did not import direct the immense amount of raw materials and export their manufactured articles direct instead of using Liverpool, mostly, as a medium. The answer was simple. In the case, for example, of rope-making, their raw material came from many parts of the world: Manila, Mexico, India, the United States, etc. Their materials formed parts of cargoes, and were collected, for example, at Liverpool, just as the imported raw materials for Connecticut manufacturers are collected at New York or Boston. Their exports, linens, etc., in the same way would not furnish shiploads, but are sent to Liverpool, where they form part of cargoes.

Now if Belfast, with one-half of all the foreign shipping of Ireland, cannot furnish shiploads for direct shipping, how is it possible for the other parts of Ireland to maintain direct shipping in any large way? Would it pay for Connecticut to insist on developing its harbor at New Haven, or Rhode Island at Providence, and establishing lines of steamers to trade direct with foreign nations?

Any shipowner in any country can ship direct to Ireland if he so wishes. In fact, a direct service has been established between the United States and Ireland and there is always direct shipping between Ireland and the continent of Europe.

The *Irish World* of August 14, 1920, states:

> The direct service from New York to Irish ports has been maintained with regularity and provision of ample shipping has been secured to operate a fortnightly service. The Moore & McCormack Company operates and manages some 30 steamers for the United States Shipping Board.
>
> The service from New York to Cork, Dublin and Belfast has succeeded so well that the company intends placing the three new steamers acquired on their own account in the Irish service. The advantages offered to Irish exporters and manufacturers, merchants, farmers and brokers are, first of all, a much cheaper service by at least 40 per cent than via English ports; secondly, a much quicker service in point of time, and thirdly, a direct service alongside Irish and American quays, avoiding the cost of delay and risk of transshipment and affording the minimum of expense in moving machinery and heavy goods.

The SS. Castle Point of the Moore-McCormack service has just delivered at Cork the substantial parcel of 1,200 tons of general cargo. She arrived in Dublin on the 8th inst. with about 700 tons of inward cargo, and she is loading about 600 tons for New York from Dublin alone, not including what cargo she will obtain at Belfast, via which port she will sail back to New York. Another liner is due this week.

The ample facilities now afforded for our American trade, particularly with New York, should call forth a steady and persistent effort amongst our manufacturers, agricultural exporters, merchants and factors to win a larger place in the great markets overseas. Our products bear an excellent character and our merchants bear a high reputation for their goods abroad, and it needs but concerted action and united endeavor to make the service a permanent link in the commerce of Ireland and the United States.

The *Irish World* of February 14, 1920, publishes a statement as follows:

To-day the Moore-McCormack steamship Milwaukee cleared the Port of New York laden with American-made goods consigned to Irish merchants. She will dock at Cork, Dublin and Belfast.

Heretofore England has required all goods consigned to Ireland to pass through the Port of Liverpool. From there the shipments were rehandled and loaded on English ships for delivery across the Channel. This wasted handling added 20 per cent to the cost of goods in Ireland and was one of the grievances of the Irish people against the British rule.

No new laws were made; any American shipowner could have established such a service any time.

The statement that "England has heretofore required all goods consigned to Ireland to pass through the Port of Liverpool" is obviously absurd and without foundation in fact. It is just as true to say that the manufacturers of Connecticut are compelled by law to get all their imports through the Port of New York or Boston.

The most curious thing about this misconception as to Ireland's use of her own harbors is that the truth is so obvious, and the misapprehension so baseless.

As to the decay of Galway as a seat of shipping, the hope of Galway is to make it a port for transatlantic ships to land passengers and freight for the United Kingdom. Why is it not used? Any one, or any group, can develop this harbor. But who would use it? Imagine passengers landing at Galway, getting on board a train, traveling three or four hours to Dublin, transferring themselves to a boat, facing three hours Channel crossing, getting off the boat and boarding a train for a five-hour run to London, herding their hand baggage at every transfer and waiting at each point of transfer for their heavy baggage to be handled. Or imagine freight to be handled in a similar way!

Eamon De Valera, First President of the Irish Republic

But it is asserted that most of the Irish exports and imports are carried on British ships. This is true, although it is also true that there are Irish-owned ships and that all Ireland's foreign trade could be carried on Irish ships so far as laws are concerned.

Certain changes have been wrought by the war. But it is also true that most of the American trade before the war was carried by British ships.

A leading Irishman explains why. Mr. McGuire, in a book published in 1915, entitled "King, Kaiser and Irish Freedom," wrote:

The oldest living Americans recall the days when the American flag flew over thousands of fast clippers, when more than three-fourths of the commerce of our country was carried in American bottoms. He reads from his history how England took advantage of the Civil War to seize American trade and destroyed our commerce as our country lay prostrate.

Nearly all of our commerce to Europe is carried in vessels flying the Union Jack, so helpless and unimportant are we on the ocean. Discerning Americans perceive that England, not Germany, has brought about this destruction of American shipping. We are not deceived by the figures showing increased exports.

Now if it is true that England has brought about the destruction of American shipping by oppressive laws, it is true that England has smothered Irish foreign trade by oppressive laws. Any one who believes the first statement can believe the second.

Coal in Ireland

Within a century coal has become the master-mineral. Populations mass where coal abounds. It is claimed by the Irish separatists that Ireland is rich in coal, but that the English have prevented the Irish from developing their own coal mines.

In his weekly, *Sinn Fein*, December 30, 1911, Mr. Griffith says:

Ireland's wealth in iron and coal is greater than that of most European countries.

In August, 1919, Mr. Griffith gave me a rather complete statement of the Sinn Fein beliefs as to coal. He said:

Ulster is the richest part of Ireland in coal, but they get most of their coal from Scotland. If the supply from Scotland should fail to-morrow from some cause, their whole industry would be ruined. To all questions as to why they should not try to develop their own coal they have no answer. Right down from Belfast to Lough Neagh is a vast coal field. There is very fine "soft" coal or bituminous coal at Ballycastle.

Darrell Figgis in *The Republic* of September 6, 1919, quotes first from a statement in the London *Statist* as to the great mineral field around Ballycastle: "An expert opinion is of belief," the *Statist* says, "that the formation is identical with that in which the oil shales are worked in Scotland."

> Of importance is the effect of the sheet basalt which covers the whole region, on the shales and coal seams. . . . A minimum estimate places the oil shales coal reserves at 189,000,000 tons. In all the workable coal deposits of the Ballycastle field are put at 83,223,000 tons, practically one-seventh of which belongs to the Channel coal system, which is reckoned to be capable of yielding a good quantity of oil and gas.
>
> Then there is the iron in the same area. This says the *Statist* has "been extensively worked in the past"; which is inaccurate. It was worked before, and is not worked now, because the English government would not allow the necessary transit facilities as part of its consistent policy to extinguish Ireland as an economic factor. For calculated malevolent evil, based as it is on an economic fear, the policy is without its rival in the brutalest of despotisms.

And commenting on Belfast, which is close to Ballycastle, Figgis says:

> As we know that Belfast's love of England ranks about as high as the love of other parts of this country, this is just another example of the keen edge to their business intelligence that their politics give our Imperialists.

In an article in the New York *Evening Journal*, September 19, 1919, Mr. De Valera wrote:

> In the North there are extensive fields of bituminous, in the South even more extensive fields of anthracite. Of one of the bituminous deposits of the North, that in Tyrone, an expert (Mr. Griffith), who made a special investigation, stated that:
>
> From 22 to 32 feet of solid workable coal was found within a depth of 120 fathoms. Amongst the numberless pits of the English coal fields there is no example of the same thickness of coal within the same distance from the top.
>
> Yet the total output of Irish coal was only 84,000 tons a few years ago—not quite $250,000 worth, with only 790 men employed.
>
> Why? Because England wants to preserve for coal lords the profitable Irish market. The yearly consumption is about four million tons. Some $17,000,000 yearly is the bill for coal and coke. They would lose it if the Irish coal mines were worked.

The *Times* (London) for July 4, 1919, contains the statement:

> Coal exists in no despicable quantities; there are large deposits of lignite, peat fuel and its derivations are unlimited. There is copper, lead, sulphur and large quantities of serviceable stone. . . . Ireland is commonly regarded as a poor country. She is not.

Sir Edward Carson

And Professor A. L. P. Dennis of the University of Wisconsin in an article in the *Times* (London), November 4, 1919, said:

> On the other hand with regard to industrial fuel, Ireland so far depends upon imported coal, and it is a serious question whether there are as yet undiscovered or undeveloped coal fields in Ireland which could be worked at a profit. If Ireland should become even partially self-supporting in this matter the effect both politically and economically would be great, for even the industry of Belfast is largely exotic. Coal, iron, hemp, and to a considerable degree, flax, have all to be imported.

Finally, Arthur Griffith in his weekly, *Nationality*, October 27, 1917, writes:

> Antrim is one of the richest mineral counties in Ireland, and its resources are almost undeveloped. Though situated within easy distance of Belfast, with its great engineering industries, there are only a few thousand tons raised from the Antrim collieries. The fact is that the Belfast manufacturer dare not under present conditions support an Irish industrial movement. He stands in dread of being crushed.

Now it may be said that no man can look into the earth and see what lies a few hundred feet below the surface of the earth. But it is possible to learn whether or not there is freedom to find out, and to utilize the mineral resources of a country. And, inasmuch as Ulster, and especially Antrim, the county in which I was born, is claimed to be especially favored as to coal, I felt that it would not be difficult for me to get at the truth.

Here is what I found at Ballycastle. There are 8,000 acres in what the *Statist* calls "the great mineral belt around Ballycastle." This coal field is located right on the water. There are places where one can throw a stone from the head of the shaft to the coal-pit right into the sea and to deep water at that. All work was abandoned.

I was offered an option on the entire property for a year for £350. If I cared to go on I could make a fifty-year lease for £300 a year. There were absolutely no restrictions of any kind. It would be necessary to reconstruct an abandoned pier and one could load the coal right there, and ship to Belfast or any other port.

I found, however, when I reported this to the business men of Belfast, that already Belfast capitalists had lost fortunes in the Ballycastle mines. Mr. Pollock, president of the Chamber of Commerce of Belfast, and chairman of the Harbor Board, and altogether a man of notable standing, explained why the Belfast men did not develop the coal fields of Ulster in these words:

> So when one asks them why they do not develop the great coal mines that Mr. Arthur Griffith and the Sinn Feiners generally claim to exist in Ulster, it is difficult to get them to consider the question seriously. They are not men who would pass up a good thing in the way of convenient coal. More than one of them has attempted to enrich himself by opening up coal mines and several fortunes have been lost in this way. In fact the exploitation of the great coal mine at Ballycastle, which cost a great deal of money, finally fell into the hands of one of the biggest coal mining companies of Scotland, who, after considerable losses, finally withdrew. There is no let or hindrance to any one developing coal mines or iron mines in Ireland, just the same as in England.

In fact, pressed by the urgency of the war, the British Government itself has spent money in Ireland, endeavoring to secure new supplies of coal, but with very little success. At the price of coal before the war, there was no possibility of mining coal in Ireland in competition with the English coal mines.

If it is possible to mine coal in Ireland successfully, it will be done. The growing scarcity of coal in Europe and the increased prices coupled with great demand for coal will undoubtedly lead to the opening up of such coal mines as can be profitably worked.

Nothing seems more absurd to one who knows these Belfast men than to imagine they would accept any restrictions on their various enterprises. One of the ablest of the younger men in Belfast is Hugh Kelly. His father left him two coasting steamers and in 1919 he owned twenty-two steamers.

He also was a large coal importer, and, further, he

was trying to develop a coal mine near Belfast. In the course of an interview, he said:

> Is Ireland very rich in minerals? There is a sort of coal bed near Portrush, but the coal is not very good and hard to get; as to coal near Lough Neagh, it is deeper down there.
>
> There is no doubt that there is coal in Ireland, but it exists in pockets, not in streams. The statement that England is preventing us from developing our mineral resources is simply ridiculous.

The reason that so much money has been lost in the Ballycastle coal fields is because the coal is in pockets, and also it costs a great deal to pump out the inflowing sea water.

A few months ago, Voliva, the overseer of Zion City, announced that the earth was flat. I have not seen a single reasoned statement setting forth proofs of the rotundity of the earth. Not a single newspaper thought it worth while to dispute Voliva's assertion.

In dealing with the Sinn Fein's claims that Ireland is hindered in any way in developing her mineral wealth, one finds it difficult to get the Captains of Industry of Belfast to discuss the question, so utterly absurd is the contention.

In Ireland, the owner of the land can exercise to the full all mineral rights, and two-thirds of the land is owned by the actual occupier; and where the occupier is a renter, the landlord has all the mineral rights with no one to deny him. Further, should the landlord decide to develop any mines, he must compensate the tenant.

The facts are as follows:

> Where the ownership has been vested in the tenant, (and two-thirds of the land has thus been vested) through the Irish Land Commission the rights, in this respect, hitherto enjoyed by the landlord pass at once to the tenant, who can either sell the land absolutely to any proposed mining syndicate or pocket the royalties as absolute owner of the soil. *The Irish land system, as it is well known, has in this respect enormous advantages over that of either England or Scotland, and there is not an atom of truth in the statement that any law of any sort or kind hinders the development of mining enterprise in the very slightest degree.*

There is, undoubtedly, considerable coal in Ireland, but up to this time all experience overwhelmingly shows that there can be no great development. Mr. De Valera, in his article in the New York *Evening Journal* of September 19, 1919, quotes from Richard Griffiths (not to be confused with Arthur Griffith). Griffiths is but one of four great geological experts and mining engineers of international reputation who have investigated the mining areas of Ireland. All the reports come to the same conclusion. He was the geological expert of the Royal Dublin Society and Inspector General of Mines. He personally inspected every one of the coal fields and published the result of his findings in a series of four volumes. At various periods William Chapman and James Brough, engineers of the very highest talent, were brought in by English and Scotch syndicates who sought from time to time to develop these coal fields, on which they expended vast sums of money, and the struggle with Nature in this respect always ended in the triumph of the latter. Lord Caledon, who was territorial owner of most of the great coal fields in County Tyrone, carried out a series of borings extending over a constant period of twelve years. The best mining experts and engineers in England and in Scotland were employed. They undoubtedly located large quantities of coal in various spots, but Griffiths, who made a survey after these prolonged efforts had been abandoned, reports on page 6 of his survey of the Tyrone coal fields that "the effort should never have been undertaken." The coal seam near Dungannon varies from one foot six inches to four feet in places. Griffiths has the following to say respecting the Coalisland deposit:

> The coal at Coalisland burns rapidly, and, like Ayrshire coal, is covered by a bluish gray shale. The danger and expense of getting the coal is greatly increased by reason of the fact that the roof, if left unpropped, falls in and fills up the working.

He goes on to point out other very serious difficulties. The following is a typical paragraph in his report:

> Fireclay immediately beneath the beds of coal is so soft that on being exposed to the least moisture becomes a pulpy mass on which it is difficult to walk and nearly impossible to draw coal. The pillars of coal left to support the roof are forced down by superincumbent pressure into the softened stratum. In the interior of the district great irregularity is observable in the direction and inclination of the strata. These undulations cause great irregularity in the coal workings by frequently changing the level and partially the dip of the strata and where they occur the coal is found both thin and impure, and in many instances is altogether wanting for a length of twenty or thirty yards, and all the accompanying strata are broken and in the utmost confusion.

Mr. Griffiths' complete report indicates why development of the Irish coal fields upon any scale corresponding to developments in England and Scotland is not possible.

The masses of the Irish people believe in these claims, and, of course, people over the world generally accept these delusions as facts. As late as February 19, 1922, in a book review in the New York *Times* this statement appears:

> When stripped of its special features the long agitation for Irish Home Rule presents the typical characteristics of all modern nationalist movements, that is to say a struggle for economic advantages or rights withheld by reason of political control being in the hands of another people.

This statement is as absurd as Voliva's. But we must remember as the great psychologist Le Bon says:

> It is not the quality of the beliefs that must be taken into consideration, but the sway they exert over men's souls.

And he also says:

> When an idea, after a longer or shorter period of tentative existence, modifications, deformations, discussion and propaganda, has acquired its definite form and penetrated the soul of the masses, it constitutes a dogma that is one of those absolute truths which are no longer discussed. It then forms part *of those general beliefs on which the existence of peoples is based.*

Ireland is a land of singular beauty. Its people are charming and hospitable. In the summer of 1919 a traveler in Ireland would say:

> In spite of all the world-suffering, here, at least, is peace and plenty.

As John Redmond said, a "free people" and as Joseph Devlin said, a land of "boundless prosperity."

I say with Scott:

> "Breathes there the man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land!
> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
> As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
> From wandering on a foreign strand?
> If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
> For him no minstrel raptures swell;
> High though his titles, proud his name,
> Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
> Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
> The wretch, concentred all in self,
> Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
> And, doubly dying, shall go down
> To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
> Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung."

Aaron Westcott's Funeral

By Viola Roseboro'

THE great lawyer paced up and down his office, its inner sanctum, and looked out the windows on whirling snow, darkened sky, and whitening roofs far below. "Yes, it's a snowstorm; but it isn't in it with that young blizzard we had last month," he said.

I didn't wake up to any great interest about last month's blizzard; so, it appeared, he had to go on without his cue.

"I got all there was in that; haven't been mixed up with so much weather since I was a boy."

I saw my duty, and this time I did it, not reluctantly. J. R. Decon was not the kind of talker people want to head off, and if he wished to yarn in his office to the likes of me he must be mighty full of matter.

"I went up state on the seventeenth to Aaron Westcott's funeral — on the seventeenth."

"Up state? Why, that was the day the trains were laid off!"

"Yes, that's why I've got something to tell you — one why. I knew the trains weren't running, so I called up the traffic manager that morning and told him I wanted a special to Larkinsville. I heard him snort a laugh over the wire.

" 'We don't run specials when our own trains can't go out,' says he final and incidental, marking that he was busy and the fool killer wasn't.

" 'Don't you ring off!' I got in quick and firm. 'It's J. R. Decon talking to you; do you get that?'

"Yes, he said he got it, and that it made it a sure thing he wouldn't ring off. 'I can chew the rag with you because you're a great corporation lawyer, Mr. Decon, as long as you want,' says he; 'but, unless you can get out an injunction on the weather, it's all I can do.'

"I liked the sassiness of him; he was human, all right. 'You just give me three minutes while I talk to you,' I called.

" 'All right, Mr. Decon,' he said, and if he'd cussed me he couldn't have said more.

" 'I was born up there in Larkinsville,' I began, and I told him how I'd been an orphan and kept out of the poorhouse by an uncle who didn't care about the job; and how I'd gone to work in the soap factory when I was fourteen. 'Aaron Westcott was the foreman,' I told him, 'and he was the first man that even went out of his way to do me a kindness. And when I wanted to come here and study law he was the only created being that didn't think I was a durn fool. He found ways to help me do it. I might tell you more; but maybe this will do. Now Aaron Westcott's dead, and I'm going to Larkinsville to his funeral. It's your play next.'

" 'Mr. Decon,' says he, 'I'll have you switched to the general manager. It's all I can do, and I stand a chance to get fired before you can tell him who you are. Good-by; good luck!'

"So I told the old man who I was first off. He was genially humorous. 'You must have been dining late and neglected the papers, Mr. Decon; there isn't a wheel —' I interrupted and told him I knew more than he thought, and among other things that the impossible was done every day when a man and money got together.

" 'Hold on!' I headed him off. 'This is a ground hog case. Aaron Westcott's dead, and I'm going up to Larkinsville to his funeral. You never heard of him; but if I'd never heard of him I'd not be helping you run the New York Central.

" 'He was superintendent of a soap factory up there, and I went to work in that factory when I was fourteen. He had an old copy of Blackstone, because he'd had a notion of being a lawyer himself when he was young and foolish. He never got out of the soap factory; but he helped me out, and his Blackstone was the first law book I ever had in my hand. He gave it to me, and he let me stay in his hencoop office after hours to read it, because my uncle wouldn't stand for such foolishness in an orphan. There's plenty more; but maybe we can get down to business now.'

" 'You come up here, Mr. Decon! Come right up here yourself,' calls the old man, like a welcome home. 'We can't order men out to-day; but come along and see what you can do.'

"When I got there he took me by the arm out to meet one of his crack engineers; Mulligan was his name. Mulligan was hanging around a big engine that was being kept half alive. He looked at us calm and curious — you know the swell mechanic's swell manners; good enough for a Duke, I call 'em.

" 'This is our biggest lawyer, Mulligan,' said the general manager, 'and he wants to get to Larkinsville.'

"Mulligan rested easy on the fact that he didn't have to laugh at any man's joke unless he wanted to. Now he didn't want to. When the silence called for relief he spat tobacco juice at a chosen mark.

"Of course, I'd long before given up any notion of a special train. What I wanted now was an engine and the privilege of bloating with wealth any men who'd run it. Just for greens I tried the wealth trick first. Nothing doing. Mulligan wasn't interested. He looked at me level once in a while, and seemed, between more important matters on his mind, to be wondering at the kind of folks that can bluff New York into coughing up.

" 'Well,' said I, when I got through fooling, 'I see I must get down to business.'

"Mulligan threw more steam into his tired look; he tried to make it strong enough to knock the wind out of me.

" 'You're not going to take me out for money,' said I, 'though you're going to get paid for a tough job. I'm going to Larkinsville to Aaron Westcott's funeral, because he was the best friend I ever had.'

"Mulligan looked at me as if I'd just come, and I went on.

" 'Aaron Westcott superintended a little soap factory up there for twenty-five years, and that's where I began earning my living — in that soap factory — when I was fourteen. Your kids don't have to turn out that soon, Mulligan; but, if you took the count and they came to it, you'd be a glad man in your

grave if they ran up against something like Aaron Westcott. He'd wanted to be a lawyer, but the soap factory got him for keeps, because there was a bunch of women — old mother, sick sister, and such — that had no one else to look to. When I turned up out of the blue, nothing in the world to him, he took it out helping make a lawyer of me. Maybe you don't think much of his judgment as a matter of public welfare, but I'll tell you, Mulligan, man to man, that the public welfare isn't left out of my game altogether just because Aaron took a hand in starting it! Hold on! I'm not quite through.'

"'Wait a minute,' Mulligan remarked, walking away, and he comes back with another overalled chap, a younger one. 'Go on,' says he; 'begin where you left off.'

"'When I got here in the law school I bached in one room and cooked over the gas; but even at that I ran so low one time that the end of the grub was in sight. I wrote to the uncle who'd kicked me up to beg the loan of ten dollars. I didn't get it; but Larkinsville got the told-you-so news of me, all right, and Aaron Westcott —' I stalled right there then, too — it's getting to be an emotional habit. Mulligan nodded a hair's breadth. 'No,' said I, 'you haven't got it yet. Aaron Westcott sent me twenty. They're burying him to-day in Larkinsville.'

"Mulligan looked at the other chap. 'All right,' said the other chap.

"'Daly'll fire for us,' said Mulligan. 'I don't know how far we'll get, Mr. Decon; but we'll get as far as the wheels will turn.'

"They did, and they stopped turning just outside Dalton, six miles from Larkinsville. I must make that in something over three hours.

"Mulligan and Jim trudged into the village with me; and that black and white engine alone out there in the fields, snow still snowing — well, I had kind feelings for the old arctic monster.

"We all shook hands when I got to the stable. 'Good luck!' said Mulligan. 'I guess you'll need all the steam you can throw into that spiel of yours to get a sleigh out of here; but I'm putting my money on you.'

"Jim was mighty near all in; but he gave me a good grip. 'You're no slouch!' said Jim, and it made me proud.

"The livery man was hugging a red hot stove.

"'I want a sleigh to go to Larkinsville,' was the way I broke it to him.

"'You're sure free to do that,' says he genially, rooted to his chair.

"'Know anything about Larkinsville?' I asked him. 'Know Aaron Westcott over there?'

"He knew by sight one of the Westcott girls that taught in the Dalton schools; he'd heard about Westcott's death, and he began to look more interested than you'd suppose.

"'I'm going to his funeral,' I told him. 'An engine that's stalled up there by the pond brought me out from New York; not because I'm paying big money, though I am, and not because I'm one of the lawyers of the New York Central, though I am, but just because I told an engineer and a fireman something about Aaron Westcott and —'

"The livery man got up. 'About the bank?' says he.

"I didn't know anything about Aaron and any bank; thought banks were out of his range, and said so, and looked at my watch.

"'All right,' my man was wriggling into an overcoat. 'Your spellbindin' may have fixed them New York guys, but I'm playin' the fool for reasons I got no time to set out, beyond the fact that I like to see a good job finished,' and he slammed the door after him.

"Sure enough, just Aaron's name had turned the trick this time, though I hadn't supposed twenty people in Dalton had ever heard of him.

"The livery man drove me himself; said he wouldn't ask any other man to do it, and he wouldn't trust any other man to do it. You bet we didn't yarn any on that trip! When we got to Larkinsville he set me down a block away from the Larkinsville stable. The Westcott place — the funeral was there — was a mile and a half from town, and the Dalton man wouldn't even take his horses to the stable because he'd hit a friend's place one block nearer. His horses were done up.

"The Larkinsville man's eyes opened when I told where I'd come from. 'What you got there?' he asked, as an entering wedge for his curiosity, pointing to a huge parcel I'd hung onto all the way from New York.

"'It's a wreath,' I told him, 'for Aaron Westcott's coffin, and I'm wanting a team at your price to get me and it out there.'

"I knew him, old Lem Williams he was, but he didn't know me. Lem was a curious citizen, cranky, crooked, tight fisted; but a streak of cross-grained humaneness ran through him. I remembered something about a fight he put up once for a tramp with the town authorities. I wondered how I'd work him. My standard story might make him think it was a fine chance to take Jim Decon down a peg or two.

"'I suppose you think your money'll do anything out here with us jays,' says Lem.

"'You won't do it for money,' I told him, 'if you're anything like the other guys I've struck to-day; but you see they got interested and got their money, too.' I was stamping my feet and warming up as fast as I could. I didn't know but I'd have to walk it.

"'Huh! I suppose you worked 'em up over the bank doin's; but Westcott wa'n't no friend of mine, and I think he was a fool, and a poor kind of father —' That came next; but it didn't seem to stop with a full period.

"I heard afterward that Aaron had made the town shut up Lem's blind tiger. Not that Aaron was any born insurgent, either; but the Widow Leel's boys were getting drunk and going to the deuce, and that put it up to Aaron. There's a whole story about that. Aaron got into a varmint's nest of leading citizens before he was through with it; but I'll tell you of that another time.

"If things hadn't moved faster than I talk I'd never have heard the preacher at Aaron's funeral, and that would have been your loss as well as mine. Lem said Westcott was no friend of his. 'But I'm going to take you out there,' he stated in a separate section, and went out. Returning, he spliced on the rest of that section as if there'd be no break. 'If that wreath's come all the way from New York, a little matter of comfort and horseflesh ain't going to make me stand in its way. Come on! Those girls of his that Aaron robbed so blamed honest is e't up with pride, and I got a sympathy with 'em, seein' pride's all they got left.'

"'I don't know about all that,' I told him. We were climbing in the sleigh.

"'You don't?' He was astonished; but talking time was over.

"When we got out to the poor old Westcott place,

Lem said, 'I thought likely that was what brought you.' Lem's punctuation put down the illusions of time and space.

"Some one took the team. 'I'm not expected; but I'm goin' in with you,' Lem avowed, 'and I'm goin' to tell the preacher that you ain't heard. Wonder what other of Aaron's luny doing's did bring you?'

"But I was spared the embarrassing revelation by at last arriving at Aaron's funeral. The first thing I saw was the coffin. Anyone would have seen it first. I never saw another decorated like it. No one ever did. It was gay with scarlet geranium and blue lobelia and such.

"Man, do you know what they were? Window garden flowers? Huh, window garden nothing! Tin can flowers — Lady Washington geraniums and purple and pink fuchsias and rose geranium leaves were lavished there, the scant cream of the tin cans; but it was the rubber plant that hit me hardest and seemed most like that box of precious ointment another woman lavished out of a full heart once — a whole tall rubber plant cut down and lying the length of that coffin. She wanted to give it, some woman, and cut down that — that proud piece of furniture! If you'd come up in Larkinsville, you'd grasp it all better. It took a lot of tin cans to make that showing.

"The preacher was just winding up; but that crooked liveryman butted right in, went up and whispered to him a minute. He looked funny while he did it — stubborn and grouchy on purpose, and childish underneath. Aaron was no friend of his; but the truth was that old rascal was as proud of that wreath and me as if he'd bought and paid for us both, and back of that he was proud of Aaron, so proud of him that here he was telling the preacher to post me on those crazy doings.

"The preacher was one such as you see in the country sometimes, a man whose ideas of religion stood in the way of his getting on in the world or trying to get on. It was partly that he had a strong, logical old head-piece on him; he could never hope to eat his cake and have it too the way church folks — and the rest of us — are always jockeying to do.

" 'I'm told,' says the grim, gray, old parson, 'that there is in our midst a friend of the dead who knows nothing of Aaron Westcott's relation to the failure of the Dalton bank. Sir,' and, coming down to brass tacks the way he'd always want to, he began talking straight to me, — 'Sir, we in this community were as ignorant as yourself till very lately. The facts are quickly told. Mr. Beardsley, the president of the bank, was an old schoolmate of Mr. Westcott. The clouds of disaster began to gather round his bank — the causes and the blame we can pass by. Mr. Beardsley was desperate, and in his despair he must confide in some one. Our friend and yours, whose body we are soon to bury, did not sit in high places; he was poor. The bank president had seen little of him for years, for prosperity is a hard master; but now, when ruin was rushing on him, he turned to Aaron Westcott and told him all. No counsel could avail; but Aaron did what he could. He did more than save the bank, sir; here in our small country world he enriched us by one of those high sacrifices that make the real treasure of our weak and sinful race.

" 'His two daughters, his only children, had money in the bank; nearly two thousand dollars earned and saved by years of school teaching. It was all the money this family ever had banked, they tell me. Two months after the father knew what was to come, the bank broke, and his daughters' savings were lost with the rest.

" 'All that in him lay he had done for his motherless girls; but he could do nothing to save their little fortune, for what he knew had been told him in confidence; and we all, all the depositors, were his unwitting confidants. We are all going to get a fraction of that two thousand dollars. And there sit his daughters — —' He stopped short, clamping his stern old jaws together till he was safe for speech again.

"It was easy to tell Aaron's daughters, they were so proud in their tears. The blood had bred true.

"Those girls give me my chance to peck away a little on a debt that I'll never catch up with.

"When the preacher went on he was grimmer than ever, and plainer in his speech. He wasn't going to lose his grip again! His climax was a cold statement of fact. It was a good enough climax for me.

"The old man said he told Aaron on his deathbed that the bank story had leaked out, and asked him what made him act the way he did. What held him to letting his girls lose everything. Aaron thought about it, and then he said, 'I guess it was mostly just that I had to go on living with myself.'

"Then the dominie prayed. What's the prayer meeting phrase, 'joining in prayer'? Well, I guess he was sort o' joined that time by some inexperienced joiners. I wouldn't bet against that liveryman.

"I've got to go to work now, and mostly my business makes Aaron Westcott look like a preposterous impossibility in our predatory old jungle. But what was it Mark Twain said, 'Truth's stranger than fiction, because fiction has to be possible and truth doesn't'?

"Aaron did live and die, — in Larkinsville, — and, jungle savage as the world is, there's hope for us; for he was in the end the most honored man I ever knew."

The Common Things

By M. St. Clare Byrne

I never knew how sorrel looks
When the sun is getting low,
Till I watched you gathering it,
Three weeks ago;

I'd never gathered trefoil
Since I was six years old,
Till I saw it in your hands —
Pure fairy gold.

Clover and trefoil
All in an earthen bowl —
How these little things
Master the soul!

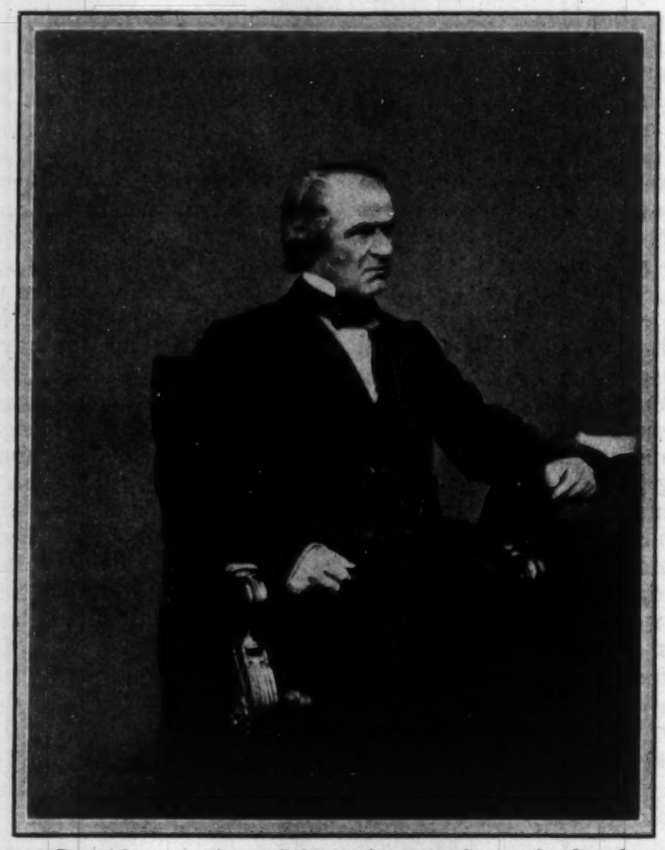
The Heart of America

By Arthur Briggs Farquhar

How the nation rallied after the Civil War; the Ku Klux Klan; glimpses of Johnson, Garfield, Roosevelt, Carnegie and others.

BETWEEN the conditions at the close of the Civil War and the conditions at the close of the World War are indeed some points of similarity. We had fairly high prices and about the same number of soothsayers predicting that prices immediately would drop and that there would be a return to pre-war conditions. As I look back over all these years in business, it seems to me that the general sentiment has always been that we were going to return sometime or other to something or other, but that, under no circumstances do we ever return to exactly the same condition!

After the strain of battle won there was a great lifting of spirits and a disposition to forgive and forget. The Confederate soldiers, who, at the end of the battle of Gettysburg, reached the Union lines, were treated with great kindness. Our men gave them water out of their canteens, and loudly cheered, several of the Union boys crying, "Welcome back into the Union." In war, it is said, only those who are not in the fighting lines are good haters. When attending the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg I met a Confederate and a Union soldier standing together on Cemetery Hill discussing the charge. One remarked, "Fifty years ago we would not have been talking together as two friends at this spot," and I interjected, "Oh, yes we would," and told them of the Union soldiers handing the Confederates water to drink out of their canteens.



"President Andrew Johnson's attitude on the South created many clashes"

We had extravagances then but not on the scale of the present day. Within a little while came the enormous stimulation of the opening of the West. The resources of the country had never really been developed. The war had not grazed them. Men were needed for the building of railways; they were needed everywhere in constantly increasing numbers, for we were beginning that tremendous expansion on inflated money which culminated in the panic of 1873.

But there was practically nothing of that which we know today as "labor unrest." The restlessness took itself out in doing work — not in avoiding it. And, judging from the men in my own factory, I should say that their per man production greatly increased after the war. This, I believe, was the condition all over the country. In fact we produced so much goods that in many lines we were ahead of the facilities for distribution and hence ahead of the consumption of the country and had distinct "over-production." I hold that "over-production" is only bad distribution. Many people speculated in Government securities and in greenbacks. I had a friend in Holland who bought bonds at 45c on the dollar in gold and later sold them at 105.

This revival of business did not begin the day after peace. It took some little while to get going, but it was a question of months, not of years for, fortunately, we were not burdened with "reconstructors" of the universe as after the late war. The only section that had the misfortune to be "reconstructed" was the South. Had it not been for the assassination of Lincoln, I think that the prosperity of the country would, in spite of the decline in man power in the South, have been general. For that great man, as the war was nearing its close, had already evolved plans, not for the punishment of the South but for getting it back into the fold again. Lincoln was not a man who could hold a personal grudge. But it was different with President Johnson. I knew him slightly and, although I try to think well of everyone, I never then or since have been able to think well of him. He had risen from an humble origin but, unlike Lincoln, had been narrowed instead of broadened by his experiences. Almost his first words as President were these:

"The American people must be taught to know and understand that treason is a crime . . . it must not be regarded as a mere difference of political opinion.

It must not be excused as an unsuccessful rebellion to be overlooked and forgotten."

He sobered greatly with responsibility, but in the beginning he was very radical and was intent on the punishment of the South rather than on the betterment of the whole country.

In this he was supported by many members of Congress who could not appreciate the larger view of Lincoln or of General Grant. For Grant, too, was a man who believed that a fight is a fight and when it is over it is over. Johnson's attitude created many clashes. One day I happened to be in Washington stopping at the Willard Hotel (on the same site as the present New Willard). General Grant was sitting in the lobby. An aide rushed in and whispered something to him. Hurriedly the General ran out, jumped on his horse and galloped away. In a little while he returned. I knew that something unusual must be in the air, and followed, going over to the War Department to get the news from my cousin, James Hallowell, who was Stanton's secretary. He told me that a plan had been afoot to arrest General Lee and that General Grant, hearing of it, had gone at once to President Johnson and informed him that Lee had surrendered to him at Appomattox Court House and that he had there told him that he would not be disturbed at all, but was free to go ahead and help reconstruct his country. And therefore, so Grant informed the President, the army was going to see that these terms were carried out and intimated that if he attempted to disturb Lee he would find himself under arrest. That, I believe, was the last of Johnson's idea of arresting Lee.

Andrew Carnegie (on the left) as a young man, with Thomas N. Miller, his boyhood friend and early business associate. Taken in 1870

There were many generals of the Army of the Potomac who did not, in the beginning, understand Grant. After the war one of his generals related to me the following instance of Grant's magnanimity. He said that when a number of them heard of his plans for the capture of Vicksburg, they were so certain of failure that they drew up a round-robin of protest and telegraphed it to President Lincoln. Within twenty-four hours Grant had ordered the charge and by night probably the most important victory of the war had been won. That evening the "round-robin" generals gathered in a tent, giving orders to the sentry that no one was to be admitted. They did not know what was going to become of them. They had sent their message to the President, but events had proved that Grant had been absolutely right and they had been absolutely wrong. There seemed no reason in the world why all of them should not be court-martialed for insubordination. It was a glum party. There apparently was no hope. They were sitting down silently and dejectedly, gazing blankly at each other, when a man smoking a cigar walked past the sentry into the tent. Looking around, he remarked:

"You look as though you were having a funeral."

It was General Grant. The tension broke, and the whole group almost collapsed. Then one of them confessed to General Grant what they had done. He listened with an amused smile, and taking the telegram from his pocket, remarked:

"If that dispatch could have left our field office without my knowledge I would be as great a failure as you seemed to think me. That is the reason I ordered the charge a little earlier than I had intended. You have made a grave mistake, but I forgive you. Just forget it, as I shall."

The general who related this to me in strict confidence as to his name, said, "Is it any wonder we worshipped General Grant?"

Afterwards I came to know General Grant well and became very fond of him.

Most of my business having been with the South, I began to receive inquiries from some of my old customers who were trying to get back into business. For instance, Captain Boreum, of the firm of Boreum & McLean, who was the most extensive merchant in Norfolk, but who had closed up his business during the war and acted as Provost Marshal for Virginia, told me that he wanted to start up again. He owed me a considerable sum. He had no money — none of them had any money. I told him that I would give him no trouble on that score and I went down to Norfolk and he invited me to his home for dinner. His sister was at the table with us and in the conversation it developed that I was from Pennsylvania. She asked abruptly:

"Are you from Pennsylvania?"

I admitted that I was. Without a word, she got up and walked away. But a child of four or

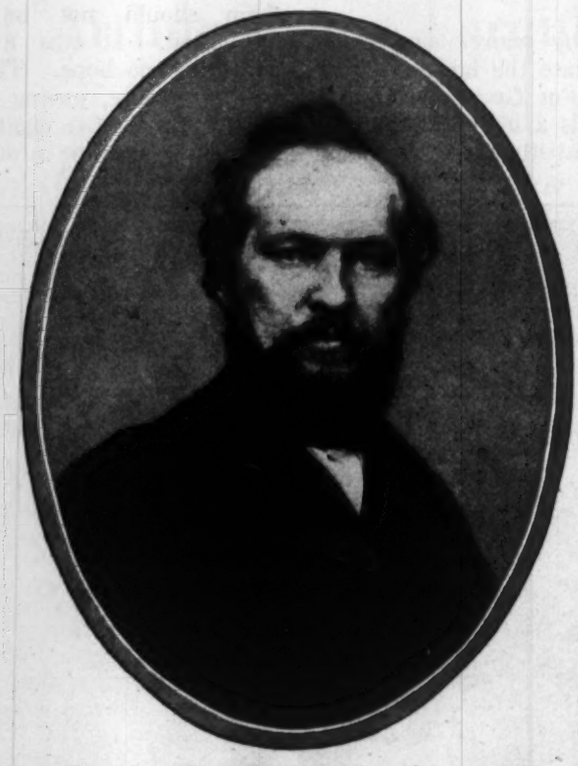
five years old in the room was not so easily convinced:

"You ain't a Yankee, are you?" she demanded, "'cause they got horns." And she believed it.

None of the small children born and brought up in the South had ever seen what their parents called a "Yankee" and I think that they very generally imagined that Yankees were animals quite different from the ordinary human animal. Probably the children in Germany and Austria and France all gained similar ideas of their particular enemies.

My host was considerably embarrassed by the incident, but it only amused me. I chuckled some months later when I heard that this same lady had married a Yankee Colonel!

In all my journeyings through the South immediately after the war I did not find any great bitterness excepting among some of the women. The men were inclined to acknowledge that they were whipped and to accept conditions. This is not to say that they were at all happy about the result, — far from it — but the intense feeling against the North developed out of the reconstruction—so-called — and not out of the war. It was the persecution of the Johnson Administration, and which could not have occurred had Lincoln lived, that so signally changed the whole disposition of the South in so short a time.

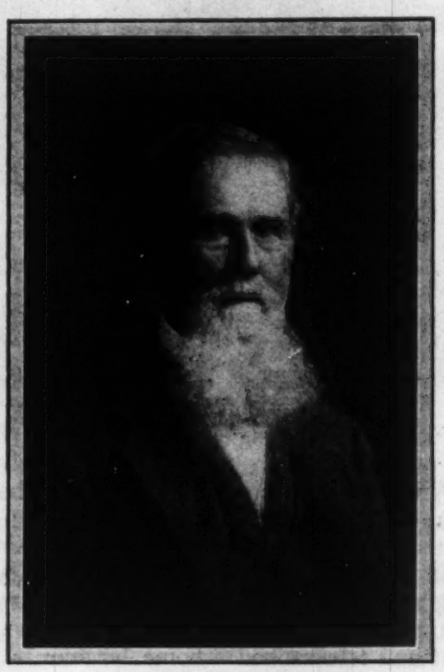


"President Garfield was a lovable character the whole world was stirred by his death"

There were comparatively few able-bodied men about on my first journey to the South. Those who had formerly been rich had shoes, but most of the population, black and white, were barefooted. They had plenty of corn bread and bacon, but that is all they did have. Their only money was in the worthless Confederate issues. The houses and plantations were run down. During the war there had been nobody to repair them. Now there was no money to pay any one to repair. They were clean; they had the same air as before. But no silver was to be seen — no luxuries — none of the dinners that we would call banquets, which formerly were the usual affair of the Southern planter. They had mostly corn pone and bacon.

At many of the places I visited the negroes did understand their freedom; they were in their old places on the farms, many of them being given work on shares, as there was no money to pay them wages. A large export tax on cotton (afterwards abrogated as unconstitutional), made the prospects of a crop return very slight, but even had it been otherwise, they were not equipped to raise crops. They had neither fertilizers nor tools worthy of the name. Nearly every bit of iron had been absorbed for military use and it was a common sight to see a negro ploughing with a piece of iron fastened to a forked stick. The negroes generally called their employers "master." There was no race feeling and I did not notice any race feeling in the South until it became apparent that the law that no one might vote without first taking the oath of allegiance had handed the entire government over to the negroes. Reconstruction was as yet only a word and not a procedure, although the idea of it was sufficiently resented. I remember one sign in a shop window in Richmond which read: "What I is, I am — I won't be reconstructed — And I don't care a damn." It brought the proprietor a number of customers, of whom I will admit I was one. I told him I was a Yankee. "Oh, you a Yankee. If they were all like you I would not have the sign up."

This motto afterwards became something of a slogan. During that first trip I got a very fair assortment of orders, mostly on a credit basis, the terms frequently being one-half to be paid in the next fall and the other half in the fall after that. And I may say that I lost very little on this business. Those planters who could not pay when their notes became due renewed, but eventually practically all of them paid.

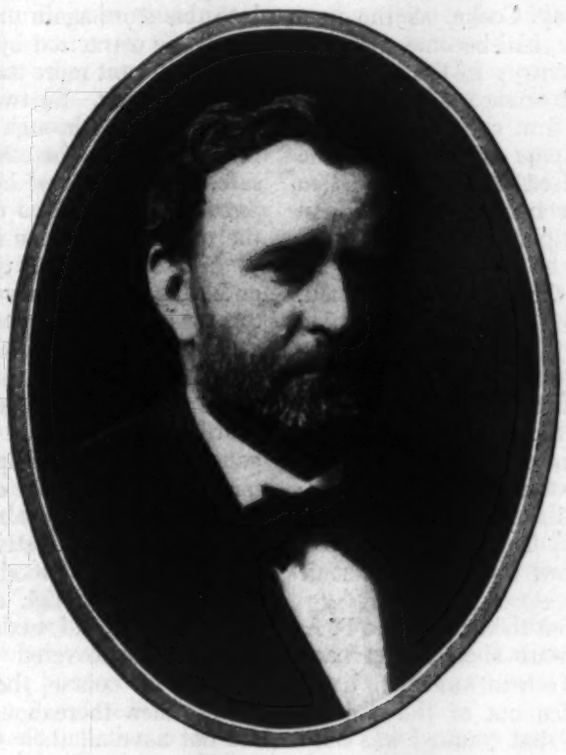


"The failure of Jay Cooke, the man who financed the Civil War, caused a currency panic of national proportions"

On my next trip through the South, a year or two later, conditions had greatly changed and the "carpet baggers" were in complete control in many sections. These men must have been blood brothers to the members of the rascally contractor rings, for they showed the same evidence of having none of the attributes commonly thought to be necessary in a human being. Sometimes they held offices, but more often they had negroes in the political offices and they managed the negroes, very few of whom could read or write and who, though as a rule honest in intention, were so puffed up with power that they let the rascals do quite what they liked.

For instance, in Augusta, Ga., they levied a special tax and the carpet bagger bosses divided up the whole proceeds. Several instances

were brought to my attention where this scheme was worked. The reconstruction of the South was seriously delayed by such methods. Reputable people were not in office because they could not take the oath of allegiance which required their testifying they had never taken up arms against the government. The conditions were really intolerable, but what made them harder to bear was that the North received most of its reports at second hand through fanatics who were revengefully intent upon punishing the South. It was during this time that the real bitterness between North and South began; before this time only the women and a few men here and there felt very strongly or had anything approaching hate, but now, with the war over, the shocking injustice of the methods of government, all of which were laid at the feet of the North, made the feeling acute. Of course the difficulty primarily was that the South was unable to take the oath of allegiance. The regular government failing to function and the people being exposed to every adventurer, they, after a time, took the law into their own hands and organized the Ku Klux Klan, an outlaw, masked, night-riding organization in fact, but in reality a vigilance committee — the only apparent method of ensuring that justice was done and that politicians did not steal under the guise of the law.



"General Grant told the President that if he attempted to disturb Lee, he would find himself facing arrest"

Like all secret, irresponsible bodies in some cases it did harm, but, on the other hand, it also did much to check certain kinds of rascality. The Federal Government hunted down and punished the members, since any extra-legal government was regarded as quite out of the question. But the Ku Klux Klan numbered many worthy men who saw no other way of bettering conditions. Take the case of Colonel Ellison S. Keitt, of Newberry, S. C. I had known him before the war in both a business and social way. He telegraphed me from Washington to meet him there. As soon as I had shaken hands, he said:

"I want you to go with me to see President Grant."

I asked him what was up, and he went on:

"I am supposed to be in Albany Penitentiary. I only escaped arrest because I was not at home."

He had been the head of one of the Ku Klux Klans and his fellow members had been arrested and placed in the Albany Penitentiary. I asked him if he was not afraid he would be jailed if he made himself known to the President. He said he would take his chances; that he was at Appomattox at the time of the surrender, that General Grant had patted his horse on the head and made a remark to him to the effect that he was to take the horse home and use it on the farm; that the General seemed to take a fancy to the horse, which had a white spot on the side of its head, and that if the President did not remember him, he knew he would remember the horse.

Keitt and I gained an audience with the President. Col. Keitt spoke of the meeting at Appomattox and asked the President if he remembered the horse. The President replied:

"Yes, the horse had a white patch on the side of his head."

Col. Keitt then reminded Grant of his having been at one time the head of a vigilance committee in Indiana which ran down and sometimes hanged thieves.

"Now our Ku Klux has not hanged or shot anybody," said the Colonel, "but we discipline the negroes and others who are led by an old scalawag, formerly a negro trader, by the name of Ben Cruse. The officer in charge of the military around us is just as big a rascal as Ben Cruse, and we have to have the Ku Klux to protect our firesides. I think you will recognize it is just as necessary for us to protect our women and children as it was to protect horses in Indiana."

General Grant at first pretended to be angry, but finally he had to laugh as he said:

"Yes, Colonel, I will grant that, but it is a bad business. If I pardon your men will you disband your Ku Klux?"

This Keitt promised to do if Grant would send some officer of good character down there and arrest Cruse. Grant answered:

"Very well, I will look into it, Colonel. In the meantime I will pardon you; as far as you are concerned you can go back with safety, and in the meantime when I have investigated what you say I will take steps to remedy the situation."

About three weeks later Col. Keitt called at my house and said he had come to thank me, that everything in his home neighborhood was at peace, that they had sent an officer of high character down there and that Ben Cruse was arrested and in jail. I told the Colonel it was not I he should thank but the President. He said

"James G. Blaine was often a visitor to York"

that of course he had stopped to see the President but came on up to thank me. A few minutes before noon on September 18, 1873, the message came over the wire to York:

"Jay Cooke & Company have suspended."

Only those who were in business then can have an idea of what that news meant to us in York and to every citizen in the nation. Jay Cooke, as the man who had financed the Civil War, had become the foremost financial citizen of the country; to the people in general who knew nothing about finance he was almost the financial father. That his firm could fail was all but unthinkable; as the *Philadelphia Inquirer* put it, no one could have been more surprised "if snow had fallen amid the sunshine of a summer noon." A policeman arrested a newsboy in Philadelphia for crying, "All about Jay Cooke's Failure" — he could not imagine the fact of failure and thought the boy had gone mad.

The 18th fell on Thursday; by Friday morning nearly every man in the country with a bank account was outside his bank's doors foaming at the mouth for his deposit. No one thought of doing business. York was more excited than when the Confederate Army was approaching. Every bank in town was in the midst of a run; the same condition extended over the whole country. By Saturday nearly all the banks, the private bankers, and the New York Stock Exchange had closed. President Grant was in New York trying to find some way to stop the panic.

The farmers who had entrusted their money to P. A. & S. Small stormed their hardware shop to get back what they had given to them. No man wanted to listen to reason; the bottom had fallen out of the country and the only thing in the world that counted was hard money. A currency panic is not pretty; it is a mad, unseeing, unthinking scramble for money — I saw hundreds fighting tooth and nail to get into banks — fighting as cowards fight their way out of a burning theatre. It was a terrible orgy of crude greed when a gold dollar ranked above every sentiment that makes life worth while. Personally I was not frightened; it was a shock, of course, a tremendous shock, but it has never been my habit to let my emotions run away with my sense, and anyhow it was not in my nature to rush about as though the world were going to end just because I was threatened with the loss of a few dollars. We had been taught at home that dollars were not so valuable as all that.

So I just closed the shop and walked about to see what was going on. I would not have closed the shop had any workmen showed up, but my workmen and all other workmen, although few of them had any money except what was in their pockets, were out in what might be called a sympathetic panic!

I looked in on Philip and Samuel Small to see how they were making out. I found them calm and careful as ever in the offices of their store and ready to meet all comers. Their bearing was no different from that of any other day and the crowd of excited farmers and townspeople that jammed every inch of the open space and extended out into the street might have been customers clamoring to buy for all the effect it had on the Smalls. They were of that sturdy, canny, old American stock that was equally unafraid of work or of trouble. But, as usual, they were ready; back of them were ranged neat piles of gold and greenbacks and still further back in the shadow lay a great open sack out of the mouth of which overflowed on to the counter a stream of gold coins that they evidently had not had the time to stack. They were not seeking any excuses or promising to pay "to-morrow" or any other day. They were ready to pay every one and as each depositor presented himself, they looked up the account, calculated the interest and counted out the money, always remarking as they did so, something to this effect:

"We are very glad to give you back your money, but you must understand that you are never to come into this store again to ask us to care for your money."

To be ostracized by the Smalls meant something; to many it meant more than gold — and the gold was there for the asking. So two streams of people shoved their way out back through the crowd. The one with their money in hand, the other satisfied that their money was safe. In a couple of hours the crowd was satisfied that Smalls were safe, and the same emotion that had begun the panic now vented itself in loud hurrahs for Smalls.

When the store cleared, and the Smalls started gathering their money to put it into the safe, and as they swept the overflow back into the great bag, one of them, with a half smile, tossed a coin to me:

"Keep that as a remembrance," he said.

It was a big, bright penny! The moment they had heard of the failure on the day before, Philip Small had gone to the Philadelphia mint and drawn a newly minted stock of big copper pennies! The real gold they had piled in plain sight. The "copper" gold had lurked more discreetly in the shadow. Samuel and Philip Small had stood out there as bravely and as unconcerned as though every copper penny had been a gold eagle — and understanding full well that if the ruse were discovered they would be lucky to escape attack. Of course, they were solvent — they were the richest men thereabouts, but equally, of course, they did not have all their wealth in currency.

The panic of 1873, as most people will to-day admit, was preventable. A severe depression following a period of over-expansion was inevitable, but the panic itself had no reason for being and would not have taken place had it not been for nervousness on the part of Jay Cooke's New York partners who closed the New York branch office of the firm, the main office being in Philadelphia, wholly on their own initiative and without consulting the founder and head.

In the higher financial circles there had been a long period of nervousness. The money market was in the hands of speculators and almost any day they, like Jay Gould or Jim Fisk, could corner in money. It may be remembered that the speculators almost brought about a panic on the Black Friday of 1869 by their attempt to corner gold. At the same time the currency of the country was very unsettled. Every little while some one came forward with a proposal to redeem the war bonds in greenbacks. The Franco-Prussian War, the Chicago fire of 1871, and the big Boston fire of 1872 were all unsettling influences. With money in this nervous condition great constructive enterprises were going forward; the Southern and the Union Pacific Railways were reaching out, and Jay Cooke had become heavily involved in and was practically carrying the Northern Pacific. Our bankers for the first time had learned to tap Europe and they obtained at times great but always uncertain flow of funds from abroad — from England, Holland, Germany and France. Members of Congress speculated freely, and subsequent investigations disclosed that a very large number of rather eminent politicians had speculative bond and stock accounts carried for them by bankers without putting up a penny. A skilled financier would have known that the condition was dangerous, but we, in York, knew nothing of finance and neither,

in fact, did people in general throughout the country. The railroad bonds were pledged as collateral with banks all over the country. The whole credit structure rested on them. There was no mutuality among either banks or bankers. They might join in a profit, but never in a loss — each man was out for himself and it was no one's concern that the failure of a solvent bank or banking house might temporarily ruin the country. The New York financiers could have saved Cooke and could have saved the banks, but they were intensely jealous of Cooke. They let him fail — and then failed themselves. They were jealous of one another and nobody was big enough to do as Mr. Morgan did in 1907 when he called the most powerful financial interests of the country to his library and cut off a rising young panic at the very outset of its career.

In January, 1873, J. L. Mott, the president of the Iron and Steel Association, said before its New York meeting that the country would never see pig iron selling below its then price of $40 a ton — that it could never get below that price, but that it would go higher. That prediction made a great impression on the country, for Mott was an authority. Within the year pig iron dropped to $18 and $20 and at one time it was offered at $13 — practically without takers! Jones, of Jones & Laughlin, the big steel producers, made the same sort of prediction, and everywhere we heard detailed prophesies showing exactly why high prices and prosperity were with us forever. If any one suggested that perhaps the prices of the future were in the laps of the gods and not in the minds of men, he was promptly squelched as a calamity howler!

Some years after the panic I twitted Mr. Mott about his authoritative statement on the course of iron prices and he blurted:

"If my foresight were only as good as my hindsight I should be better off."

The blow of the panic was so sudden, so swift, and so tremendous, that it left the country literally paralyzed. Those who had been shouting prosperity began dolefully to whine that the country was done for, that it was dead forever and a day, that there was no use trying to do anything because there was nothing to do. For a hundred days this coma lasted. The Christmas of 1873 was about as cheerless a festival as has ever been intoned.

The largest industrial figure that emerged out of the Panic of 1873 was Andrew Carnegie; we did not recognize him at the time as one of our big men — Jones & Laughlin were the big people in iron, but Carnegie had already made his start before the panic broke and with his extraordinarily skilled management of finance, the panic found him in far better condition than any of his competitors. Even a strong man will not come through a panic unharmed, but as compared with weaker competitors he will be in a relative sense stronger at the end than he was at the beginning. So it was with Carnegie.

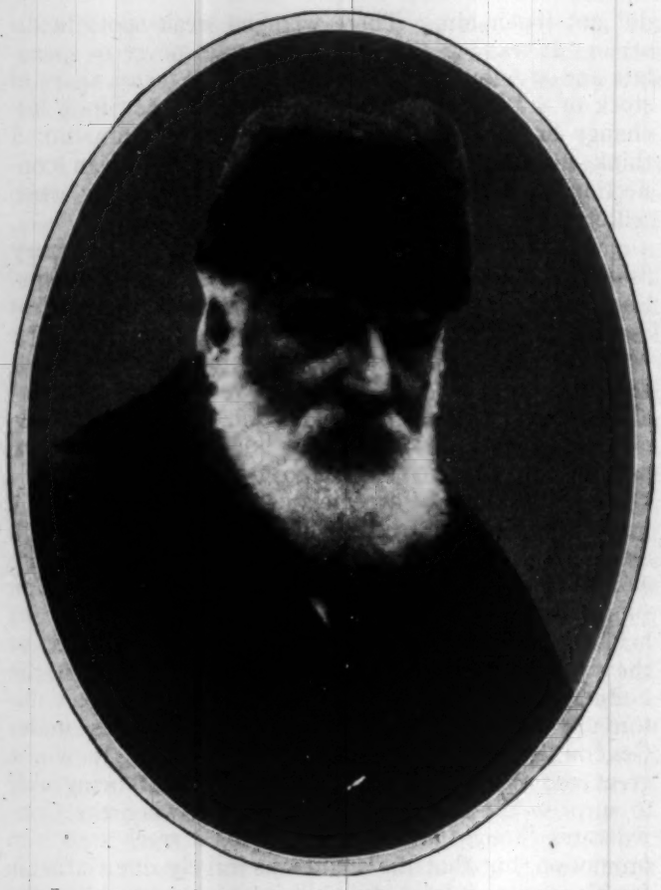
Most of the iron men had tied themselves up in railroads, for not only did the railroads need the metal in large quantities but they afforded speculations in which fortunes might be turned over night. A man with any standing at all could borrow almost to the issue value on new railroad securities put out by prominent houses and a great number of business men took advantage of this to carry great blocks of stocks and bonds on very narrow margins. Carnegie had bought into several roads with his friends, President Thompson and Vice-President Scott of the Pennsylvania Railroad, but, contrary to the general practise, Carnegie bought and paid for everything that he owned. The bank panic did not touch him. There were no weak spots in his armor. It was one of his absolute rules never to speculate and at one time he resolved never to own a share of stock or a bond that was even listed on the Stock Exchange or freely traded in. I am not certain, but I think his only deviation from this rule was in connection with the bonds he took for his holding when selling out to the United States Steel Corporation.

My first meeting with Carnegie was in Secretary Stanton's office some time before the Battle of Gettysburg. Thomas A. Scott had been appointed Assistant Secretary of War in charge of transportation; Carnegie was his telegraph operator and assistant in the railway and had come along. He was a very young man, of about twenty-three years, I think, imposing in appearance and rather shy in manner, but it took only a moment or two of conversation to gain a peculiar sort of confidence in him. Carnegie was one of those men you instinctively had to trust. That is why I call the confidence he inspired "peculiar". You did not stop to wonder, "Will he do?" and then answer, "Yes." You simply decided at once, "He will do." Although Scott held the official title, it was Carnegie who did most of the work. One of his most important exploits was the building in one night of a railway bridge over an unfordable stream in front of the Union forces under General Dodge, which enabled that General to win a great victory. General Dodge told me that being able to surprise the enemy and win a battle when the Confederates thought they were safe for a week won him promotion, but that the credit was largely due Carnegie for his resourcefulness and skill in quickly providing the bridge.

I had many opportunities to meet Mr. Carnegie later in life, but even at this first meeting in the few minutes I had with him I was impressed with the ease and unerring touch with which he handled men. Scott was hard to see; Carnegie, with far more detailed duties than Scott, was open to every one. He had no waiting line outside his office; he let every one in and then attended to them one at a time and seemingly without effort. He got what any one had to say, disposed of the matter, and sent the caller off amiable, if not satisfied, in less time than it would have taken formally to usher him in. He had Scotch caution in plenty, but so quick was he to turn over every phase of a subject that one might easily think some of his decisions were at first impression when really he had simply considered every phase in a moment.

In these days it is rather the habit to jibe at the scholar in business — the thought seems to be that a man is all the better for a lack of knowledge of *belles lettres* or of an intimacy with the masters of art and literature. Carnegie was as keen a business man as ever lived; he was keen in the large way — he saw not merely to-morrow but the day after. And one of the reasons that he so quickly got into large business was because through his study of the literary masterpieces he came to know human characteristics. For after all great literature is only the preservation of the best thought on human nature.

Having this greater mastery, Carnegie never became lost in details — never allowed himself to take a temporary advantage of any one, or to do anything that compromised his conscience. He was too wise to be little and it may surprise many to know that this young man, who was first a telegraph messenger, then an expert telegraph operator, then an expert railroad man (who would probably have been president of one of our biggest systems if he had not desired to get into busi-



An unusual recent photograph of Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone

ness for himself, and who was already a power in iron before he was thirty), entertained ambition to get out of business as soon as possible and spend the remainder of his life in study. He wanted to go to Oxford or Cambridge and mix with literary men. His affairs, however, grew so rapidly that he could not satisfy his real ambition; but he did determine that above all he would not dedicate his life merely to the making of money.

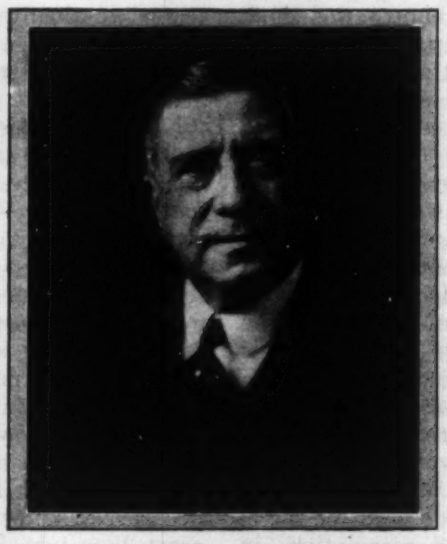
We all know that he made a great sum of money, but he did not make it in great sums at any one time, with the exception of the release of his holdings to the new corporation that the late Mr. Morgan formed. And then he really only took in negotiable form the value of what already he had accumulated in plants, mines, and good will. He earned his money in a constant flow and as a student of business and of men. Management was not with him a matter of rules; he kept in close touch with the affairs of the world—he read and traveled widely. Thus he gained a perspective that enabled him usually to see what was coming and then to arrange his affairs accordingly. He believed that knowledge was power and demonstrated that fact. As a youngster he had access to the library of Mr. Anderson of Allegheny; he studied while others played. Then he applied his knowledge first to one thing and then to another — to telegraphy, to railroading, to iron-making. By the time the other boys had finished playing, Carnegie had almost finished working and was ready to play. He used his knowledge of men and things to direct; while in his early twenties he had already the capacity to get others to carry out his plans. He knew he had that capacity and used it, and thus apparently with ease he became a great captain of industry.

He was among the first to apply scientific brains to business — to know that results are not to be gained merely by luck; he built on what his competitors threw away. It so happened that he applied his genius to iron and steel, but he could have elevated equally any industry in the country. He selected iron and steel first because they were basic and second because his railroad experience had made for him many warm friends among the users of iron and steel.

Just as he mastered the scientific process or secured those men who could, so also did he adjudge business conditions, and I recall a conversation I had with him some time before the '73 panic. I asked him why he did not build more furnaces and he said rather gaily that it would be cheaper to wait and buy the plants that the other men were building. He did not, in so far as I know, foresee the big panic, but he did know that many iron masters were going ahead too furiously in their new construction.

I have always held Andrew Carnegie to be the world's greatest business man and I think he became so because he was not a business man in the sense of knowing nothing but business. That much esteemed "hard-headed" quality in business men comes only from a lack of imagination that really prohibits the growth to the stature of "big business men."

For instance, Carnegie was, perhaps, the first to grasp the ideal business policy — a large output sold at a reasonable price that included a fair profit, and at the same time permitted high wages to workmen and high compensation to managers. He paid men as no one before him had ever paid them — he was always anxious to share. No man has ever commanded more loyalty from his managers and men. This is the more remarkable because very early in his career he moved from Pittsburgh to New York in order to be nearer finances and the center of things. He was in the manner of being an absentee landlord, but he went out to Pittsburgh so frequently and made himself so personal while around the plants that all the workmen felt they knew him — whether or not they actually did.



Charles M. Schwab, like all of Mr. Carnegie's business associates, held the steel magnate in high regard.

The loyalty and attachment of his managers was marvelous. I attended one of the Ways and Means Committee sessions during Cleveland's Administration. Mr. Carnegie testified that he did not need a tariff on certain manufactures; he felt that he was abundantly able to manage the steel business without assistance from the government. Later Mr. Schwab came in and testified quite to the contrary. When the chairman told him what Mr. Carnegie had just said, instantly Mr. Schwab exclaimed:

"Did Mr. Carnegie say that? Then I will take

it all back. If Mr. Carnegie said that, it is right." Carnegie had those elements that go to make up what I call genius — that is, not so much the possession of extraordinary attainments as the power to hold on to whatever he acquired and use each accession of attainments as stepping stones to further progress.

Genius as thus defined involves concentration of effort and the elimination of unnecessary mental or physical activity. System in action and thought is essential to success. But system of itself is idle. Thought is of no use without arrangement, but neither is arrangement without thought.

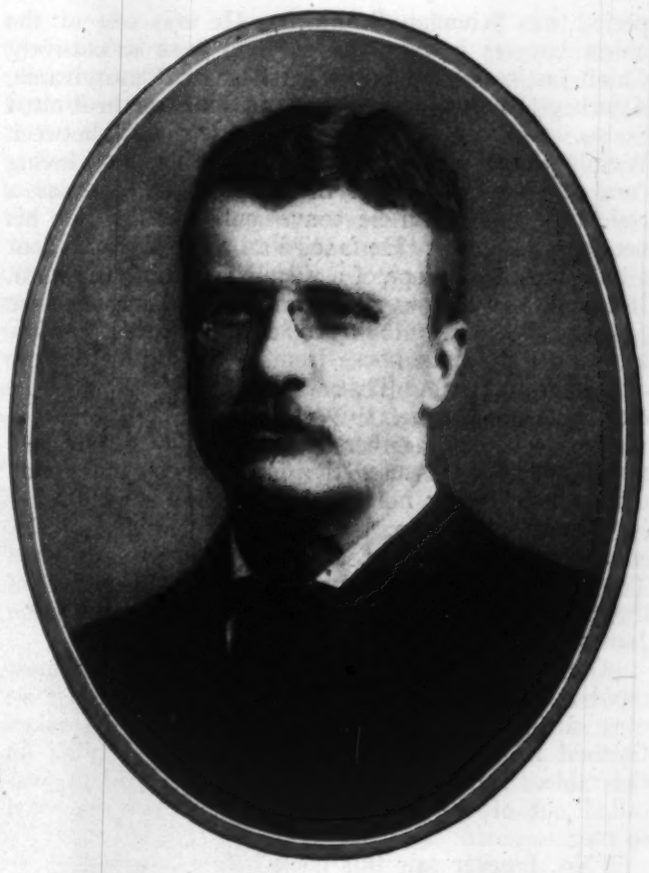
I watched the progress of two factories in my line of business that started at about the same time in Illinois a number of years ago. The proprietors of each had about the same capital and apparently equal ability. The one failed and the other succeeded. The successful man, Mr. Bradley, told me his motto was, "Handle nothing twice." He systematized his business and allowed nothing to be handled twice — no article was laid down to be picked up again, but was placed on a truck and moved to the point of next operation and thence onward until it reached the place of shipment. In the other factory the work moved hither and thither, the operatives seemed busy, but a good deal of their effort was scattered — and the company went nowhere.

Carnegie was always going somewhere and by the most direct route. He conspicuously differed from the other big figures of his day in being a manager of men rather than an expert on his own account. Many men knew more about iron and steel, but none knew so much about iron and steel and men and business.

A. T. Stewart, and to a degree Marshall Field, were, on the other hand, individualistic experts. They were first of all remarkable merchandisers, and Stewart, in particular, was not in the least a judge of human capability. I am not sure that Field was either. My information and observation were to the effect that Mr. Higinbotham, a highly valued personal friend, really made himself a partner by sheer credit ability. When I first began to take on some business out of the Middle West I stopped into Marshall Field's to inquire concerning the credit of several of my prospective customers. It was Mr. Higinbotham, then a young man, who gave me the information I wanted and without referring to a record. In the early business days we had but little use for records; a man was expected to remember all that was worth knowing about his business.

Marshall Field was a buyer and seller of intuitive ability; he knew what everything ought to cost and at what it could be sold as by instinct, but more than that, he knew what the public would buy. However, A. T. Stewart and not Marshall Field was the leading merchant during the period immediately following the Civil War and he was even more individualistic than Marshall Field — so much so, that his business never could accommodate itself to another hand and travelled practically on the momentum of the founder from the time of his death to its purchase by John Wanamaker.

Stewart, in spite of the dignity of his appearance and the austerity of his manner, was never too old to keep his business eye open. To the end of his days he retained the keen business-getting sense that prompted him to perform one of the dodges that attracted customers to him as a young man. This was to have a supply of umbrellas with him at church on wet days in order to offer them to the ladies who might be rainbound. The umbrellas had the address of the store inside and the idea was to have the ladies return them to the store and there become interested in the merchandise.



"Theodore Roosevelt, my warm personal friend— one of the best informed and most attractive men that ever lived"

Although Stewart had all these little traits and was, indeed, a close buyer and seller who made every dollar tell, he was also in many ways ahead of his time. When he built his Ninth street store in New York he was generally taken to be crazy for moving so far away from the center of the shopping district, which was then around Grand Street. He had what might be called merchandising vision and an infinite capacity, but neither he nor Field was in any sense a man-builder and it was expertness in detail — not science — that made them successful. Carnegie found new ways and developed a whole new theory of scientific business. That is why I class him as the greatest business man the country has ever known.

Brains and hard work are still the foundation of business and are also the driving force that carries it on. No substitutes will be found.

I have no belief at all in the possibility of overwork. People break down not from work but from lack of ordinary care of the person, or from a lack of a moderate amount of exercise, or from over-eating, or under-sleeping, or from a lack of interest in their work. The last mentioned cause is the most important. Breakdowns in my experience arise not from the useful work that one does, but from foolish pursuit of what is ironically termed "pleasure". I do not think it is possible for any one to have his health impaired by any amount of work so long as that work holds interest, and he makes a play of it. I am inclined to believe that a very considerable amount of what we to-day call "the high cost of doing business" is due to the high cost of trying to escape useful work.

One of the most interesting men I met during this

period was Jeremiah S. Black. He was one of the ablest lawyers in America and had been successively Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, Attorney-General and Secretary of State, of the United States. His practice was about equally divided between Washington, New York, and Philadelphia, and, loving rural life, he picked out the environs of York as a residence that would be conveniently located for his necessary traveling. He fancied a beautiful place about a mile out on the slope of a ridge overlooking the town. It contained a famous spring and before he bought the property he came into my office to discover whether he could supply the house from the spring by the use of a hydraulic ram. That was before the days of the oil or gasoline engine.

We drove out together and on the way out became fast friends. I measured the flow of water and found that although over nine-tenths of it would be wasted in operating the ram, the remaining tenth would be enough for his purposes, and so he bought the house. To that house came a number of the noted men of the time and there I met many of them, among them James A. Garfield and James G. Blaine.

Garfield, afterwards the President, was the most rapid reader I have ever seen. One evening when we were sitting together in the Judge's library he asked Garfield if he had read a book which was lying on the table. Before he could answer Judge Black was called out of the room, and Mr. Garfield remarked to me:

"No, I never saw this book before."

He took it up and turning the pages rapidly had gone through it by the time the Judge returned, which was in about five minutes. Then he answered:

"Oh yes, I have read it." And went on to give a very interesting and peculiarly thorough criticism of the work.

Afterwards I told Judge Black that Garfield's sole acquaintance with the book extended over five minutes, and the Judge answered that five minutes was long enough for Garfield to get the gist of any book.

We were passing out of the period of the individualists and into the period of corporate organization, and among the interesting individualists I would mention Johns Hopkins of Baltimore, my cousin, and one of the most peculiar figures of all time.

Johns Hopkins had two special interests. The first was money and the second his plans for a hospital and university to which he purposed to bequeath his fortune. He seldom displayed human traits but he had a most uncanny faculty for telling in advance whether or not a man would pay his bills and an equally uncanny faculty for economical living. He told me the secret of success was:

"Do not waste anything. Make everything you do and every cent you have count. The reason that people are poor or unsuccessful is that they waste. Anyone can succeed who does not waste."

And he did not waste anything. He started as a clerk in a store and saved about nine-tenths of his wages. When only a boy he began lending out his money at interest and at high interest too, for in those days 10 per cent. or even 20 per cent. was not an unusual interest rate to pay. He had practically no expenses and before he reached middle life he was a rich man and became president of the Merchants' Bank, of Baltimore. Then he began a practice that was known in London but nearly unknown in this country — that of endorsing notes for a fee.

I never heard of anyone who loved Johns Hopkins, but also I never heard of anyone who ever had the shadow of a doubt of his financial integrity. He was known to be worth millions, but how many millions no one knew. What everyone knew was that anything he put his name to was as good as gold. Therefore in a very short time in addition to lending his own money, he endorsed the paper of others for a fee ranging up to 5 per cent., and with that endorsement the paper could be discounted anywhere. "Johns Hopkins' Paper" was a staple investment and I recall that our banks in York used to buy it freely. He was interested in the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and made a great deal of money out of it, and as an instance of his remarkable credit standing he personally endorsed one loan of several million dollars by the railroad, and on his endorsement the securities were sold in France. I do not recall any other case where the securities of a railway corporation were sold upon the strength of a personal endorsement. As far as his name on paper was concerned he was not an individual but an institution.

As I have said, his credit judgment was uncanny. He would endorse the paper of a man whom everyone else had turned down and the notes would be paid at maturity. He would refuse to endorse notes of a man whom most people considered a good risk and that man would fail. I asked him how he formed his judgment, for, like most men of that time, he had no records, no assistants, and kept all his data in his head. He answered:

"I never endorse the paper of anyone whom I do not know. I watch the habits of every man in business hereabouts. I find out how they do business. If they waste I do not bother with them further. I can see by the way they act whether or not they are going to make good. If I feel that they are going to make good I will endorse the paper up to the amount I think they are good for. I do not want any report of any kind. I depend solely on my own judgment and that judgment does not fail me."

He was a hard, austere sort of a man and I think not unlike, in habits and personality, Stephen Girard, who also was unloved and unregarded excepting for his money, and yet he put all of the money he made into that remarkable institution, Girard College. Johns Hopkins fully formulated the plan of the university that he wanted to found. He got no pleasure out of life other than money-making and planning the hospital and university to which his money was to go.

He seldom went anywhere or did anything to attract notice and never tried to be nice to people. He regarded the people who came to him for money, more as credit risks than as human beings, and those who came to him for other purposes than money he had little regard for. I knew him well and we had interesting chats. He might have loaned me money if I had asked him for it but I never did and never would. It has been one of my principles never to borrow money excepting from banks in a business way, and although Johns Hopkins was more of an institution for lending money than he was a relative and I am entirely certain would not have cared in the least for the relationship had I applied for money, yet I fortunately never found any occasion so urgent that I cared to ask him.

He had a single room as an office with a plain wooden table and a few hard, plain chairs. I think that $15 or $20 would have been a large estimate on the value of his office furnishing. I said to him one day:

"Cousin Johns, you spend most of your time in this

office; why don't you buy yourself at least a reasonable amount of comfort?"

"No, no," he answered, "it would be waste to have anything in here that I can get along without, and anyway it is better to live simply and to play poor. In an office like this people come in and ask for subscriptions. They see me and they see my office and they are satisfied if I give them 50 cents. If I had a better furnished office they might want as much as five dollars."

A very different kind of man was Ross Winans, who was another of the great citizens of Baltimore. He and my uncle, John Elgar, turned out the first of the coal-burning locomotives. When they built their first locomotive Winans insisted that the wheels would not have sufficient power to haul a train up grade and that it would be necessary to put cogs in the center of the track as they do now in vermicular railways. My uncle, who was an inventor and a scientist, knew that the friction increased with the pressure, but Winans insisted on the cog wheel and it was put on. But before the first trial, my uncle drove the key out of the cog wheel on the axle so that it would run loose, and after the trial, when Winans was congratulating him on the result and felicitating himself on his foresight in providing the cog, he was astonished to find that as far as tractive force had been concerned the cog was an ornament.

"When President Taft ran for the second nomination, I protested to Roosevelt about his (the Colonel's) attitude

Winans had started as a mechanic and eventually became a locomotive builder with the rise of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. His machine shop at Baltimore was the first that I had ever seen and probably led me into becoming a machinist. He was an immense, kindly, patriarchal sort of a man, and the first time I called at the factory as a boy he took me through personally and invited me to his house for dinner with my uncle, John Elgar. That factory had the first iron roof I had ever seen but it had wooden rafters and I asked him why he supported a fireproof roof with such a highly inflammable substance as wood. He answered:

"You cannot set fire to a single stick of timber. You must have at least two sticks before you can have a fire. Therefore these beams widely separated are just as fireproof as iron and they are a great deal lighter and cheaper."

It had never occurred to me before that a single stick of wood will not burn.

Ross Winans' son, Thomas Winans, continued the business and made a large fortune building the railway for the Russian government from Moscow to St. Petersburg. He told me that after they had carefully worked out the plans for the road the Czar looked at the map they had drawn, and then, taking a ruler, drew a straight line from Moscow to St. Petersburg, and told them that was the line the railroad should take. And that was the line the railroad did take, of course at an enormous increase in expense. They so faithfully followed the Czar's line that they had to build many of the bridges diagonally across rivers!

Thomas Winans took pleasure in life and built himself a great house on Lombard Street, Baltimore, with enormous gardens that were the wonder of the town. On his return from abroad he brought with him a number of nude statues that he put around the house grounds. The Baltimore papers attacked the morality of the display of these naked statues and Thomas became so incensed that he built a great high brick wall around the entire estate in the heart of the city, and thereafter lived most of his time abroad, and the citizens were very much distressed at being deprived of the enjoyment of these beautiful works of art, which had been visible through the iron fence before the wall was erected.

My introduction to Professor Henry, the Director of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, came about through my uncle, Benjamin Hallowell, at a meeting in which they discussed the progress of the world and the great inventions of the past, present and probable future. They decided that we could not expect as much in the next half century as in the last. But since then we have had the telephone, electric railways, automobile, typewriter, aeroplane, great railroads, immense steamships, submarines, internal combustion engines, and countless things which have astonished the world! What will the coming century bring forth?

I was once with Graham Bell at a dinner, and while there we fell to discussing whether the telephone could ever be used commercially — this was about 1877. The majority of those present said no, it would be only a toy to amuse people. Theodore Vail, one of the guests, said it could be used, that there was a great future in it, and he would undertake to form its future. They afterward made an arrangement by which Vail should take hold of the telephone. Vail of course sold stock, and it was very lucky for him that he could not sell as much stock as he wanted to for what he kept for himself eventually became very valuable. I remember George Small, of York, a partner of Latimer Small, and then in charge of the branch of the Small business in Baltimore, told the story of an acquaintance of his who was dissipated and had run through his fortune until he had about a thousand dollars left. He told

Mr. Small that he was going to spend his last thousand in one great jag and then give up. Mr. Small advised him to take a flyer in the stock market and buy this new telephone stock. The young fellow asked what that was, and on having it explained said:

"That is so absurd it appeals to my fancy, and I will buy a thousand dollars' worth of stock."

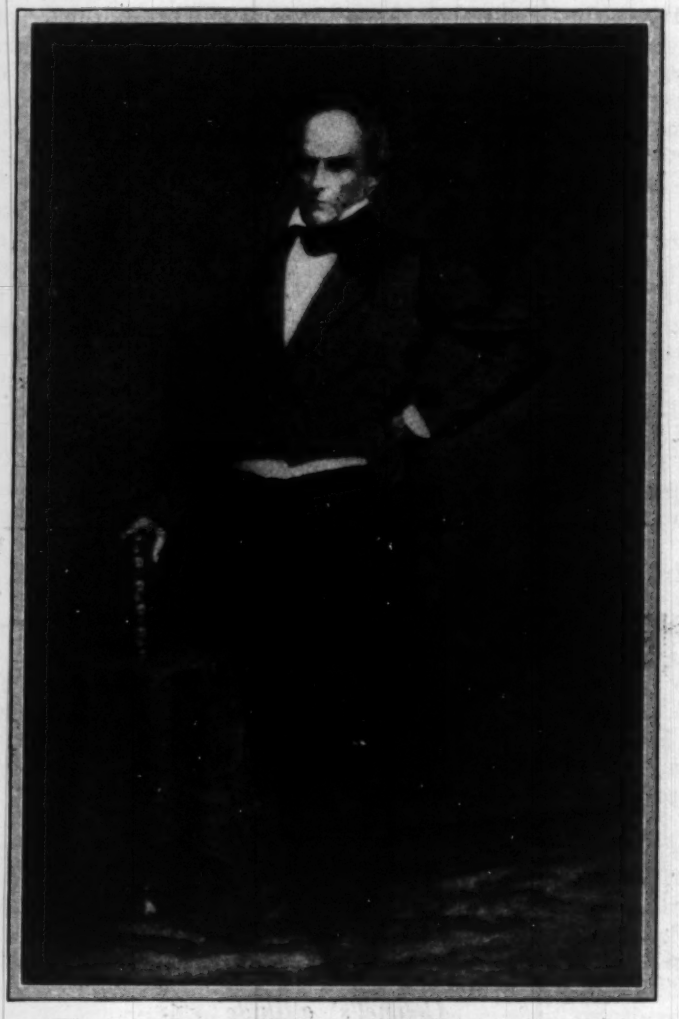
He did so and it made him a fortune. When I last heard of him he was a rich man.

The first time I talked through the telephone was at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. My brother-in-law was with me, and he took the transmitter at one end of the line in another building and I took the receiver. It seemed to me one of the most astonishing things man could conceive of, but no one seemed to imagine it would become one of the world's greatest time savers.

I have already referred to President Garfield, whom I first met at the home of Judge Black. He was one of the most attractive characters I ever knew, an eloquent speaker and well read. I became attached to President Garfield and his family; I attended Garfield's funeral, traveling in the funeral train. I was deeply impressed by Secretary Blaine's oration, the latter part of which I have never forgotten. It goes thus:

"As the end drew near his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him but a wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, its oppressive, stifling air, its homelessness and hopelessness. Gently, quietly, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed for healing of the sea, there to live or to die as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face, tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders, upon the far off sail whitening in the morning light, upon the restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun, upon the red clouds of evening arching low to the horizon, and the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us hope that in the silence of a receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning."

Blaine loved him. Garfield was a very lovable character, very interesting, and the whole world was stirred by his death. The fishing smacks in England all put their flags at half mast. He was very human, very attractive and sweet in his disposition. Had we had the X-ray there would have been no occasion for Garfield's death. He could have been saved without any trouble at all. The bullet could not be located, and in probing for it it is said the bowel was punctured. After Garfield was shot they got the easiest riding Pullman coach that could be found, with pressed paper wheels, and the crowds which lined the route all the way were as silent as death. When they arrived at the seashore people had come down from New York, crowds were standing silently as the train slowly passed by. An Englishman who owned a cottage at Elberon gave it up to the use of the President, and they laid a railroad right over the lawns and through the front yards so that the car which bore him could be taken to the door. I went to see him while he was sick. Mollie, his daughter, was then about eleven years old; the others were boys — James and Harry. The assassination of Garfield seemed to touch the whole world — his hard fight for life and his death by the sea which he loved.



"The head of Daniel Webster is about the strongest, most leonine, I ever saw"

Then we had President Roosevelt—also my warm personal friend. I never went to Washington without visiting him. He was unquestionably one of the best informed and most attractive men that ever lived. As an instance, there was a meeting of ornithologists at the New Willard Hotel. One of them made a criticism of something President Roosevelt had said about a certain bird. I asked him if he were acquainted with the President. He said he had not that honor, but added he would like to meet him. I wrote on the back of one of my cards an introduction to the President, with the remark that the bearer did not agree with him about a certain bird. The card gained him the desired audience with the President at once, and I was told in the evening that he had had a very pleasant chat with the President, who knew far more about that bird than he did — and as for that matter about everything else.

On another occasion I was kept waiting a while, very properly, by the doorkeeper because the President had a Senator with him. The President came to the door with the Senator and asked me how long I had been waiting, I told him about half an hour, and he said:

"Why did you not come in as I told you?"

I answered that the doorkeeper would not admit me. He laughed, and asked:

"Why didn't you knock him down?"

Once Senator Root came in with a new Ambassador while I was talking to the President. He motioned me to take a seat, which I did. They conversed for an hour and a half by the clock — one of the most interesting hours I ever spent in my life. As they went out the President said to himself.

"Well, I am now through for the day." Turning round, he noticed me and said, "Why, what are you doing here?"

I told him: "I took a seat as you directed."

He said: "You have heard some important state secrets."

"Oh yes," I answered, "but they will remain secrets with me." He threw his arm around my shoulders and said, "I know that." We had a delightful talk.

Just before the nomination of Taft I saw the President and I said:

"It is a pity that you promised not again to be a candidate — there would have been no trouble about your renomination and you could have finished up the work you are engaged in."

He frankly told me that he was sorry, but he would recommend Taft as his successor, and wanted me to support him, which I promised to do. I did not think he treated President Taft entirely fairly when Taft ran for the second nomination, and told him so. He replied that "the people seemed to want me (Roosevelt) to be a candidate, that twelve Governors have called on me insisting it was my duty, and I feel it is my duty to do what the people of the country want."

I insisted that it would hurt his reputation, that another election could not add to it, and then we had our first breach or misunderstanding. After the nomination of Taft and his defeat, I met the Colonel's son, Theodore, Jr., at Bertron, Griscom & Co's., the bankers, where he was engaged at the time, and he asked me why I did not drop in to see his father at the *Outlook* office as I used to do, adding that his father had spoken of it the day before. I said:

"Oh, I doubt if he wants to see me."

Theodore went to the telephone booth, called up his father, told him that I was there, and I distinctly heard the familiar word, "Delighted," in his father's voice, as I was standing at the door. He turned around and said:

"Father will be delighted to see you."

I was never met more cordially in my life than when I called at the Colonel's office *en route* up town, and our friendship lasted till the great man's death.

In my visit to London in 1884, I had letters of introduction to Justin McCarty and was invited to his home. He was one of the very interesting men; I also met his son Justin McCarty, Jr. One of the most interesting events of that trip was a meeting with Mr. Gladstone. He was to speak in a hall of the Waverly Market House in Edinburgh. Tickets had been sold to the full capacity of the great hall. They told me it was impossible to get a seat. I called at the home of the chairman of the committee of arrangements and told him I had come on on purpose to hear Mr. Gladstone. He smiled, handed me a ticket, and said: "This will admit you all right."

I joined the crowd. A policeman told me the hall was already jammed full and they could not admit any one, that there were evidently more tickets sold than there were seats. He asked to see my ticket, and when I handed it to him he called an officer, who took me by the arm and escorted me around to the door leading to the platform, where I was given a seat right by Mr. Gladstone, Lord Roseberry, Lord Rhea, and several others to whom I was introduced. I had a very interesting chat with Mr. Gladstone before the meeting commenced.

Among other things I asked him what was the happiest time of life. He said:

"You must ask an older man than I am — interests increase with gathering years."

I have felt this to be true in my own case. At the hotel I met a man that evening who spoke to me and said he had seen me on the platform, that he himself was at the extreme end of the hall, but could hear every word Mr. Gladstone said just as well as though he had been right by. Gladstone had a wonderful voice which would carry all over the largest building.

I was very much attracted to Lloyd George. His head, next to that of Daniel Webster, is about the strongest, most leonine that I ever saw. I met him at the Hotel Crillon in Paris in 1916 when I was with the Industrial Commission to France, during which time we visited the trenches and were in Rheims while that city was under bombardment. This was just before our country had declared war. Lloyd George said:

"The last time I saw you we were talking for peace, I remember; now we are fighting for it. What are you doing?"

I told him we were investigating, but there was no question but we would be assisting them very soon, that the indications all pointed to it. Lloyd George I regard as a wonderful character, probably the ablest statesman now living in the world.

In the June Instalment of

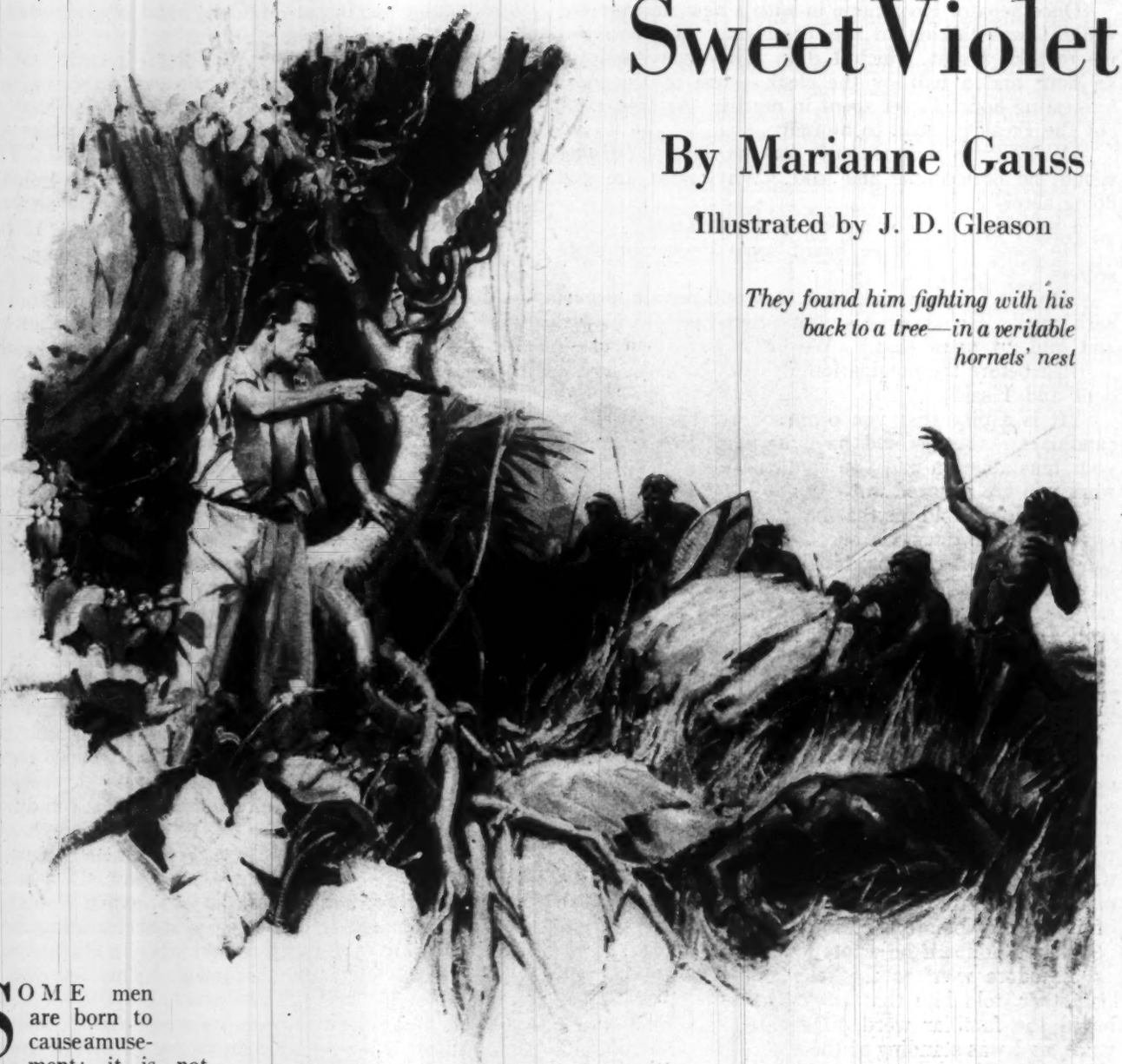
THE HEART OF AMERICA

Mr. Farquhar continues his absorbing story of post Civil War days, passing on to the epochal period from 1870 to 1898 with illuminating side lights on Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, Governor Altgelt of Illinois and others, with an interesting analysis of conditions immediately preceding the Spanish War.

Sweet Violet

By Marianne Gauss

Illustrated by J. D. Gleason



They found him fighting with his back to a tree—in a veritable hornets' nest

SOME men are born to cause amusement; it is not possible to make a hero of such a one until he is dead. He may have the essentials of greatness; character is no protection against the sense of humor. But once we have buried him — "good and dead," as Deppo of Kansas would add, to guard the statement — the joke also has perished: like the flea that makes merry at the expense of the dog.

A case in point is the story of Sweet Violet.

Sweet Violet — otherwise John Sherman of California, U. S. A. — strolled one afternoon alongside a tropic sea. The water was colored like peacocks' plumes; its sand flashed, a blinding white, in the sun; there was one sharp edge of cliff, dull pink against a gay sky. A path gyrated backward to the village, which was smothered in many colored flowers. White tent barracks gleamed through trees, and the bright, American flag lay level on the wind. It was not war-time; the place was a military post of the United States army, on one of our island possessions.

And John Sherman, Lieutenant of Marines, walked with the Colonel's daughter.

Rose Ellen behaved toward Jack as any girl would whose lackeys and doormats were lieutenants, and who daily wiped her feet on her country's uniform.

She spoke in a soft, gay, half disdainful voice. "Jack, dear, what *makes* the Marines call you 'Sweet Violet'?"

Jack replied that he did not know. Now, untruthfulness was not his chief flaw in Rose Ellen's eyes — but it is a fact that he lied.

He recalled perfectly that at Christmas time his mother had sent him a package of violet smelling-salts. Now, there was too little of the brute in Jack. He had, in fact, such a crude lack of brutality that he could not bear to throw away a gift. He had stuffed it into his box, out of sight. And how his Marines — whose victim, and never-failing source of delight he was — discovered its presence there is a military secret.

Rose Ellen leaned against an old pier, her back to the sea. On the cliff above her were flowers, among which darted humming-birds like green satin with embroidery in red. Occasionally a gay gauze butterfly drifted down to float above the sea.

To all this color she supplied gold — with her hair, her bronze eyes and a gold lace blouse. The sun blazed against her white linen skirt; but her flesh was cool, shielded by an embroidered parasol.

"Violets," she remarked, "are an obnoxious sort of flower to me. I don't know how to express it, but I think the same qualities appeal to me in nature which I like best in men."

Lieutenant Sherman looked at her questioningly. He was rather dark and slight, and may possibly have had — though there was no record of that in the family — a dash of the California Spaniard in him. Girls who visited the Post said he was "awfully handsome," but really he should have been termed "pretty." If he had been a girl, unquestionably he might have flourished as a beauty.

"What I really like best, I suppose," — Rose Ellen fingered a violent tropic lily which Lieutenant Trepte had brought in from the jungle — "is a touch of — well, of *brutality*."

"Why, Rose," exclaimed Lieutenant Sherman. And

again: "Why, Rose—" He looked down where her arm lay along the rotting, dark wood of the pier. It was fair, and dimpled like an infant's. "But Rose, you know you would not want to marry a brute."

"I think I would." She lifted her face defiantly.

Now, there was something prophetic in her feeling. For she did, afterward, marry a man who —

But why and how she did it is this story.

She continued to caress the lily, which had purple blotches on its face and a throat so thick one suspected it of eating flies.

"I only hope," remarked Sweet Violet, "you never experience being married to a brute."

"Oh, my goodness, Jack, who's talking, anyhow, about being married? *I'm* not! I was speaking of flowers. And I will say, again, that if I were *you*, I would not *allow* those boys to call me 'Sweet Violet.'"

Three or four Marines were that moment coming down the cliff. Lieutenant Sherman must ardently have hoped they would say nothing, to him, about smelling-salts or violets.

But when he saw Deppo among them, he surely knew he would not escape.

Deppo had red hair and black eyes and came from Kansas. As most of his time was spent in the brig, he would have been a dead weight of expense to his country had he not helped to keep up the spirits of his fellow Marines. Deppo was not an Italian. The original family name was DePoe. In American usage it had become "Depot" — when some boy called "Railroad Station" at school, inserted, for the protection of his future heirs, another letter.

At sight of his lieutenant, Deppo put his hand to his cap and stood like a wooden soldier, newly painted, till Jack returned the salute. Then the afternoon gun boomed, at the Post.

Deppo behaved so strangely that Rose Ellen cried: "Jack, look at that Marine — he's ill."

Jack smiled, grimly. The other Marines gathered about Deppo: one fanned him, one placed a vial to his nose. At last, followed by Rose Ellen's eyes, Deppo was all but carried back to the Post.

"Oh, Rose, don't let 'em string you," advised Jack. "That was a little side-show for my benefit. A joke!" he explained.

Rose sniffed the air, which had a curious odor.

"That's violet perfume," said Jack. "Deppo got his pay yesterday and laid in a fresh pint — I should estimate the brand would come to a half dollar a quart, too. He keeps himself drenched with it — which gives me this consolation, it's harder on him than on me."

Rose looked keenly at Sweet Violet. "Jack!" — she called him to attention — "the boys don't treat you as an officer. Why is it?"

"Possibly I have a yellow streak. I can't say."

"Why don't you report them?"

"What? Squeal because they laugh at me? I have a picture of myself doing that: you might call it a kind of Marine view."

She did not say anything.

Jack fumed. "I know you think I'm a failure in the corps. I guess you'd like me better if I'd club my gun and hit Dep over the head."

Rose Ellen seized the pier behind her. Under the gold lace, her shoulders heaved. Dimples appeared, around her mouth. At last she released a flood of laughter.

"Oh, Jack, please excuse me, but what a mental image I am offered! *You* to club your gun and hit a Marine over the head! I didn't know you had such brutal instincts — but do, please, control them; I think so much of you, I'd hate to see you court-martialed."

"Some day," darkly hinted Lieutenant Sherman, "I'm going to surprise you, Rose Allen."

A fresh tide of laughter answered him.

"Oh, I know I'm a rotten failure as an officer. I can't discipline. But you know how it was, in 1917? They came to the colleges persuading undergraduates to train for officers, and I really thought I could be of use — "

"You ought to have stayed at home and taught modern languages, Jack."

"I'd have been drafted and you know it."

"Would they really have drafted you?" (Lieutenant Trepte had once said Sherman could have escaped the draft by buying himself a georgette frock and a parasol.)

Rose Ellen now dealt him an under-cut: "You might have got married and escaped the Front."

Doormat though he was he darkened, at this.

She resumed: "You're so really able, and so perfectly fine, every way, it's too bad for you to be in a place you don't like. Why didn't you resign after the war?"

She knew why he had to stay where the Colonel's family were. He responded:

"I'm going to resign, and teach school; but first I've got two things to do: I shall make that brat Deppo — "

"Go on, Jack. What'll you do to Deppo?"

"That's my affair."

"Oh, excuse me. I was just feeling a little uneasy for Deppo's sake. Remember how young he is." — She lifted her eyes to Lieutenant Sherman's. — "What's the other thing you must accomplish, Jacky?"

"I'll tell you another time." He looked doggedly out to sea.

It did not help his cause that the Colonel favored it.

That day Rose Allen had said to her father: "I know I'd admire the sort of army man you call 'brutal'."

"Then," her father had retorted hotly, "you would be a fool."

Is it brutality which fascinates, or a subtle quality usually found in connection with the prompting of a man's nature to use physical force? The primitive in man is the power that controls others; the sophisticated are poor disciplinarians. Perhaps, then, a girl's instincts are not pure folly. And however that may be, while they decide the course of future generations, it does not become even middle-aged army colonels to dismiss them with contempt.

As Rose stood smiling to herself, there strolled in that direction Lieutenant Trepte.

Trepte was a few years older than Jack, and had been a member of the standing army since 1910. He was now a short, blond man, with athletic hips, bulky shoulders and an immobile neck. There was an ugly story about Trepte and some native prisoner who had furnished provocation enough to get an archangel court-martialed for cruelty. He was a superlative officer, and only that bit of a blot on his record had kept him from a captaincy.

Trepte stationed himself against the pier and spoke across Rose Ellen. "Sherman, the Colonel is sending this way for you. He wants you as an interpreter."

Rose Ellen thought that a ruse to be rid of Jack. But after a few moments, an orderly did appear with a summons for him.

Rose Ellen's eyes followed Jack as he walked away; she saw his girlish profile and the lock of hair that waved.

"You know," — Trepte drew nearer her, confidentially — "Sherman's no force as an officer, but it's wonderful how he picks up a dialect. He can talk like a Yacuin; I've a notion he'd all but pass for one. He was a language coach in college, wasn't he? You know they say there are three sexes in America, men, women and school teachers."

There was a spark in Rose Ellen's eyes. "Some day, Mr. Trepte, you may find that Jack's a good deal of a man."

"Why, sure, he's a fine fellow. I hope you don't think I was knocking him." — Trepte seemed a bit hurt. — "He's just a little bit cleaner and finer than the rest of us, that's all, and there's not a bit of the brute in him. Did you ever hear the nickname the Marines have for him?"

Rose made no answer. The blood had mounted into her cheek, and her breast heaved as she held with both hands to the railing behind her. By and by, on some errand, Deppo passed, with two companions. He saluted — gravely, respectfully — and walked on. Rose swung about to look into Trepte's eyes. "Why don't those boys torment you?"

Lounging against the pier, Trepte crossed and uncrossed his legs before replying. The wind whipped his cheek with a bit of Rose Ellen's hair. His mouth, heavy, rather than full, was at the moment softened by a haze of cigarette smoke. He had none of that — *beauty*. A girl half despises, half envies, and wholly loves beauty in men.

"Why should they torment me?" he asked.

Suddenly she caught her breath — wincing: "I can answer my own question. It is because *you* are a *man*, and they feel it." She broke off, and started toward the Post.

"Where are you going, Rose?"

"To ride. And, Tommy, I don't want you."

He overtook her in three strides. "But listen — it won't do, for you. The Yacuendos are up. Did you know?"

Rose pushed his hand from her arm, then laid her arm across her breast, where he saw it move, with her breathing. It was Sweet Violet who had found and trained for her a gaited horse.

Trepte caught her hand again. "What did I ask you last night? Have you thought it over? To-night,— there's a glorious moon — will you go for a stroll, and tell me how you've decided?"

She looked up. "Yes!"

Then she ran away. And Trepte overtook her once more, to say: "You're not going to ride — surely!"

"Of course I'm not. I'm fearfully afraid of the Yacuins."

But Rose did go to ride — when there was nobody in sight to stop her. In the cool of late afternoon she cantered through the drowsy village and out by the American road. Is not the American road always safe?

There was a dapple of evening pink overhead. In the jungles near by, flowers swung low, wide-mouthed, pouring perfume like overturned jars of ointment. Beyond the flowers lay the river San Jacinto.

It was beside the San Jacinto that Deppo had found, about dawn, of one summer morning, his captain — just as the Yacuins left him. All her life, Rose would remember that grief and rage of Deppo, when he came back to the Post. She was never told more than that the captain had been two days in the hands of his tormentors.

But she knew that Deppo, in his love and loyalty, had refused to leave the dead man, but sent a native messenger to the Post for help, and meanwhile stood exposed to the prowling Yacuins who had just cut his captain to pieces.

It was very quiet this evening on the American road. Loud on the wind was the rustle of something resembling the canebrake of Louisiana. The thickets and deep shadows assumed to her eyes, as she drew rein, the outlines of brown, naked bodies — but this, she knew, was her fancy.

A newspaper blew across the road.

It was an Emporia, Kansas, Gazette. Undoubtedly Deppo — always the cause of trouble to his country — had tossed it here in the path of the horse that now carried the Colonel's daughter.

Her little, native horse was unused to newspapers. He leaped till his mane lay level, and his eyes reflected

the red of the oncoming sunset, while the girl pulled hard and in vain at his rein.

Leaping clear of the road, he carried her into the tall weeds.

Through these ran a native trail, toward the river. Rose Ellen tried to throw herself from the saddle, but could not free her foot.

As the horse fled on with her, presently she saw shimmering in the last light of day that thin thread of water called the San Jacinto: Pebbles that looked like gold were scattered in its bed. Perfume of the woods rose, in an ecstacy. But there was an old tree which still held the rope by which the Yacuins had bound the captain Deppo loved as his own soul, upright against its bark.

The wild little horse did not halt, but swerved, to run up a tangled path near the stream.

Now, the large, slow-moving fireflies looked like Venus on a summer night in California.

Apparently the horse was bound for that plantation where Jack — on an errand into the jungles — had found him for sale. And that plantation was Cabalho's — and Cabalho was now with the Yacuins.

But Rose was not rushed to the plantation of the enemy. The horse reached the top of a slope, and where another native path branched away, suddenly plunged, pitched like a Texas cayuse and unseated his rider in a place of long grass and weeds that smelled like pennyroyal.

Rose Ellen moved tentatively, found herself unhurt and got to her feet.

Already there was a heavy dew. The stars looked low and bright and a large bat flapped near her head. As she could not think what to do, else, she started to walk along the path which seemed to her to run toward the Post.

After crossing a ditch overgrown with weeds, she came suddenly on a small house.

It was not a native hut, but built in the American manner; and it looked as if it might be occupied by some overseer for a sugar plantation.

But weeds had grown tall around it. And when she approached she saw it very dark inside. She pushed her hand through a square hole, that was a window, and broke a festoon of cobwebs. The door, also, moved hard — it had been a long while undisturbed.

Rose Ellen reflected. Marines were by now out in search of her — Trepte or Jack, or both, with their men. The way taken by her runaway horse would be traced. A cabin like this would catch the eye and be searched by the men. And she did not relish the bright moonlight outside.

So she went in.

By a pocket flashlight she carried she saw a suit of native clothing, left hanging on the wall, gray with the dust of months. There was no sound anywhere.

So she put out her light and sat down in a corner.

From the place where she sat, on the floor, she could look through a window-hole. The moon made the foliage, wet with dew, look as if covered by snow. Over the cabin floor, toward her, crept a tremulous bar of light. Hours passed — until, at last, the moonlight touched her foot. Some tropical night-bird was just beginning to sing: it poured out passion until all the other sound of the jungles were hushed, and every creature heard the longing of the lover.

Just as these strains ceased, Rose heard men approaching the cabin.

She bent her head: breathless, still —

They were afoot. Marines would ride!

Rose got to her feet, noiselessly, and pressed both palms to the wall, behind her; and the man came on, making the weeds rustle, like snakes.

Above this room was a loft, with no ladder, but a floor so near that Rose managed to swing herself up by her hands.

She then scrambled backward in a close, ill-smelling place, with straw in it, and flung herself on the floor. While she listened to sounds below, her nose, her forehead and breast were pressed against boards with large gaps between.

A man entered, below, but she could not see him.

Her heart made perhaps twenty beats. She heard two others climb through a rear window where the weeds were tall. There was suddenly a light, gleaming up through the trap-hole.

A pair of large hands appeared, grasping the edges of the hole. Rose cowered, then.

But there reached her a sudden and violet whiff of that sort of perfume which is sold at basement bargain counters in the States.

"Oh," she cried in relief. "It's Private Deppo!"

Deppo of Kansas rolled backward through the hole. "She's here!" he whispered, below.

"Rose Ellen! Rose!" Another scrambled from below — that was Trepte; and Sweet Violet followed him.

Sweet Violet had clothed himself in the native suit which had hung on the wall below. Under his arm he carried the uniform of a lieutenant of Marines.

"Sh — h! Be still, Rose," he whispered. "We know they've seen us. We think they had a glimpse of Trepte as he came in by the door. Dep and I crawled around through the weeds, to the window-hole.

"Look at Sherman," advised Trepte. "Will he pass?"

"As a native?" inquired Rose. "He's almost dark enough, but — "

"If I can make them believe I'm an overseer for Cabalho," Jack began to say —

"It won't work," Deppo declared. "They saw a Marine come into the cabin. You tell 'em any yarn you've a mind to — they'll search this shack."

"I say I can stall them." Jack was hiding his revolver under his clothes. "And if they catch me, we're no worse off, we can fight."

In his white clothes, in that dark loft, he looked like a ghost. He was nervous and lit a cigarette — but Trepte struck it from his hand.

For perhaps fifteen minutes they sat huddled, and did not speak. Jack was whistling softly, excitedly, some bit of classic music. Through a crack, a moonbeam struck his pretty-girl face. There he sat, the college-bred American — a bit of an actor in very literary parts — ready to pose as a head-hunting Yacuin.

Suddenly Trepte growled to him — "Shut up!" And he stopped in the midst of a bar; and Trepte threw his arm across Rose, as if to shield her with his body. She felt his heart beat where it came against her wrist.

A moment later she heard footfalls. Trepte breathed in her ear: "They may be Marines. Expect them any minute." But she heard their voices, next; and they were not.

Across the littered floor, on his stomach like a snake, Sweet Violet moved toward the trap-hole.

Rose pushed Trepte's arm away, and put her face to a gap in the wall.

The weeds were full of brown, half-naked figures. They were all along the path in the moonlight.

Suddenly she laid hold on Sweet Violet and dragged him back from the opening. "Jack, one of them is Cabalho — he'll know you at a glance. You can't go."

"Well," Trepte said, "there are three of us. We'll give them a fight."

"We can't fight." Sweet Violet looked at Rose Ellen.

Now, no man like Trepte could be blamed — good fighter though he was — if he preferred not to become the subject of experiment in their particular fine art by a band of jungle men. "No surrender, for me," he said.

Sweet Violet put both hands around Rose Ellen's.

Trepte muttered: "What if they should finish us? We'll take plenty of 'em 'long with us."

"They wouldn't kill *her* — that's the point." Deppo growled this in his throat, and turned to Trepte and said: "*He* wants to keep 'em out of the cabin, you stiff." (It is a matter of fact that Deppo did apply this term to an officer.)

Jack kicked him in the ribs — to be quiet. "Rose, listen to *me*. He doesn't know what he's talking about. I can jolly that gang. Leave 'em to me. I'll persuade 'em *I* was the fellow that came in at the window. I'll ask 'em if I look like a Marine. And I can talk their lingo worse than they can themselves."

"Lots they'll bite!" muttered Deppo. And he added, to Trepte: "They'll cut him into hash, they will."

Jack was still talking. "Now, Rose Ellen, listen to me. You just stay here, and wait till the Marines come, and Deppo'll see you back to the Post. Nothing's going to happen to me. If I should happen not to come back before you go, why, you'll just know I've given them the slip. You come on home — and you'll find me at the Post, before you."

"The devil she will," commented Deppo.

Rose Ellen laid hold on Jack, with both hands, and began to cry.

"Don't play the fool, Sherman," said Trepte.

Now, let it be understood that Trepte was a good fighting man: he simply didn't care to be a subject for experiment by a band of Yacuins with a proper scientific curiosity about a white man's nerves.

Noiselessly, through a bar of moonlight, the emblem of the Marines as red, at his throat, as the planet Mars, crept Deppo of Kansas.

Sweet Violet wheeled on him. "What are you about?"

Deppo was silent.

"I haven't ordered you to any duty down below."

The boy pushed doggedly on.

"You'd better stay where you are, Deppo," urged the late student of modern languages. "And to-morrow it will be your duty to take Miss Fox to the Post."

"Take her yourself, you — " Instead of completing his sentence, Deppo rolled over, suddenly, on the floor, his head against a beam, his knees curled up like a kitten's. Two or three seconds passed before Rose realized that Sweet Violet had struck him. She gasped — and stared at Jack.

Now, it is a fact that with the profile of a young lady and much acquaintance with the classics, Jack had that peculiar make of shoulder which best sends home a blow.

As Rose looked at him — wondering — the door opened below and footsteps were heard inside the hut. Rose Ellen flung both her arms around Jack.

But she found herself a wisp in his hands. He unlocked her, and handed her over to Trepte as if she had been an infant. "You hold her. Don't let her follow me."

Rose Ellen fought hard. Once she freed herself to follow Sweet Violet — sobbing. But Trepte would not let her go.

She heard Deppo coming to himself in a corner. He sat up and rubbed his scalp and muttered: "The bloomin' Violet, who'd ha' thought it of him?" And the love in his voice was love he had never given before except to his dead captain.

Still, Trepte held Rose Ellen. He would not let her go to look. And it was little she could hear of what went on below.

But she knew when they took Sweet Violet away with them. She grasped Trepte's hand and squeezed it till the blood came tingling under her finger-nails. Little, whimpering cries escaped her.

Now, all was quiet. They were gone.

Trepte spoke, gently stroking her hand. "It's a terrible thing, Rose Ellen — terrible because so useless. But you tried and I tried and we could do nothing with him. You see, Rose, your father put him in command. I'm only here because I wouldn't be left at home. He should never have got separated from his men, in the first place —"

Deppo had got to his feet. Light of dawn was now mixed with the moon, and Rose Ellen saw him with one broad hand investigate a trickle of blood over his face. He glowered at Trepte. "You'd knock him *now* — would you?"

By and by the bird and insect life of the jungle stirred outside. The same bird that sang in the night began pouring out love and desire. Rose Ellen saw Deppo's face, black with shadows.

"Wait till I ketch them Yacuins!" he muttered. "Wait till Sweet Violet's own men get their claws on the dirty devils."

Then he went on muttering to himself. He had but one consolation: he devised tortures for Yacuins. And all the while he knew that no American corps would be allowed to inflict them. He talked to himself at intervals; Rose Ellen and Trepte were silent. In this way some hours passed.

In the midst of telling himself what he meant to do to Cabalho when he got him, Deppo stopped — suddenly. He was listening.

A moment later, Rose Ellen heard the tread of brisk, shod feet approaching the cabin. Then Trepte said: "The Marines have traced us. They're here."

To Rose Ellen it seemed to make little difference now. And Deppo burst out: "Let 'em do something for *him*. He's worth the three of us and then some."

Rose Ellen saw his face, and it looked as a soldier's does when the flag is at half mast and they all stand in a circle at the Post bareheaded.

Sweet Violet was all hero now.

Deppo leaped from the loft. Trepte followed him, and then held out his arms to Rose Ellen.

She went out of the cabin. After the dusk of the loft, the sunlight made a dazzle and a blur. She saw the khaki of the Marines like a mud-colored cloud, dispersed through the jungle.

"Rose," whispered Trepte, "do you realize? We're safe. We'll be home in two hours."

She looked at him a moment, white and dull. Then, as she glanced over his shoulder, suddenly, her eyes brightened, and she cried out one word:

"Ja — ck?"

"The bloomin' Violet!" ejaculated Deppo. "If they didn't pick him on the way!"

Rose Ellen heard a little fellow from Topeka talking.

"We found him not more than a mile down the river — fighting hard, with his back to a tree. Some little old nest of yellow-jackets — believe me!"

"Jack!" repeated Rose Ellen — and ran and put her arms around him in the presence of the Marines.

Sweet Violet may have fancied he could keep his skin and be a hero too. All the way to the Post he rode beside Rose Ellen. He was uneasy — evidently — lest she take it all back, when she had him alone.

But she didn't. He followed her into the Colonel's house, and there she declared that she had chosen him irretrievably, for better or worse.

But if Jack imagined himself as entering on a new phase of existence, he was disappointed. Rose Ellen rubbed her face twice against his shoulder, then she lifted it to meet his eyes.

"You're so wonderful, to me," he murmured.

"Yes, Jack, I think I am," Rose Ellen declared. "I'm wonderfully courageous, anyhow. I don't suppose I shall ever forget that you are a brutal officer. I hope you won't be court-martialed! But I dare say you will beat me."

Some people were born to cause amusement. Outside, Private Deppo was giving his version of the affair to his cronies:

"And if he didn't fetch me a crack on my skull! Knocked me out — what! Don't you never guess it. I fainted to think of me bein' hit by a violet — and without me smelling salts."

It would not be a true statement that Lieutenant Sherman from that hour commanded the respect of his men. He continued to amuse them. And so, after a military wedding, Rose Ellen went back to the States as the bride, not of an army man, but a professor of modern languages somewhere in Ohio.

Sweet Violet teaches French and Spanish and Italian. Private Deppo is mustered out, now. And it is not unlikely that he will some day stop between trains in the Ohio town to look for the man he loves best on earth. He may make a sensation, too. In the entrance hall with the marble busts of poets and deceased faculty presidents — where young ladies in filmy frocks and boys in the newest college styles of clothing sit on the window ledges and prepare their Spanish for Professor Sherman. It would be like Deppo to say:

"Sherman? I served under him in the Islands — believe me, he was some brutal officer, too."

And then, if he should exhibit a very small scar on his skull —

The Price

by

Martha Haskell Clark

Just a moonlit night of pearl it cost him for the winning,
Oh the sweetness of his lips, the tenderness and fire!
Sure it seemed of Heaven's joy 'twas only the beginning,
Down a world all hawthorn-white, and sweet with young desire.

Mither, oh my mither, do you mind the wedding morning,
The gown we two had fashioned, that shimmered silver-white?
The glory of the heather in the rose-tints of the dawning,
And your tears upon my forehead when I left at candle-light?

Hawthorn-sweet, and sickle-moon — and I have paid a life-time,
Shut away the springtime world, served on wistful feet.
Sweet-hearting and April dawn, burned to noon and wife-time,
Turned to scouring trencher-boards, and tending smoking peat.

Mither, oh my mither own, who trod the path before me,
Cradling small sweet memories on a withered breast,
Do you know, a world away, the aching dreams that tore me,
Waked with me to face the dawn, and dogged me to my rest?

Just a moonlit night of pearl is left me to remember,
All the rest is drudge and dure, with scarce a smile of eyes;
Still I wait dead hawthorn-stars to blossom in December,
Still the sickle-moon swings low against forgotten skies.

Mither, oh my mither, it's a spendthrift's price we're paying
For a bit of April moonshine, and the shelter of a name;
Oh the foolishness of women! If the years were backward straying,
And Danny asked me over, — sure I'd answer just the same!

The Firebugs

By Major C. E. Russell

AS NEVER before in history, the Great War called the business and professional man to help the fighting man. These civilians contributed largely to the Allied success. Napoleon with all his experience could never have foreseen the cosmopolitan organizations necessary for the success of a modern army. Before this war such organizations as the refrigeration units, forestry battalions, reclamation units, salvage organizations, and fire department battalions were unknown.

The fire department units were not used on the front to fight liquid fire or gas, but were stationed in the Service of Supplies to protect the billions of dollars' worth of supplies from fire. These battalions were made up of picked men from the fire departments of the large cities of the East. Only their efficient equipment and organization enabled them to save many millions of dollars' worth of material so necessary to our fighting men at the front. Besides successfully fighting the accidental fire, they defeated organized attempts at the destruction of our docks and supplies — altogether another matter that!

We all realized from the start that every effort would be made by the Germans to cripple our troops, and that our miles upon miles of docks and warehouses scattered along the coast of France offered the firebug a tempting chance.

Several attempts to burn these docks had been made before July, 1918; but they were clumsy and the guilty ones had been promptly captured and punished. We kept a close watch, and having had no serious fire, were congratulating ourselves on the fire situation when, in June, 1918, we received a report from one of our Assistant Provost Marshals stationed at La Rochelle, one of our sub-base ports, which woke us up to new dangers.

This A. P. M. reported: "For the past eight nights, on each night we have discovered a fire on the gasoline docks. By good fortune we have been able to quench them before they made a fair start. But sooner or later, unless steps are taken to capture those who are responsible, we are sure to have a fire that will seriously cripple the entire American Army by destroying at least 75 per cent. of our gasoline supply. Stringent orders against the carrying of matches are enforced; we search every German prisoner before allowing him to pass through the gates; and any one found violating this order is severely punished; but still the fires continue. We have used every effort to find the guilty ones, but have learned nothing, and want your help in solving the mystery."

The Commanding General considered the matter very serious, and ordered that every possible means should be employed to catch the firebug and punish him. At this point we had a prison compound with over 3,000 German prisoners in it, and although their labor was used by both the French and the Americans, since they came from our camp we were responsible for their actions, and it was our duty to solve the mystery and punish the guilty. We felt convinced that the German prisoners were in some way setting the fires and we concentrated on that trail.

Our first move was to put extra men to watch the prisoners while at work. Several were secreted in and around the docks for that purpose. Even while these men were on watch, a fire was set which undoubtedly would have destroyed the entire dock system but for a favorable shift in the wind which enabled the fire department to quench it before it made much headway. This said little for the efficiency of our present plans and before we got others going the enemy succeeded in setting another fire, this time at the French chemical plant, and the plant was totally destroyed.

Yet here, as at our dock, the prisoners were carefully searched before being allowed to enter the premises.

Inasmuch as we were sure that the fires were being set by the German prisoners, we put some of our German speaking detectives in the compound. But if we sent three strange prisoners into the camp alone, they would be at once suspected of being detectives and the guilty ones would be very careful not to expose themselves or their system. We finally decided to send three of our men up to the front. They were to join the newly captured prisoners so that we could transfer them to our prison compound without their becoming known. There was a serious danger in this plan for our men, as they must wear German uniforms all the time and if captured by the Germans they would be shot as spies. On the other hand, if they were seen walking around the front line trenches without a guard, some of our soldiers were sure to shoot first and ask questions afterward. Our solution lay in dressing them in the boche uniform, placing guards over them, sending them to the front, and treating them exactly like all the Germans.

After every possible contingency had been carefully thought out, the men were started on their trip to the front. They were placed in the front line trenches with their guards, where we often had German prisoners; and the first time our troops went over the top, they and their guards were sent after them and speedily "captured." As soon as possible they joined the first of the German prisoners captured and were sent back to the receiving stations. At our receiving pens they were assigned to a company of German prisoners and sent to the concentration camp for distribution to the various localities where prisoners were working.

Every precaution had to be taken that even the guards should not discover the identity of our men. For fear that the commanding officer of the prisoner escort company might be inclined to favor them, even he was not told of our plan and our men certainly were treated the same as the other prisoners. From the concentration camp we had them transferred to the prisoner company en route to our compound.

When they arrived at the camp they were sent in a bunch to the docks to work with the other prisoners. But they sent word to us that they were handicapped as to meeting large numbers of prisoners if forced to work in one crew. So to enable them to visit the various prison huts, we had them assigned to the sanitary squad — the meanest and dirtiest job in the prison

camp. Too much credit cannot be given these men for their willingness to perform even this task in order to accomplish their mission.

At this particular time there was a man stationed at this prison camp who claimed to belong to the Swiss Red Cross and who passed by the name of Freytag, though I am not certain now as to the spelling of the name, and have no documents to go by. At the request of the German Government he had been sent here to look after the welfare of their prisoners. Having the proper credentials, he proceeded to make himself universally liked by all who had anything to do with him. He was a modest, quiet, well-mannered young chap, unmistakably a gentleman, speaking excellent, though bookish English, and with only a slight foreign accent. He appeared to be in the early stages of consumption and his color looked hectic; but he was quietly efficient and made no complaints about his health till an attack of influenza put him in bed and served the Allied and American cause immeasurably.

But for weeks no one suspected that the Swiss Red Cross man, always working so earnestly for the prisoners, was any other than the philanthropist he appeared. He was allowed the freedom of the city and could buy any supplies he needed. He did his duty in trying to keep his charges free from vermin and to that end supplied them with quantities of a certain chemical. When he wanted another acid to be used in the same fight there was no bar to his getting it.

Detectives are trained to look out for the little things, mark the small oddities, the trifles unaccounted for, or unaccountably repeated, and sooner or later you will get the big revelation. Our three men among the prisoners were industriously cultivating friends and watching for clues, but they got hold of nothing till after they observed that Freytag in talking to a certain trio of prisoners always got them out in the open, generally took them into the center of the prison compound. Other men he talked to with others crowding about, but these men, whether singly or in a group, he isolated.

Then one of our men reported that three of the prisoners were continually losing their blouses. They were the same three Freytag so especially distinguished. Next the same man noted that the blouses were lost only after a chemical treatment. And now when he marked and reported further that the fires started only after one or more of these blouses had been lost — why, we knew we were hot on the trail of our quarry, though still we were unable to link these happenings with the chain of evidence we must have. And then still another fire was set. We must hurry if we were not to lose our docks and perhaps the war. A slant of the wind in the enemy's favor might eventually give the Germans the victory.

Just then Freytag was taken down with influenza, and we managed, of course, that both doctor and nurse should be people in our own service. But they both tried in vain to get into the sick man's confidence; he kept his own counsel — not displaying his suspicions, but certainly cherishing them.

Although he was told that it would be a month or six weeks before he could get out, he would not talk. Mary, the nurse, offered to carry on his work for him:

"You know," said Mary, "that although I am an American by birth, I am of German stock, and my sympathies are all with Germany and I am willing to do almost anything to further the German cause." But she made no headway whatever.

Trying a new plan, Mary was instructed to go to the prison camp and tell the prisoners she was sent there as Freytag's representative — that he was ill and had asked her to look after their welfare while he was away. She gave special attention to the three men whom Freytag had been so intimate with. Finally one day one of them said to her that he would have to have some more of both the acids that were used for the destruction of vermin. He said for her to tell Herr Freytag that the last acid was not strong enough; it would not work quickly enough, and for him to experiment to see if with the new supply the ratio should not be changed.

Prince Joachim, youngest son of the Kaiser

Even with this information in our possession, we did not realize that we already had the solution of the plot; and but for a careless remark made by the Swiss, we might have gone on and on, still working in the dark.

Mary told Freytag that while she was at the prison camp that day a prisoner by the name of Hans had asked her to tell him that he, Hans, wanted some more acid. She also told him what Hans had said about the other acid being too weak and that he should experiment with the new supply before sending it to the camp. Freytag replied:

"I will try it out by myself when I recover. The next time you go over to the camp tell Hans not to use any more until I first try it out here at home. Tell him

it is too dangerous and that I wish him to wait until I have recovered and can tell him personally just what proportions to use."

When this was reported to me I determined that I, myself, would experiment with these dangerous acids and I asked my friend the doctor to help me. But he did not need to experiment to know something about what would happen if I brought these two substances together.

"You will blow yourself up if you do not look out!" he cried. "Those two acids in contact cause spontaneous combustion and you will set something on fire!!" — and we had fathomed one of the deadliest plots of the war!!!

It was very simple: Freytag, teaching them how to fight vermin, had instructed all the prisoners to wash their clothing in the first acid, allowing it to remain on the cloth. The three who were in his confidence were the only ones who knew his real objective; he would give them a small bottle of the other acid, which would be stopped with a small roll of paper; and when they were at their work they would take off their blouses and would throw them, with the little bottle in a pocket, behind some combustible material. The acid in the bottle would eat through the paper stopper, and reaching the chemically prepared cloth, it would burst into flame — and the chance of destroying a vast system of docks and endless supplies of gasoline and oil would be excellent, especially if the acid were timed to reach the cloth at night so that the fire might get a good start before being discovered. It took little experimenting to prove to us that the acids might and did work just this way. I purposely suppress the names of chemicals capable of such misuse.

Prince Joachim was a good whip

The time came when Freytag was allowed by the doctor to go for a short walk, and as we expected he took the first chance to get fresh supplies for arson. Meanwhile we secreted several men in his cellar, where we were sure he would undertake an investigation of the strength of his purchases. Sure enough, when he came in he went to the cellar, and, taking some old cloth and paper, proceeded to try out various combinations of the acids. After several hours' experimenting, he finally secured the proper proportions and then put the two acids together on a cloth. In a few seconds the cloth was burning. Then our men stepped out of hiding and arrested him.

He was a brave chap, that German spy. Just up from a sick bed, he had been working for hours beyond his strength, but he showed no white feather. At first he denied all the charges, but when he heard what we knew he took the other tack and wanted to know why any further preliminaries? Why should we investigate further or talk of a court martial —

"Take me out and shoot me," he said.

He was brought before me, and it was my duty to find out if I could who he was. The manners of his confederates toward him and his own personal quality convinced us that he belonged in the higher ranks of life. But I could get nothing out of him. We sat opposite each other, talking quietly enough, and nothing I could say shook him in any way. I told him that as a common felon he would be hung. He said he had a right to be shot. But when I replied that maybe if we knew who he was we could grant that right, he still quietly refused us any information. I told him I recognized that he must belong in the officer class, but if we knew nothing about him he would have to bear the hard conditions imposed on his common soldier confederates.

"Put me in with them," was his answer.

I told him we wanted to send word of his end to his family, that we would take any messages and would faithfully deliver them, and so we would, all the more scrupulously in that we were constrained to admiration of this frail and indomitable enemy. He said he had no messages to send to any one.

He kept his voice level and firm. Men experienced in such suffering could tell that his mouth was dry; he was "chewing cotton" and the white saliva showed at the corners of his mouth, but there was no weakening of his soul.

Men like ourselves, who were continually daring the Fate that had overtaken him, knew how to measure his courage. I, for one, as I sat there trying to break down his resolution, was hoping at the same time that if his doom overtook me as it so soon might, I would meet it as unflinchingly. He was too mysterious and personally impressive to be speedily executed. He was imprisoned under the conditions of an officer and, quickly, extraordinary German efforts to effect his exchange proved we were right as to his being an important person. The Germans offered to exchange many prisoners for this one. But our authorities would make no bargains about him. For long they did not know who he was, and it was longer still before the events leading up to the "Greatest Story of the Secret Service" brought us news of Freytag from the men who made that story.

The Greatest Secret Service Story of the War

THIS story is not susceptible of legal proof—documentary or otherwise. It is against the traditions of the Intelligence Department to confirm any such histories.

I, personally, have made investigations both here and in Washington that show the unquestioned responsibility of its author, but he must remain nameless. The magazine takes no responsibility as to its historic value.—EDITOR.

U. S. ARMY CABLEGRAM

Brest, France, July 10th, 1919.

SEC'Y WAR,
Washington.

Two German prisoners on transport sailing to-day consigned to the Intelligence Staff Washington.

BASH.

DISPATCH TO N. Y. *TIMES*

Washington, July 21.

These were the only two prisoners of war to be brought to this country from France since the war and even those who were in immediate charge of them professed not to know why they were being removed to this country. The names and ranks of these men were withheld.

JUST a line from a cablegram announcing the sailing of a transport and giving a list of those on board — but more than one newspaper carried the cablegram; also there were as many versions of the facts regarding these two prisoners as there were newspapers publishing the message.

To chronicle one of the greatest feats of the war, I have decided to tell the story of these two prisoners. At the time the Armistice was signed millions would not have induced me to tell this story, for then the German Secret Service had a long arm. Men learned to their ruin that hide where they would it could find and punish terribly. More than one mysterious death has been the work of that service. It was the boast of the Germans that whoever tricked them paid the death penalty. After the coup I tell about, and when the story had penetrated back to the Great Headquarters of the Germans, their Secret Service took a solemn oath that every one connected with the work should swiftly die.

However, that is all changed now. The military regime in Germany has apparently passed forever and the members of the former Great Headquarters have troubles enough of their own without spending time trying to locate the actors in this stirring drama. All I shall tell is the truth, except where false names are announced, and in the matter of verbal accuracy in conversations; I cannot pretend to exact wordings in such quotations; though I can vouch for their general fidelity.

THE CONFERENCE IN THE OLD CHATEAU

There stands in the heart of a forest in northern France an old chateau, built in the fifteenth century. Cold and gloomy it was on that rainy day in May, 1918, when the Allied commanders gathered there for one of the most serious conferences of the war. The chateau with all its blackness fitted well the moods of these men whom the world had charged with the task of saving it from Prussianism. These men had gathered here from the blood-stained fields of Flanders, from the French fronts, which at this time were withstanding the terrific drives of the German, and, too, from the training sectors of the American Army.

The Germans were making their big drive on Paris and showed that they were determined at any cost to reach their goal before the strength of the American Army could be thrown into the balance.

There was a feeling among some of the higher officials of the Allied Armies that if Paris fell both the Americans and the English would soon be swept into the Atlantic Ocean, and war with all its horrors would be a reality in the United States. No one knew just what the French would do if Paris should be captured by the Germans, but many believed that the fall of Paris would be the signal for the French to sue for peace. And one of the American generals said: "If Paris falls, we will soon be up to our necks in the Bay of Biscay, yelling for ships to come and take us home."

If the French asked for a separate peace, England would be forced to do her fighting on her own island. A German victory in France would give Germany the bases which she so greatly needed in order successfully to attack England both by submarines and through the air. In this event, must not England come to her knees? Let this happen and the United States, despite her unlimited resources, would be obliged to fight to the limit of her strength. It was then a very desperate situation which confronted those devoted commanders on that May day when they gathered to devise ways and means to turn the Germans back from Paris.

Each one had come with plans whereby he hoped first, to stem the tide of the Prussian hordes, and then to complete their defeat. All plans, however, hinged upon an accurate knowledge of the German strategy, where the next attack would be made, the strength and morale of the troops. As this information was not available, the plans, as submitted, were considered and ultimately rejected.

"Gentlemen," said Marshal Foch, "it is absolutely necessary that we anticipate the moves of the Germans. I have sent my best men into Germany and they have failed. Only yesterday news came through that the man in whom I had placed my greatest dependence had been captured and shot within an hour after he had penetrated the German lines. We cannot secure information in this way."

Attending this conference was Colonel R——, the officer in charge of the Intelligence work on General Pershing's personal staff, and he said in replying to the marshal: "While I do not desire to discredit any one, I am convinced that I have the very men in my service who can penetrate into the German lines and secure the

desired information. One of these men has been most successful in this type of work and was in Spain for us during the entire Spanish-American War. I am confident that we can get the data if we are granted permission to try."

At this time the Americans had not won the place in the hearts of the Allies which they held later. Chateau-Thierry had not been fought, and many believed that the Americans were just braggarts who could not fight or be depended upon when it came to an actual battle. Unfortunately our men were bragging very unbecomingly, and we had lost not only friends, but also prestige in the eyes of the Allies. Americans who had just arrived in France could be heard crying to both the French and English soldiers:

"You folks just watch us! We will show you how to finish this war! You have been at it for four years and cannot stop it! You just watch us finish it up quick!"

Those who had endured the four years of the struggle found such boasting offensive, and our standing was injured and our motives were questioned. So when our Chief expressed his belief in our ability to secure the desired information, an undercurrent of indifference, even of derision, was plainly noticeable, which could only mean that once again they thought the Americans were indulging in their game of bluff.

After two days of conference, no headway had been made; for a careful analysis of each plan proved the more convincingly how impossible it was for these officers to settle upon a definite plan of campaign without the absolute knowledge of the German plans. As a last resort, a forlorn hope, they decided to give the American Intelligence Staff an opportunity either to secure this information, or back down.

Permission Is Granted

Immediately our Chief started to gather his forces for the attempt. The four men whom he wanted were at this time scattered in different parts of France. Major Anderson was in Bordeaux, Captain Orcutt at the Headquarters of the S. O. S. at Tours, Captain Odell with the First Army, while Captain Dunn was with the Prisoner of War Bureau. (Of course these are not real names.) Urgent wires convinced them that something serious was pending and they rushed to Chaumont by motor and by train. Reporting to the Chief, they were sent to a town near Chaumont and quartered in a small chateau. The Chief knew that here they could work undisturbed and undiscovered and here he joined them when the last officer had reported. He gave them a synopsis of the conference at the old chateau in the forest and told them of the wonderful opportunity now before the American Intelligence Staff.

To enable the four Americans to understand the previous attempts made by the various Intelligence Staffs, the chiefs of the Allied Intelligence service came to this place for a conference, and told in minute detail how they had tried to reach Germany and what they believed to be the cause of their failures. A careful analysis showed that their men had in each case attempted to cross over to the German lines through the front, or via Belgium or Holland, and that, with almost supernatural powers, the Germans had spotted them, and all their efforts had ended in a firing squad and a brick wall. After hearing all this it was decided we should try to reach Germany through Spain.

Captain Dunn was an understudy in the scheme, and never took any prominent part in its activities, but he was there to be called on if one of the others fell by the way.

It is a well known fact that during the entire war, Germany maintained an intelligence and propaganda bureau in Spain. Although all the sources of communication between Spain and Germany were supposed to be in the control of the English, this bureau was in constant easy communication with the home offices. Bearing this in mind, it was considered that the only real hope of success lay in getting into Germany with the connivance of this very bureau. To fool them was our first objective. Every possible precaution was taken to prevent failure, and the plans were gone over again and again.

To begin with, one of our officers was to try and reach Germany through Spain by crossing into that country at Henday.

Major Anderson was selected to make the attempt. He had served in the Intelligence Service in Spain during the Spanish-American War, and he spoke Spanish fluently. With his knowledge of Spanish customs and of Spain, the Chief believed he had the best chance for success. The Major was to represent himself as a fugitive. His story was to be that he was accused of stealing battalion funds, falsely accused according to his story, and thereby filled with a bitter thirst for revenge on the American army. Also he would claim to have always been pro-German till America went into the war. Now he would do anything to injure the Allied cause, and he possessed valuable knowledge regarding the plans and strength of the American troops.

Captains Orcutt and Odell were to proceed to Henday, there to carry out their part of the plot and be ready instantly to cross over into Spain to help the Major, as occasion should demand.

Major Anderson, not daring even to carry his usual identification cards, so that he could not prove who he was in case either the Americans or the French arrested him, quietly slipped out of town and started on his way to Henday.

The first part of the journey was made by motor and was so timed that the Major and his companions arrived at the outskirts of the city soon after midnight. One quiet handshake and a whispered "Good luck" and the Major disappeared into the darkness and made his way into the city of Henday. Keeping out of sight of the Military Police, he passed down toward the waterfront, and there in a third rate hotel secured quarters for the night.

On the next day, at a prearranged time, Major Anderson walked along the beach to meet Captains Orcutt and Odell. They arrested him and took him up to the American camp, where he was confined in a small tent near the guard house. The news was then quietly passed around the city that the American police had captured a dangerous criminal; and before night, so successful was this propaganda, all the good people of Henday were talking about the prisoner. The hope was to have the news passed over into Spain so that when the Major appeared his criminal reputation would be there ahead of him. The Spanish guard on duty at the International Bridge was even invited to see this most dangerous man.

In order to check up the propaganda in Spain, Captain Orcutt passed over that night and returning on the next reported that the fame of the prisoner had penetrated even as far as San Sebastian, and San Sebastian was the seat of the famous German Group of Five that ruled the German interests in Spain; so now was the time for the Major to make his escape and cross over

the boundary. The stakes were so large that to take one of the guards into confidence was out of the question, so the Major had to run his chance of being shot.

The Escape Into Spain

But that night, just as the guards were being changed, he broke out of the rear of the tent and dashed away into the gathering darkness, although many shots were fired at him. The shooting and uproar made it clear to the men who knew the plot that the Major had started, and they breathed a prayer for his safety. The Chief himself was in Henday now, and finally, unable to bear the suspense any longer, he sent one of the officers to learn the truth. When he heard the Major had made a "clean getaway," "Thank God!" breathed the Chief.

Taking no risk with searching parties that might spoil his plans, the Chief detailed Captains Orcutt and Odell to take charge of the patrols, and for several days they both diligently hunted the Major where it was certain no Major would be.

When the news of the Major's safe arrival at San Sebastian filtered back to the Chief, Captains Orcutt and Odell were sent to shadow him. They were instructed to bother the Major in as public a manner as possible in order to prove to the Germans that he was exactly what he said he was.

So the pair broke into the absent Major's room as if searching his possessions and scattered all his clothing about. While the Major on his return was making loud complaints in the hotel office, a man came up sympathetically to tell him he knew who had done the deed. "If you will come up to No. 6," he said, "I will give you all the information together with a description of the men I saw coming out."

"I do not know you," replied the Major, "and I'm not taking any chances of going with you. How do I know but you are one of those who committed this crime against me and all you want is to get me to go to your room and then I will disappear, as did another man who fell for the same stunt! You will have to show me who you are before I will go one step with you." And the Major walked away.

At this time there was a well-known American living in Spain as a fugitive from an indictment here at home. On this same day this renegade, introducing himself, asked:

"Do you know the man you were talking with in the hotel this morning?"

"No," replied the Major. "Why?"

"Well, I know him, and you can trust him. Go up to his room at two o'clock this afternoon and see him; he is all right."

"Very well," replied the Major, "I will be there."

Meeting the Group of Five

At 2 P. M., upon the Major's knock at No. 6, a slide in the door was opened and the Major saw the face of his friend of the hotel lobby, and the man recognizing him opened the door and invited him to enter.

Within, five men were seated around a table and instantly Major Anderson knew that he had at last reached the German bureau.

After introductions, one of the five demanded, speaking Spanish:

"Do you speak German?"

"No, I speak only Spanish and French. I learned Spanish in the Philippines and French since my arrival in France." Nevertheless, he did understand German.

The Germans, however, believed absolutely that Major Anderson could not understand them, and later in the game, if they had not talked freely before him, the expedition would have failed and he would have lost his life.

Considering their unquestionable ability, German credulity was curious, and often cost them dear. They made no effort to test his linguistic knowledge. They were more eager than he was to make a deal. They were so ready to assume his ability and will to serve them that they looked childish. But the truth was they were desperate, as came out when they arranged his first mission.

"We are going to play fair with you," the head of the bureau told him, "and show you our hand. Seated around this table you see the so-called 'Group of Five' — the men who have kept Spain out of the war and who control the German Secret Service outside of Germany. Here we carry on our work, and if you will join us and obey orders, we will pay you so much money that when we have won the war you can settle where you will and live like a prince. It is up to you! But if you join us and then play us false, no matter where you hide, we will find you and kill you. If you are afraid, stop now and you will not be molested, but if you come with us, you must come the whole way!"

"I would like time to think it over," replied the Major. "I will come back in one hour and give you an answer."

"Very well," said the leader. "We will await your return here."

Of course this was just what Major Anderson desired, but if he accepted their proposition as soon as made they might become suspicious, so he "played it safe" and left. When he returned, he walked up to the group and said:

"I have decided to cast my lot in with yours! You know the Americans have offered a reward for my capture, so I am willing to do anything to get even."

The Major was very fierce and firm about it and the leader called for wine with which to welcome the new member. With every eye in the room upon the American, the leader proposed a toast:

"To the health of the Kaiser and the success of the German Arms."

Evidently they thought this was a clever way to test Anderson's sincerity. It was absolutely the only test attempted. Of course toast-drinking was a serious rite with them, and even though Anderson must drink, they must have hoped that he could not do it without betraying his real sentiments. But all the feelings he showed were enthusiasm and thirst.

The Germans put their feelings into queer pockets and are famous, of course, for understanding no ideas but their own. After the toast, the chief administered the oath of allegiance to the German Fatherland and they opened a vein in the Major's arm so that he could sign the oath with his own blood. He was then welcomed as a member of the system, and the special use they had for him unfolded.

"Recently," the leader said, "at one of the base ports, the Americans captured a man whom they have tried and convicted of being a spy. This man they know as Freytag is a member of the German nobility and volunteered for this work since his health was such that he was unable to stand the strain of trench life. He was supposed to represent the Swiss Red Cross, but, through some slip, he has been caught. The Kaiser orders us to use every effort to effect his escape. We want you to return to France and help him to get away, or, if that is impossible, you are authorized to spend

any amount of money to bribe his guards. We will render you every assistance possible from this side of the boundary.

"Where is this nobleman confined?"

"We do not know for a certainty, but we think at the Fort Medoc prison." The anxiety he felt showed in all this talk about Freytag. The pressure from Germany about this man was evidently tremendous. After his case had been well canvassed, the smaller matter of the Liberty motor was brought up, but that, too, was urgent.

"We are also charged," said the leader, "with securing the blue prints of that wonderful new Liberty motor. While you are effecting the release of His Highness, we want you to see what you can do toward securing those plans. Here are funds for your work. To-night I will come to your room and assist you in perfecting your disguise, for you are to pass yourself off as a Spaniard. We will supply you with a passport that will permit you to pass unquestioned anywhere in France."

Major Anderson made the right promises in his most convincing style, and bidding his new confreres goodnight started toward his own room. But in the hall he discovered that he was being shadowed, and realizing that if this shadow was successful he could never accomplish his own mission, he determined upon a bold stroke. Returning to the room and bursting in at the door with a great show of indignation, he declared that if they did not trust him and were going to shadow him he would refuse to work with the bureau. "And," he cried, "before you get his Highness released he will have faced a firing squad."

The leader, hastily denying all knowledge of any such espionage, hurried out into the hall with Anderson, but the trailer had disappeared, and so far as was ever known that was the only attempt to keep a watch over his comings and goings while the "renegade" was in Spain.

The German leader came to his room that night to help him so stain his skin as to look more like a Spaniard.

The Return to France

Thoroughly disguised and with his passports and final instructions the Major on the next morning crossed over the International Bridge, telling the French customs officers on guard that he wanted to enter France on business for the Spanish Government. The French officials, finding his passports in order, sent him on to the American Intelligence staff for further examination.

Ever since Major Anderson's disappearance into Spain, the Chief had remained in the Intelligence office at Henday waiting for his return. One of the arrangements that had been previously made was a secret sign so that, at any time and under any circumstances, each could signal the other without fear of attracting attention. So when the supposed Spaniard saw the Chief sitting in the office he gave the sign and was passed through and his passports were stamped to allow him to proceed to Paris.

All the while the Major had been in Spain he had been unable to send out word as to how he was progressing; so now, that his confederates and the Chief might know just what the situation was, Captain Odell boarded the train with the Major and seated himself in the same compartment. They had hoped they would be its only occupants but, to their disappointment, just before the train was to start, two Frenchmen came in. So the Major passed a note to Captain Odell instructing him to leave the train at Bayonne and to keep on the lookout for him. As the train left the station at Bayonne, Major Anderson, who had been standing on the rear platform, naturally lost his hat, quickly jumping off the train in an endeavor to recover it. The while the Major was recovering his hat he watched the train to see if anyone else jumped off. But no one did, and as the train disappeared into the distance, Odell joined him and before the arrival of the next train the Major had told his tale, and plans had been made as to where they should meet in Paris. Boarding the next train, the two officers entered separate compartments.

The Chief, with Captain Orcutt, met Odell and Anderson at the quiet Paris rendezvous, and the tremendous business of freeing the aristocratic prisoner was canvassed. These men were all in favor of letting any one prisoner get away in order to win German confidence.

They now held a trump card, for the Germans would do almost anything to secure the release of this titled prisoner. And if the Major got him away there was no telling what he might not be able to do with the Germans afterward. But another man had to be brought to their way of thinking.

The Chief made a trip to Chaumont, the headquarters of the Americans, to learn the present status of this all important prisoner. He was under sentence of death, and his sentence had been approved by the authorities, and even as the Chief arrived, the officials were preparing to publish and carry out the sentence. The Chief took his story to the proper authority in haste; perhaps the winning of the war turned on stopping this execution, and getting this mysterious High-Born back to Germany — in Major Anderson's company. But the Chief was up against a stone wall. For the better part of two days he argued with a stubborn official who wanted the first program carried out, and was hard to convince that the condemned would be worth more alive than dead.

"We need this man in our work," said the Chief, "surely you can realize that the life of one German is a small price to pay for such information as we can get from him or through him."

"That's all very well, Chief," replied the other. "If this prisoner was an ordinary German I would not hesitate a second, but we know that this prisoner is none other than Prince Joachim, one of the Kaiser's sons. We feel that the demoralizing effect of his execution on the Germans would be very great, and that it would mark a triumph for America."

The Chief knew the story of this man's efforts to fire the docks at La Rochelle and of his intrepid conduct and fixed silence about his identity when captured.

It was so long since any royalty was found at any post as dangerous as the one Freytag had filled, that it was hard to believe that he was the son of the Kaiser, the brother of the Crown Prince. But an American going through the prison had recognized him, and though Freytag had never admitted it, Major Anderson was able to corroborate such identification. The Chief could not wish him treated any differently from any other spy, but since it would serve the Allies and Americans better to have him live than to shoot him, he could allow himself to be glad it was a brave man whose life he was working for.

The German Government was making extraordinary offers to exchange several men for Freytag. Doubtless they would have offered a regiment of "cannon-fodder" if they had hoped it would do any good. But it was the Five in Spain who were going to effect something.

For at last the Chief, by threatening to take the matter immediately to General Pershing, won the day. If his men could get the Prince away under the conditions they must accept — why they could have him. The conditions had to be kept stupendously difficult. The Chief and the four officers already engaged in the scheme, together with the official just informed of it, must be the only souls knowing what was going on.

The head of the prison, the guards — every one would be as eager to defeat Major Anderson and keep their prisoner as if the Major were indeed a Spaniard in Germany's pay.

Returning to Paris, the Chief arranged with his men for all five to go to where the prisoner was confined, and study the situation. But when Major Anderson presented his passport to be viséd, an over-zealous French intelligence officer came near upsetting all arrangements, for he refused to allow the Major to go. He said the place was in the zone of supply of the French Army and foreigners were not permitted within it. Since Major Anderson posed as a Spaniard there was no legitimate argument against this decision. The passport must be viséd, however, by one ruse or another.

So, Captain Odell, a personal friend of the French chief of the intelligence staff, was detailed to secure the proper stamps. If the American Chief had realized that the French would not pass the Major, he could have presented the passport himself; but when the Major had made the attempt, it was considered too dangerous to permit him to try it again.

Telephoning to his French friend for an appointment, Captain Odell presented himself at the bureau.

"Chief," said he, "I have a hobby for collecting all the stamps used by the various bureaus and armies of this war. I haven't a stamp of your office and I would greatly appreciate it if you would give me an imprint with your signature upon it."

The French chief, laughing at the peculiarities of the Americans, sent for his official stamp and handed it over to our officer. Giving as an excuse that it was too dark at the desk, the officer took the stamp to the window. Here, with his back to the chief, he quickly stamped first the passport, and then a blank piece of paper. Handing the stamp back to the Frenchman, he said:

"Now, chief, if you will please sign this imprint, I will appreciate it and keep it as my best souvenir."

"Under ordinary conditions," said the chief, "the clerks sign all passports, but for you, my friend, I will myself sign it" — and he wrote his name, rank and the word "Approved" across the face of the stamp on the blank paper.

The Captain hated to so deceive a friend even for a cause sacred to them both, but it was impossible to take another person into his confidence. Six already knew what was being attempted, and in the eyes of intelligence officers that is a great many, and too many, although it could not be helped this time.

The next move was to find some one clever enough to forge the signature of the Frenchman. It was said that no matter what kind of a man was demanded, the A. E. F. could supply him, and a man was soon found who was able, after a little practice, to forge the name so well that it was necessary to carefully compare the duplicate with the original before the fraud could be discovered.

The Escape of the German Prisoner

Equipped with the forged papers, Major Anderson was soon established. He found the prisoner he sought so closely guarded that he must needs be arrested and imprisoned himself to get in touch with him. Once a fellow-prisoner, the Major had no difficulty in reaching the man and soon had plans perfected to assist him to escape whenever the opportunity presented itself.

"I am here by orders from the 'Group of Five'," the Major told him, "to assist you to escape. I will soon be out, and you must watch your chance when they take you for your evening stroll. When you see me with a car before the gate, you make a run for it, and we will get away."

The next move was for the Major to demand to see the Commanding General of the district, to ask that he be released. Before leaving for his interview with the General, the Major told the prisoner that he was leaving some of his personal property in the prison, and if successful in forcing the authorities to release him he would return for it and the prisoner would then know that he had a friend outside working for his escape.

The next morning the Major was brought before the Commanding Officer and, with a great show of injured dignity, he demanded to know why he had been arrested and stated that if he were not at once released he would appeal to the Spanish Ambassador. The General called the Chief into his office and asked on what charges this man was being held. "If you are holding him on suspicion," said he, "I shall at once release him."

The Chief confessed he could not prove anything against this man; and so the General, with apologies, ordered his release, after giving the Chief a reprimand for such careless work. The poor old General played right into the plans, while the Chief and the Major longed to laugh and tell him all about it. But unless the General should happen to read this story, he will always feel that the intelligence staff committed a stupid blunder when they arrested that Spaniard.

Returning to the prison with the Major, the Chief sent him into the building to get his property, and the Major took occasion to bid the prisoner good-bye and once more caution him to be on the watch for the signal for escape.

Now it was arranged for a high-powered motor car with plenty of gasoline and oil to be near the entrance to the prison when the prisoner should be out for his exercise.

A few evenings after Major Anderson had been released, Captain Orcutt drove to the entrance of the prison just as his Highness left the guardhouse for his walk. The officer drove the car up to the curb and leaving the engine running, passed through the gate and sent the man on guard away on an errand.

With that the Major stepped up to the car and seated himself behind the wheel to await the next move. Prince Joachim strolled past the gate, the Major signaled and he made a sudden rush through the gates and jumped in beside the Major. Throwing the clutch in, the car gave a quick start, and sped away down the road.

Captain Orcutt jumped in front of the gate so that no one on the inside could shoot without hitting him, and drawing his revolver commenced to shoot, ostensibly at the speeding car, but in reality up in the air. By the time the confusion had quieted down, the car with the Major and the prisoner had disappeared in the distance.

By the time the commander of the motor park a mile away had started another car to the prison, the fugitives were a long way toward the Spanish frontier. When the pursuing car, loaded with guards, came to a fork in the road, Captain Orcutt took care to send it

where it would do no harm, and the Major and the prisoner easily got away. Taking a circuitous route to avoid towns where there were American troops quartered, they soon arrived at the foot of the Pyrenees Mountains, and hiding the car, they passed over the mountains and entered Spain.

Arriving at the headquarters of the "Group of Five," the Prince was greeted with shouts of joy, and the Major was treated with amazing favor. The Prince had been a good companion in the adventure, prompt and brave, and now he was full of grateful appreciation.

The Five considered that Major Anderson's fidelity to Germany was proven, and that he was the very man to go on now and get them those plans of the Liberty motor that they were so anxious to obtain.

The Return to France for the Plans of the Liberty Motor

Having proved to the group that he was honest in his protestations regarding his desire to help the German cause, when asked regarding the Liberty motor, Major Anderson told his friends, the enemy, that he could get the plans without difficulty. "When I was in Paris," he said, "I met a man who is connected with the motor corps and knows all about the Liberty motor. I am sure I can buy him if I am supplied with funds for that purpose."

"Possibly so," replied the leader, "but your sudden disappearance from the town where his Highness was confined will connect you with the escape, consequently you cannot return as you did before."

"But I do not believe they are clever enough to connect me with the escape, for I burned everything I had before I left. At least, I can go over in a different disguise and try it."

While this conversation was taking place, Prince Joachim had left the room, but he came in again and when he learned what it was all about, he said to the leader:

"Meyer, I do not want my friend here to take any more risks. I am under a life-long obligation to him and I desire the opportunity to repay the debt."

"There is no danger," insisted the Major, "I want just one more try at them, anyway, and then I will be content to go with you. I can take good care of myself!" And so it was finally decided that the Major should have his one more chance.

The Major decided to return this time in the guise of an enlisted man. The crossing, of course, had to be made secretly. Arrangements were made by Meyer for a friendly Spaniard to act as guide. When a good night came — that is a very bad night as to weather — Anderson set out for the boundary with this Spaniard. It was raining torrents and was so dark that it was impossible for the men to keep sight of each other. The mountain trail was soon turned into a raging brook. Slipping and sliding around in the darkness, most of the time with the water up to their knees, and in imminent danger of falling down the side of the mountains, the pair finally made the crossing and when daylight came the Major once more stood on French soil. Hiding by day and traveling on freight trains by night, he finally succeeded in reaching Paris; and there, escaping the notice of the military police, he made his way to the hotel where the others were awaiting him.

Appearing at the rendezvous, the Major was greeted with great acclaim, for his friends were beginning to worry for fear that something had gone wrong. He gave them a detailed explanation of the situation as it had shaped itself since he had so unceremoniously fled from the prison, and told how, in order to finish up the work, he would have to be supplied with plans and coached on Liberty motors. Realizing that neither the Chief nor Captain Orcutt nor Captain Odell nor the Major himself knew enough about motors to successfully pass himself off as an expert, it was decided that they get a fifth man from the motor corps.

Captain Elwood was the one finally chosen. After carefully checking up his record both with his organization and with the Central Records Office, the Chief asked for his detail to his department. Much to the Captain's surprise and disgust he received an order to report at once to the Chief for duty. Upon his arrival the Chief took him into his confidence and told him why he had him detailed to the intelligence department. The Captain was informed concerning the dangers of the undertaking and was told that if he were captured it would be sunrise, a brick wall, and a firing squad, as his only reward. But the new man never flinched at the risks, and was eager to help with the work.

He set about securing blue prints and plans of some motor that would fool the Germans into believing that they had the real machine.

"I know of just the motor," said the Captain. "Only yesterday I received the plans of a new twelve cylinder motor that has been sent over here for a tryout under war conditions. The boche will never know the difference."

Captain Elwood was to return with Major Anderson to Spain, and there the Captain was to so confuse the "Group of Five" with his technical descriptions that they would see the necessity of sending him to Germany with the blue prints. The plan was checked and rechecked to avoid the possibility of a slip-up, and leaving Paris on the night train and traveling as an officer and his orderly, the two officers made their way to Pau. As their reason for being there, they told they were hunting deserters and that they intended to make a careful search of the entire country between Pau and the Spanish border. At length, working their way up into the mountains, they one day quietly passed over the frontier and into Spain, finally making their way to the "Group of Five" at San Sabastian.

Elwood was supposed to have been bought to betray his country, and according to German calculations it did not take much money to do it, either.

The Captain attempted to describe the motor and soon succeeded in so confusing his listeners that they realized full well that the only hope for the German High Command to ever understand it lay in sending Captain Elwood to Germany. But when this was proposed the Captain refused to go unless the Major accompanied him.

The Officers are Sent to Germany

Prince Joachim was still in San Sabastian and took an especial interest in Major Anderson's return with the motor drawings. Now he settled a vital point by saying:

"Both of these men shall go to Germany with me. I will look after them and will vouch for them to the High Command."

"That's all very well," replied the Major, "but how do you expect to get into Germany? If we make the attempt through France, we will surely be captured and shot. If we try it through a neutral country, our fate will be the same, for England will not allow us to pass."

"You need not fear capture," said Meyer. "Ever since the war started we have maintained a line of sub-

marines, running from the coast here to Kiel and they have been keeping to a regular schedule. The next one is due in a day or so and you can all return on her."

"How simple! But if this one is captured or sunk, who will be able, then, to give this information to the High Command?" demanded the Major.

"You need not fear," replied the leader. "In all the time they have been running, the enemy have succeeded in sinking only three of these boats. And we believe those three would not have been sunk if the captains had obeyed orders. At least, it's a chance you have to take. And as it is for our Kaiser and the Fatherland, why question? You will not have died in vain."

This was cold comfort enough, but the prospect of getting into Germany was enough to keep up the Americans' spirits. The leader told them to go to their quarters and he would notify them when the submarine came in.

On the night when the boat was due, the entire party left San Sabastian and went down to a small village on the coast where the submarines had been in the habit of landing. The night passed, but the boat did not put in its appearance. And for two days and two nights the party waited, all the while growing more and more anxious. Finally, on the third night, the boat arrived. The captain came ashore and after greetings were over he told why he was so far behind his schedule.

"After we had passed through the English Channel," said he, "we were chased for two days by an English destroyer. They tried their best to sink us, but by lying still on the bottom, we were able to give them the slip; and then we started for this place. I fear that they will be on the watch for us on the return trip and in that case we will have our work cut out for us in evading them."

When the captain was told there were three passengers for the return trip, he refused to give them passage; but when the Prince approached and the captain recognized who he was, he made no further objections.

The program being settled, the two American officers were called forward and introduced to the submarine captain; he bowed, but deliberately ignored the extended hand of the Major and, turning his back squarely on them, began to talk to the Germans. It was evident that while he intended obeying orders, he did not propose to associate with the Americans any more than was absolutely necessary.

While they were all standing on the beach, a Spanish patrol came along; and for a few minutes it looked as if the entire party would be arrested, then and there. The patrol demanded to know what they were doing and who they were. Meyer took the officer in charge to one side, and a few moments later he returned and said, by way of explanation, that, in Spain, a few pesos properly expended will accomplish almost anything. This by-play proved that the American intelligence staff was right when it contended that while Spain was supposed to be neutral, any one, by expending money, could get the police to overlook violations of Spanish neutrality.

After the captain of the submarine had delivered the mail bags for the "Group of Five," and had, in turn, received the mail for Germany, he said it was time to start. "Follow me to where the boat is drawn up on the beach," said he, "it is impossible for all of you to go in the small boat at one time, so His Highness and myself will go on board first and I will then send the boat back for the rest."

The captain and the Prince stepped into the boat and were rowed away in the darkness.

The leader of the "Group of Five" had noticed the deliberate insult of the captain of the submarine at the moment of the introduction and apologized, saying:

"Some of our officers do not realize what a help you have been to our cause, and no doubt you will meet others also, who, not knowing the true facts, will act as did the captain. You may rest assured, however, that those of us who know, will always remain your friends, and as for the rest, just continue on as you have started, unmindful of any slights, for Germany owes you a debt she can never repay."

The Major waved the matter aside as of no account. "We are governed by a high sense of duty," said he, "nor will we allow the slights of a few to deter us from carrying out our mission," — an innocent enough statement on the face of it, but what a difference it would have made had the Germans been aware of the real "duty" these officers were referring to.

After it was all over and the Major had returned to our headquarters and was relating the story, the Chief asked: "Major, what were your thoughts as you stood there that night awaiting the return of the boat?" "Well," said the Major, "I was wondering in case anything went wrong and a destroyer got us, just how my wife was going to prove I was dead, so she could collect my life insurance."

The Trip to Germany on the Submarine

When Anderson and Elwood stepped into the boat and shoved off, they knew there could be no turning back now, and as the boat made her way out to where the submarine was waiting, they looked across the dark Atlantic and each wondered if fate would permit him to once more cross the ocean to his loved ones.

The black shape of the submarine was gently rolling in the trough of the sea, and when the German sailors brought the boat alongside and all climbed aboard, the little boat was quickly stored away, and the submarine, submerging until her decks were awash, started back on her long journey to Kiel.

The captain assigned our officers a small room, telling them that under no circumstances were they to leave it unless he was with them.

"You are here by orders that I must obey," he said, "but, should you go rambling about the boat, the sailors might not understand and would perhaps quietly slip a knife into you and finish you."

Even in this room the Major and the Captain did not dare to talk over their experiences or future plans. So each man was left to his own thoughts and more than enough each got of them. They could not tell whether it was night or day; and as their meals were served in the room by a stolid German, they could not very well secure information as to the progress they were making. Occasionally the Prince came in and courteously passed a few words with them, but his was the only civility shown them. Once they were waked up because the gas engines and dynamos stopped humming and they knew that the boat had completely submerged.

When the submarine came to her dock in Kiel the Major found land more welcome than ever it was before, and he promised himself he would remain in Germany for the rest of the war before he would leave on a German submarine.

The Arrival and Journey to the German Headquarters

Disembarking, the Prince called a soldier to him and instructed him to guide them to the commanding

general's office. Passing along the quay, the two American officers got their first sight of the big submarine base at Kiel.

"Those, my dear friends," the Prince said, pointing to the many submarines, "will soon bring England to her knees suing for mercy, and then we will show those English what it means to incur Germany's hatred!! Never again will England be allowed to be a free nation!! Instead, she will be just a province of Imperial Germany!!!" (and the Major wondered just how much the Prince really believed of what he said).

Arriving at the German Barracks the three were turned over to the non-commissioned officer on duty at the gate, who piloted them to the office of the general. The Prince instructed the two Americans to remain in the outer room while he went in and explained the situation. They had hardly seated themselves when several German officers entered. One who spoke English approached and asked if they were prisoners of war.

"No," replied the Major. "We are free and attached to the German intelligence staff in Spain. We were formerly in the American Army, but as our sympathies are all with Germany we deserted as soon as we could after our arrival in France."

"Oh, I understand," said the officer. "You are traitors!!" Saying which he turned and addressing his companions in German:

"These are two American Pigs that have sold out their fellow countrymen for money! It is just as I have always said: You can buy the Americans any time for gold. They are like Judas of old, no honor! no bravery! but always chasing the dollar!! Bah!!! we do not need to fear the Yankee Army: they won't fight!!"

The Major, understanding all that was said, promised himself that if the chance ever came, he would make at least one German officer pay dearly for that insult.

Prince Joachim came back shortly, and ushering the Americans into the General's office he introduced them, and pointing to Major Anderson — "If it had not been for the courage and resourcefulness of this man," he said, "I would now be rotting in France."

"Germany owes you a debt that all honorable Germans will try and repay," said the General, shaking hands. "Until you can be sent forward to the High Command, you will have to remain here and to protect you from annoyance I will detail one of my staff who speaks your language to take care of you." Pressing a button, an orderly appeared and the general ordered him to go and find Captain Schmidt and tell him to report to him at once, and turning to the Prince began to converse with him in German.

By the time Schmidt came, the Prince had retired to his quarters, leaving the two officers with the General. Schmidt proved to be none other than the man who had insulted all Americans in the outer office, and the Major realized that fate had once more been kind to him, for he felt he would have the opportunity to wipe out that insult, if he but bided his time.

The General, having given Schmidt orders to take care of the Americans and see that they were supplied with food and comfortable quarters until such time as the German High Command sent for them, added pleasantly, in German:

"They are traitors, captain, and after we have milked them of all their information we will let the rats have them!"

But now, under the escort of the captain they were conducted to a small house in the barrack yard and assigned to a room. Here the captain told them they were to remain unless he personally called for them, saying:

"The temper of our people is such that if you attempted to go about by yourselves you would certainly be killed."

The windows of the room faced a blank wall; so with nothing to see and nothing to do, the time passed very slowly; and as there was the ever present danger of eavesdroppers, they had to content themselves with talking about impersonal subjects.

In three days the commanding general received a telegram ordering him to send the Americans to Great Headquarters under escort. Accordingly he sent word for them to prepare for their departure that same night. When they appeared before him ready to start he said:

"You are going to the High Command. Captain Schmidt will be your guide. The trip will be by train from here to Coblenz, and from there you will go by motor. I know you are with us but, nevertheless, I want to suggest that on the journey you do not show too much interest in things military, for some one might not understand. The Prince has asked that you be sent to his quarters before you leave. That is all!"

Dismissed without a good-bye or a handshake — just two traitors to their country who were tolerated merely because they were thought to have information that was of value. They knew for a certainty that after this information was secured they would be quietly killed, though they had saved the life of one of the royal family, unless they rescued themselves. Not a very pleasant outlook for two men who two years before had been peacefully wending civilian ways in America. Is it any wonder there were moments when they questioned whether any success was worth the risks they were taking? — for life was the least they stood to lose. They must stand as traitors, no more, no less, to their own people as to the Germans, if they were found out and shot; of necessity the American Chief must admit their disgrace as well as their deaths. "I only hope my family will never know just how I went west," said Captain Elwood, "for I would not wish my wife and children to think of husband and father as a traitor to his country." But that was a side of the case that did not bear talking about and was very rarely alluded to.

Prince Joachim seemed truly glad to see them and told them that he himself would soon join them at the headquarters. Wishing them good luck and a pleasant journey, he turned to the German captain and said:

"Captain, I shall hold you personally responsible for the safety of these two officers. You yourself will not offer them an insult or allow anyone else to do so while they are in your charge."

The Americans never saw or heard anything more of Prince Joachim, till the papers told of his suicide after the war. Neither the officers who arrested him nor the ones who liberated him will ever admit that that suicide was a coward. They had seen his manhood put to the test. He was a unique hero among modern royalties, and his courtesy and fair-mindedness made him singular among Germans.

The Trip to the German Headquarters

Returning to their room, the officers quickly finished packing their bags and when Schmidt came for them they were ready to start on what they hoped would be the last stage of their dangerous journey.

Arriving at the railroad station, they found that arrangements had been made for them to travel in a

private compartment and Captain Schmidt at once gave orders that, under no circumstances were they to leave it without him, and that no one was to be admitted unless he himself came also.

Shortly after leaving Kiel for Coblenz, the train entered the Zone of the Army, and, although classified as first-class, nevertheless the train was frequently shunted on to a side track and held there to allow troop and supply trains to rush toward the front. For the first time our men were able to study and ascertain the real conditions behind the German lines. It was to be readily seen that even thus early in 1918 the morale of the fighting machine which the Kaiser and his High Command had labored so hard to build up for the conquest of the world, was cracking under the strain. There were no songs now as the troops moved forward to the front lines — just a sullen scowl or a muttered curse as an officer passed them. The Allied propaganda was already at work and its poison was slowly sapping the vitality of the German Army. No longer did these men act like victors, but instead they seemed to realize they were fighting for a lost cause.

While waiting for one troop train to pass, another one came along and stopped opposite the track where the train bearing the two officers was waiting. The Americans had been recognized as such long before, and now the word was passed along the troop train. As many supposed they were prisoners, the German soldiers began to hoot and jeer at them. One who spoke English asked them if it were true that the Americans could only muster 10,000 men to fight in France, and also if it were true that the United States was at war with Mexico and Japan. When questioned as to why he had asked, he replied:

"That's what they tell us. I spent five years in the United States and I could not believe that our officers were telling us the truth."

Not venturing on any answer, the two officers could only laugh. So even the High Command was inventing fairy stories for their soldiers!

The train made its way slowly along, passing through the "rest areas" where the German troops were sent to recuperate from the front. The more was seen the less the morale looked what is expected of a victorious army. The famed goose step was gone and, instead, the men slouched along with heads down, and stragglers were almost as numerous as the marching troops. No semblance of order was observed on the march, and the troops looked more like a rabble than fighters.

Later on the train began to slow up even more than before, and to stop more frequently on the side tracks, while hospital trains, loaded with wounded, passed ahead. Here, again, the German commanders showed failure; for it is a well known rule in military tactics that wounded men coming from battle should never encounter fresh troops moving forward. Germany's railroads, however, were so overloaded with traffic that they were forced to transport the wounded back over the line the troops were using in passing to the front.

All day long the Major and the Captain sat in their compartment and watched the ebb and flow of the German Army. While they did not dare to speak of what was in their minds, nevertheless, eyes carried messages; and neither one doubted that the German Army was in a very demoralized condition. The only question was: "When will it crack wide open?"

When the long journey was at last nearing an end the German captain entered the compartment and told them that they would soon be in Coblenz, their destination. Here they expected to find the German High Command; and here, they planned to secure all possible information as quickly as possible before trying to escape into either Holland or Switzerland.

With a curt, "Follow me," Schmidt led the way out of the station and through the crowds to the waiting motor car. It was dark in Coblenz and, as the Allied aviators were at this time bombing the Rhine towns, no lights were allowed on the streets, so it was impossible to judge the conditions in the town. The motor slowly made its way to a hotel, where Schmidt announced:

"Here you will remain until the commanding general desires your presence. To-morrow I will bring you passes, so that you may walk through the town without danger of molestation, and the only order you will have to observe is to report at this hotel once during the forenoon and once during the afternoon and to remain off the streets after dark. I shall be busy at the office of the commandant, so if you get into trouble you can reach me there. When the General is ready for you I will be notified and will come for you. That is all."

Twice during the night the air raid alarm sounded, but our officers were too tired and sleepy to trouble to go to the cellar for safety.

In Coblenz

Early the next morning the German captain came and gave them their passes and, once more repeating his order of the previous night, left them to their own devices. Deciding that they would now lose no time in endeavoring to obtain the information which they had come so far to secure, they sallied forth. Carefully avoiding everything which would attract the least attention, they were still successful in learning much of value to the Allied Command.

Several times during the walk Major Anderson believed they were being followed, although at no time could he be certain. Finally, to test the matter, they entered a café. They went in one of the larger and taking a seat at a table near the door, they ordered refreshments. While slowly drinking beer, they watched the crowds pass in and out, but did not see any trailer. At length, two young women came in and took seats at an adjacent table. After looking around for a few minutes, they caught the eye of Major Anderson and, smiling, they arose and came over to his table. They at first spoke in German, but the Major shook his head, saying in Spanish:

"We do not speak German. We are Spaniards."

So the women began talking to them in Spanish. It was all so very bold that Major Anderson felt confident that it was a trap and that here were the people who had been following them around the city.

Believing them members of the German spy system, he determined to lead them on until they should reveal their true identity. Carrying out this idea brought about an acquaintance with the pair which finally saved his and Elwood's lives and made them far more successful in serving their country than they had ever dreamed they could be. Both these girls were young, attractive and well dressed; furthermore, it was soon apparent that, while they might do almost anything to accomplish their mission, they were not members of the underworld of Coblenz.

The woman who had first smiled at the Major asked if they were strangers in town and where they lived in Spain before coming to the city.

"Yes, we are strangers now," the Major replied,

"but we hope to make this town our home in the future. We came here from San Sabastian."

"Indeed," said the young woman, "we have always lived here and we would be very glad to be your guides and help you select a good hotel and point out the various places of interest, as well. Of course we expect pay for our services; but we will try and make the acquaintance pleasant. At what hotel are you living now?"

When the Major told her, she said: "Why, how fortunate! We, too, are living at that very hotel."

The talk grew general and friendly, and when it was approaching the time when the German captain had told them they must be at the hotel, the Major paid the bill and the four left the café together. Bidding the two women good-bye in the hotel lobby, the officers went directly to their room. The Major quietly shut and locked the door and then, placing his finger on his lips, took out his pencil and wrote the following:

"Without a doubt these girls have been sent here to spy upon us. Their plan is, I believe, to make love to us and in this way secure our confidence in the hope that we will tell them who we really are. It's a very clever scheme, and we must be exceedingly cautious that we do not say or do anything which will give them an inkling of our true status."

The use of pencil and paper between Major Anderson and Captain Elwood was the only means they had of communicating to each other things which they did not want a third party to hear. All the time they were in Germany, they had to be on their guard every second, for it was an easy matter to conceal a dictagraph in a room and a thoughtless word might spell quick disaster.

After some thought on this new phase of the game, the Major determined upon a bold stroke. "If we can win the love of these two women," he wrote, "we can soon learn whether our suspicions are true, or not. We must be careful, however, that we do not ourselves become entangled," — and the captain nodded his head that he understood.

The plan was clever. While the two women were trying to gain the confidence of the two officers, the officers, on the other hand, aware of the real identity of these women, would to all appearances, concur in their plans and make love to them, but the end the men proposed was that the women would work for them instead of against them. The methods used to accomplish this end will never be known, for both the Major and the Captain agreed never to tell about this phase of the work; and as for the two women, we should be charitable and remember that after all they were human beings before they were spies for the Kaiser.

It was a battle of wits and finally the two Americans won. One night, while seated in the park, where it was impossible for any one to approach from any direction without being seen, one of the girls told their story:

"From the first we have known you were not Spaniards, but in reality were American officers. You," pointing to Anderson, "were a Major, while your associate was a Captain. We have heard your story from the officer in charge of our department.

"The German High Command are not sure about you, so instead of sending you straight to headquarters, they decided to have you wait over here, meantime calling upon us to find out if you are what you claim to be. Of course we know all about the Major's success in assisting His Highness to escape and that the Captain stole the plans of the Liberty motor; but even this was not sufficient to convince the powers that you are just what you claim to be. To learn your secrets, we were sent here to work on you and to see if we could get you to fall in love with us and in time tell us the truth. I do not know whether you are honest or not and I do not care. From now on I am going to protect you from harm, if possible, so that, when the war is over, we can do as we have planned. If you are spies, I will help you to escape into Switzerland; if, on the other hand, you are what you claim, you must, nevertheless, be careful and make your escape, for as surely as the sun rises, you will be quietly put out of the way after you have told all you know. Please, please, be careful! You know what it means to us if you are killed, now!"

While the Major had every reason to believe that this woman was telling the truth, still he would not allow her story to influence him in any way, so he said:

"I know you really mean what you say, but my story is as I have told it. I am an escaped American criminal with a large price on my head because I have always wanted to help Germany, nor can I ever return to my home or American friends again. If Germany should lose this war, the Americans, if they could find us, would demand that we be turned over to them for punishment, and I believe the Germans will do as you say and kill us if they can after we have given them all the information we have, but that is a chance we will have to take. However, with you to help us, I do not worry about the outcome."

"From now on, be the results what they may," replied the girl, "we work for your safety. To-morrow I will report to my chief that you are what you claim to be."

True to her promise, on the following day this woman reported in favor of the two Americans. But she further suggested that she be allowed to remain on the case to watch them. So her chief told her to go ahead and keep an eye on them. Thus, this woman was able to keep the Major posted on just what was planned for them.

Meeting General Von Hindenburg

On the same afternoon when this friend made her report, Captain Schmidt came to the hotel and said: "To-morrow you will go with me to the German headquarters. There the Major will receive the thanks of His Majesty for saving the life of His Highness and will be expected to give all the information he has regarding the enemy's activities, while the Captain will be turned over to the chief of the air service to give information about the motor. I will be here at daylight." Then bidding the two officers go to bed early, he departed.

This was an unlooked-for event, for at no time had the thought occurred to either the Major or the Captain that they would be separated. Consequently, no arrangements had been made to cover such an eventuality, but they had agreed long before to tell the German authorities the truth, and only the truth as to the American army in France. That was a great protection against being found out under any circumstances, and in this case the truth was all that they could ask for in disconcerting the enemy. Now there was nothing to do but to stick to this program and trust to the same good fortune that had protected them so far, giving each other messages to carry back home if one got through while the other died. They wrote these out, each read the other's, and then the paper was chewed up and swallowed. They always chewed up and swallowed all the communications that passed between them. This was a process that discouraged loquacity and at that they suffered indigestion from so much paper. They were busily engaged when there was a rap on the door and a note was pushed under it.

Opening it the Major read: "Meet us in the park in twenty minutes" — and it was signed by one of the women.

Realizing that it was urgent, the two officers immediately went to the appointed rendezvous, where, notwithstanding their haste, the two women were already awaiting them.

Gretchen said:

"To-morrow you are to see the general. Do not tell him all you know the first time. Keep some of it back, and do not worry. You will not be separated for any length of time. To-morrow night you will both return here. We are both working for you, and before long we will have a plan arranged so that you can escape without fear of being captured and shot. Do not be afraid. Everything will come out all right."

After a brief personal talk over future plans, Anderson and Elwood returned to the hotel, to await the arrival of Captain Schmidt and the motor car which would take them to the German headquarters.

On the next morning, before daylight, they were awakened by a servant bringing them their breakfast, and just as the morning glow came into the eastern sky, Schmidt appeared. Now, at last, after weary weeks of danger and uncertainty and waiting, they got in a car and were on their way to the sacred head of the German Army.

The headquarters had been established in a large chateau, about fifteen miles outside of the city. The motor quickly covered the distance and before the country was scarcely awake, they speeded up the driveway and stopped before the door. Telling Captain Elwood to remain in the car, Major Anderson and Captain Schmidt passed by the guards, entered and walked the length of the hall, where the German opened a door that led into an ante-room. Telling the officer on duty there to say to the General that they had arrived, the officer disappeared through another door and returning almost immediately said:

"The General is waiting for you. Enter."

Anderson, with a firm grip on his nerves, followed the German through the door and at last stood face to face with von Hindenburg, himself.

Captain Schmidt saluted, and in English said: "This is the man who saved His Highness from being executed as a spy. By direction of His Highness I have brought him here to you."

"Very good," replied the General, in the same tongue. "You may retire to the ante-room and wait there until I send for you."

After Captain Schmidt had left the room, von Hindenburg turned to the Major, saying:

"Sit down. I have already been informed of your excellent work and His Majesty has commissioned me to thank you in his name. You will soon receive a more substantial reward direct from His Majesty. However, I want you to tell me all about the conditions in France — how many troops the Americans have succeeded in bringing over and everything you can think of that will assist me in learning the true conditions behind Foch's lines. Before you begin, I want to send the other man to the aviation staff so that they can learn about the Liberty Motor," and calling the orderly, the General instructed him to tell Captain Schmidt to take the other American officer to the aviation office, and when they were again alone, he told Major Anderson to go ahead.

For two hours, Anderson sat in General von Hindenburg's office, picturing to him that two millions of Americans had already landed in France, and with them, thousands of aeroplanes and cannon and millions of tons of supplies. He told of the large fleet of ships the Americans had built and how these ships with British tonnage maintained a constant stream of men and supplies into France. As the story progressed, von Hindenburg turned paler and paler, while his wrinkles grew deeper and deeper, until, at length, unable longer to control his feelings, the General arose and began pacing up and down his office. It was not necessary to exaggerate, the truth was sufficient, and without doubt the General realized that Germany was doomed and that it was only a question of time before she would be forced to her knees, unless the present drive on Paris was successful. At last the blood rushed back to Hindenburg's face in a dangerous looking tide, and he seemed apoplectic when, with a muttered curse, he ordered Major Anderson from the room and told him to return to his hotel. He could not stand any more truth that day.

Late that night, Captain Elwood, returning from his interview with the Chief of the Aviation Corps, whispered to his confederate: "I surely did sell them to that motor. They are now planning on building a factory and putting me in charge of it to manufacture it."

"If possible, we must not allow them to separate us that way," replied the Major. "If you are sent into the interior of this country, no one knows what will happen to you. Remember and fight such a suggestion, for we must stick together."

The next morning, to the surprise of both officers, von Hindenburg sent a motor car, with instructions to bring Captain Elwood to his office.

After Elwood's departure, the Major, not caring to walk the streets by himself, remained in his room. As the time passed and still Elwood did not return, he began to fear that old von Hindenburg, maddened with an overdose of the truth, had ordered the guard to shoot the captain. But after a racking wait he came in with a report he could not get down on paper fast enough. What it came to was that Hindenburg was in such a state that he longed to shoot some one and Elwood thought it very likely that they would speedily face a firing squad if they did not make a speedier get-away.

Just as they were planning ways and means of escaping, there came three gentle raps on the door — the signal agreed upon between the two officers and the two women. Opening the door, Gretchen stepped into the room. She was pale and showed that she was laboring under great excitement.

"Major!!" she exclaimed. "You are under suspicion! And just as soon as the Captain is through with his description of the motor and they feel confident they understand it, you both are to be quietly put out of the way. I have been ordered to keep a close watch on you so that you will not escape. Oh, what are we going to do?"

"The only thing," replied the Major, "is for me to appeal to His Highness for protection. You must find out for me just where he is and I will write him a letter."

"That's all very well," said the woman, "but if I were you, I would not depend too much on him. Even he has to give in to the High Command. Instead of trusting to him, let us all concentrate our minds and efforts upon your escaping into Holland, away from all the treachery of the Germans. I am going now, but before I sleep I will try and find the solution."

After she had gone, the Major and the Captain sat up trying to find a way out. It began to look as if, with victory almost within their grasp, they were going

to fail. That night the firing squad and the brick wall seemed very real and very near. Various plans were discussed and rejected, and just as daylight was breaking in the eastern sky and they had decided to make a run for it that very night, the soft signal rap sounded and there were the two women.

The Escape

"I have solved it for you, Major," cried Gretchen. "Listen and do not interrupt, and you will never say that a woman's wit is not a match for a man's brain — this is the plan:

"Both of you men, according to what you have said, are now outlaws. In France, there is a price on your heads, because you have turned traitors, and if captured you will be shot unless you can offer something of great value in exchange for your life. Here, in Germany, it is only a question of time before you will be milked dry and then it will be a firing squad, or a quiet stab, or a shot in the dark and the Rhine. You cannot remain here and you cannot escape into Holland, so your only hope is to return to France through the front, taking back something that may help you to win back your lives.

"For a long time I have been on friendly terms with two of the officers of the general staff. Their devotion to the cause has been waning for some time, as they have realized the Germans were playing a losing game ever since the Americans came into the war. They have read the reports of your interviews with Hindenburg and they know that there is no hope of a German victory now. They do not like the idea of staying in Germany after the defeat, for they are afraid the German people won't look upon the army officers with favor then, and they are anxious to get away if possible. I have just left one of them and he is willing to do almost anything to get away, he is so desperate, and the other will go with him. I have made them see that their only chance of getting out of Germany lies in going with you.

"Now, here is the great point. I can induce these men to steal all the general staff's most vital plans and records and drawings."

No wonder the girl was tense and short-breathed with excitement. The men were used to tremendous experiences, but here was a moment that will always stand out beyond any memories of personal dangers. Here was beckoning a bigger success than anyone had ever even dreamed about. They only nodded for her to go on, and the girl told how the four fugitives could get into Metz and, at the first opportunity, slip over the trenches and cross No Man's Land and surrender.

"You will be granted a pardon," she concluded, "for the information these two German officers will bring with them will be so valuable that, instead of being classed as deserters, you will be hailed as heroes. What do you think of it?"

It was a wild plan, not to be accepted instantly. No one but a woman could have conceived such an idea; but, by its very boldness, it held a chance of success. The situation was desperate and the more Major Anderson thought, the more he thought here was the only chance they had for serving their country and saving their lives.

Questioned about their German colonels, both women urged that they could be trusted to the limit. Anyway, the Americans saw that they must take the chance. It was agreed that they should remain within doors all day and that the women should see if they could arrange for the two German colonels to visit them that night. The strain of waiting and wondering was almost more than Anderson and Elwood could bear. Once more calling into play their pencil and paper, they discussed this new phase of the case — was it a trap and they the victims? Or was it real and victory almost within their grasp, a victory beyond belief? Time only could tell and time on this day crawled as if the hours would never pass.

Late that night, the signal rap once more sounded and here were the women with two German colonels in uniform. Gretchen told that she had talked it all over with the men. They were willing to carry out their part to help the Americans get away, if the Americans would make them certain pledges to be fulfilled when all were finally safe in France.

"Our proposition is this," said one of the Germans. "We can secure all the data needed to enable Foch to so plan his attack that victory will be sure, but we demand three things: First, we must be protected as long as we live from the long arm of the German spy system; second, we are giving up all our property in Germany, so we must have $50,000 in cash for our own use, and third, we must be furnished transportation to some foreign country where, under another name, we can start life over again. We can, without danger, secure the necessary passes to allow us to take you to the front. In fact, we can say we are taking you up to the front so that you will be killed up there, instead of here in Coblenz. We are allowed to travel anywhere, and when we get to the front lines, we can slip over in the night and before morning be safely in the Allied trenches."

Major Anderson promised that they should have all they asked, provided they furnished information up to their specifications.

"Never fear on that score," was the answer, "we will have all the various plans for the campaigns."

The woman who had been successful in making the arrangements urged us to hurry our start. "The quicker the better," she whispered, "for every hour you remain here increases the danger of orders being issued to confine you — and then it would be all over."

The German officers said they could be ready by the next night. It was decided the start must be made near midnight of the following day.

On the theory that they were taking the Americans off to be quietly put out of the way, the German colonels got permission for all four to proceed by motor to the front line trenches. To assist them, Captain Schmidt was sent along, although both the colonels protested against it vigorously.

After bidding the two women farewell, the party started for Metz, and everything progressed according to plans; and the next night found the entire party established in that town, where, as soon as morning came, Colonel Harte went forward to reconnoitre the front, in order to find a place where all could cross over. After two days of searching, he reported that he had discovered just the place.

The next question was what to do with Schmidt.

"I have a way out of the difficulty," said Major Anderson. "Let him go into the front line with us. I will attend to him when the time comes, for I owe him a great deal for his studied insults to my country, and before I go across I want to repay him."

On the next afternoon the entire party made their way into the front trenches; and by careful maneuvering they arrived near midnight at the place selected.

There were only two soldiers on guard, and when the colonel ordered them to go to their dugout they went without question. Then came the final act in the drama.

Realizing that if they attempted to cross while Captain Schmidt was alive, he would at once give the alarm, it was decided that the time had come to settle all scores with him. He was quietly seized and as quietly silenced, and when they passed over the top the Major remarked: "He will never insult Americans again."

The four noiselessly made their way through the barbed wire entanglements and were soon swallowed up in the darkness. All was moving as planned, when a cry arose behind them in the German trenches. Apparently a passing patrol had stumbled over the body of Captain Schmidt. With that the whole truth was easy to read. Star shells were sent up, and the four officers were forced to keep close to the ground and not move. Then both sides began to shell No Man's Land, and they were in great danger. After a time the sector quieted down; and when morning dawned the four out there in No Man's Land got into a shell hole and stayed there all day, not daring to show themselves to either side. They realized the Germans were trying to locate them with field glasses.

When darkness finally closed in again it was decided that one of the Americans should make his way to the Allied trenches and arrange for the others to come in without the danger of an alarm. The Captain and the Major drew lots to see who would undertake this dangerous trip. The Major drew the shorter, and, with a handshake and a whispered "Good luck," he stepped out of the shell hole and, creeping and crawling along, finally came to an American listening post.

Creeping up, he whispered: "Do not shoot! I am an American officer who has been a prisoner in Germany!" — and he crawled over the top and into the trench.

He was immediately seized and, since he was in civilian clothes, the men were for shooting him as a spy, then and there. Finally convincing them that they would ruin everything if they did not take him to their commanding officer, they tied his hands behind his back and took him to the Colonel in command of that section. Here he told part of his story, and arranged once more to return to the shell hole and bring in the rest.

The return trip was even more dangerous, for the Germans had searching parties out in No Man's Land hunting for them. He finally succeeded, however, in finding the others, and before the sun rose in the east all four were on their way to the General Headquarters.

At the Headquarters, Anderson and Elwood were hailed with shouts of joy, for they had been given up as dead. After the story was told and after the Colonels of the German Army had been promised that whatever arrangements or promises the Major had made would be carried out, they turned over their plans and information. To enable Marshal Foch to quickly utilize this information, the German officers were sent to him under escort.

Within two months the entire German Army was in full retreat. Major Anderson and Captain Elwood, however, were deprived of any part of the final victory, for while on the train, en route to the leave area to rest, both were taken ill with pneumonia, brought on by the nervous strain and exposure. When that memorable day came, the day the armistice was signed, these two brave Americans were once more fighting for their lives and once again, in their delirium, living over their recent experiences.

With the ultimate disposition of the two German Colonels or the real names of those who accomplished a seemingly impossible task, the public cannot be permitted to concern itself.

The world knows the story of Prince Joachim's suicide. The American officers who participated in this great feat will always believe that the Prince killed himself because he realized that he was the means by which the Americans were successful in reaching officers of the German High Command and in inducing them to turn traitor, helping thus materially to conquer Germany.

From a Dispatch in the New York Times, July 22, 1919

GERMAN SOLDIERS WHO AIDED ALLIES HERE FOR SAFETY

Washington, July 21.—Two German "prisoners" who were brought to New York on the transport Agamemnon for protection by the United States government in return for extremely valuable military information which they furnished to the American Expeditionary Forces in France, will probably be brought to Washington to-morrow and turned over to General Marlborough Churchill, Director of Military Intelligence.

All that could be learned to-night was that the two men had, *for certain inducements*, given the American military intelligence officers in France information of very great value regarding the plans of the German General Staff, probable lines of retreat, where the Germans would make stands and other information of high strategic value, which was of great service in that it enabled General Pershing in his great offensive in the Argonne in 1918 to proceed with definite knowledge as to much of the German staff's program. It enabled the Americans greatly to cut down the losses they might otherwise have sustained in battle.

Very great regret was expressed to-night in high military circles that the story of the dispatch of these men had become known as the result of the careless announcement that such men were on the passenger list of the Agamemnon.

When Secretary Baker was told something of the story of the arrival of the men, he told the *Times* correspondent that he had never heard the story and knew none of the details.

New York Times, July 23

Washington, July 22.—High army officers to-day confirmed the account of the circumstances under which the two German officers who had furnished valuable military information to the American army have been brought to this country for their self-protection.

From the London Times, July 19, 1920

SUICIDE OF PRINCE JOACHIM

YOUNGEST SON OF EX-KAISER

(From our own correspondent)

Berlin, July 18.—It is officially announced that Prince Joachim of Prussia, the youngest son of the ex-Kaiser and the ex-Kaiserin, in a fit of nervous excitement, shot himself in the Villa Liegnitz at Potsdam on Saturday morning. His injuries were so great that he succumbed at 1 o'clock this morning.

Prince Joachim of Prussia, sixth and youngest son of the ex-Kaiser, was born at Berlin on December 17, 1890. He was a weakly child, and it is recorded that he owed his life to the affectionate care and unwearied devotion of an English nurse, who is called "Nanna" in some of the many volumes which tell of life with the Hohenzollern family.

The uncompromising and fearless "Nanna" even waged war against the whole Court when the time came to remove "Pykie"—as he was nicknamed—from her care and to confide him to professors. The rigid educational machine, she shrilly proclaimed, would ruin him, and for a while the amused support of the boy's father gave her victory. But in the end "Nanna" was dismissed to England with an ample pension, and Joachim was caught in the machine for the preparation of princes.

Early in 1911 Prince Joachim entered the Army, and a fall from his horse at maneuvers is all that is recorded of his early career as an officer. In 1913, at a time when official Germany had determined to organize for a German victory at the Olympic Games to be held at Berlin in 1916, Prince Joachim was chosen as the representative of his family, and solemnly took up track athletics. This and other plans, however, were interrupted by the outbreak of the war, when he joined the regiment of cavalry in which he ultimately became a captain. He was serving as an aide-de-camp on the firing line in September, 1914, when German official dispatches announced that a piece of shrapnel had wounded him in the upper part of the right thigh, without touching the bone. A brief spell of hospital soon cured this, and he returned to Berlin, to be met at the station by his mother, who "pointed proudly to the Second Class Iron Cross on her son's breast."

There was a sudden rush of machinists forward through the green vapor rising from the battery floor

The Crash Dive

A Submarine Adventure

By Warren H. Miller

Illustrated by J. Henry

"HAND me the is-was, Lieutenant — the enemy heaveth in sight!" I handed him the is-was. Officially it is called the Submarine Attack Calculator, Mark II, but Annapolis dubs it the is-was, descriptive of the state of mind of him who would figure out torpedo firing angles on it. The confusing is-was consists of a small celluloid device of concentric circles and arrows, with a black outline of the enemy ship in the center circle. You take your periscope angle, your course in degrees, the enemy's course and speed — as near as you can guess it — and then you do things with them on the is-was. The answer will be your torpedo firing angle, but it has a disconcerting way of coming out upside down, hence, is-was.

You will gather from all this that we were on a submarine and about to attack something. Quite true. We were a whole fleet of them, Z-boats, chugging along in abreast surface formation, awash in the tumbling seas and rolling like so many eggs. Out in the distant haze of the horizon the target boat had come in sight. She was a Fleet motor-sailer, so light in draught that our torpedoes would go clear under her. At that distance the white caps of the umpires and observing officers aboard her and the blue uniforms of her crew made mere dots of color over her gray gunwale as she crept along the horizon some three miles off.

The Goat, officially Junior Lieutenant Hugo Knef, U. S. N., sat perched on the brass flare of our conning tower reaching out his hand for the is-was. He was the captain of that doughty, if diminutive ship, the *U. S. S. Z-8,* whose narrow strip of flat steel deck lay below us washed over by the whitecaps, while astern two white gas plumes, from our Diesel exhaust, sputtered and snorted in the wash of our wake.

Like most submarine captains, The Goat was young, twenty-three or thereabouts, but he looked older because of his scanty, curled hair and baldish forehead. With his habitually sardonic expression and his eagle-beak nose and Punch chin, The Goat reminded me of some medieval gargoyle as he roosted perilously on the edge of our tower, balancing against the roll of the ship and maneuvering the circles of the is-was to agree with the periscope bearings and courses being passed up to him through a speaking tube from his ensign below.

I called his attention to a yellow signal cone-and-cylinder now rising on the jackstaff of our flagship, the

Z-3, commanded by Lieutenant Crinky Barnes, C. in C. The Goat glanced over at her and read the signal:

"Crash dive and attack, says Crinky," he remarked, still moving the pointers of the is-was around and puzzling which way to read it. "Below there, — secure all hatches!" he yelled down the trap door inside our conning tower. Directly under us, the helmsman bending over his gyro repeater compass, raised his red face, his ear cocked below.

"Aye, sir — all secure!" he passed up the hail. Then his fingers went on prodding at a set of small electric buttons in a box, an odd way it seemed to me to steer a ship, so accustomed are we to an honest-to-God wheel.

The Goat took a last look at the target boat by way of checking up and then read the is-was. "Course 110 degrees. Stand by for crash dive!" he ordered.

As Observer of these maneuvers I entered his calculation in my notes. Then we gathered up pipes binoculars, log pads, the is-was and other small deer that must not be left out in the wet and tumbled below. The Goat's disreputable old battle-practice blouse, with its insignia green with salt spray and a ragged flannel shirt collar sticking up over its frowsy braid, hovered over us as we descended. His brown eyes twinkled merrily down at me as I struggled through the narrow, round mouth of the trap door and bade the blessed light of day good-bye.

"Feelin' creepy, Lieutenant?" he teased, for your submarine man thinks he rates the right to haze us aristocrats of the dreadnaughts once he gets us in his power.

"Nope. If that congressman hadn't insisted on coming aboard you yesterday — and you weren't The Goat, sweet child of bad luck — I'd figure on coming up again some time this century!" I shot back at him.

The Goat made an obscene gesture in reply. "There goes Crinky's execution signal! All secure below?" he called out.

"Aye, aye, sir!" growled a confused medley of voices under us.

The Goat's long legs at once climbed swiftly down the ladder and immediately the trap door clanged over his head. Men pulled at levers as I jumped to the periscope, watch in hand. Over the humpy, gray sea I could now see the rest of the fleet diving like so many porpoises. Our own bows had disappeared in a wash of foam; then there was nothing but tumbling whitecaps visible and the white flash of them obscured the small periscope pane at intervals. Then came solid green.

"Good dive! Fifty-six seconds!" I called out, noting the time on my pad. The Goat grinned and looked at his depth gauge. Two sailors at the bow and stern diving rudder wheels worked them in unison; the gauge showed twenty-five feet and going lower. You could feel no sensation of dropping. Nothing at all. Beside me the helmsman stood holding course 110 steadily, his hands this time on a real wheel.

"Oh, I'm a hoodoo all right and proud of it!" ejaculated The Goat. "Got the nickname at Annapolis, because where there's trouble you'll generally find little me cuddlin' up to it. But we're down O. K., you see, and in good time, too."

"Yea bo, but you had that congressman aboard yesterday," I objected, "smoking cigars all over the boat, chuckin' matches around promiscuously — damn these landlubbers, anyway!"

"Yep. God help the poor sailorman!" grinned The Goat. "It's strictly against regulations, but he insisted on coming aboard and the Commander let him. This Hicks is a big bug on the House Committee and we can't antagonize these fellows. Let's have a look around the ship, anyway — Trouble loves me!" he added, impulsively, for my air of doubt was still impressive.

We started through the after battery room containing the main switchboard, passed aft along the lines of Diesel cylinders now silent and glistening with oil, inspected the electric motors which were driving the ship. Then we went forward through the small eating and sleeping room for officers and crew together and entered the torpedo compartment to see that the tubes were ready. Throughout, the Z-8 was O. K. and clean, and painty, and cheerful as a new toy.

But I couldn't resist the temptation to rag him. "She looks good," I conceded, "but, say — don't you smell anything?" I asked, sniffing suspiciously.

"Aw!" protested The Goat. "Lay off on that! I'll have them drop a bucket of water over you if you will pull any of that calamity stuff, Loot!"

He lifted up a cap in the battery floor, however, to make sure that no sea water was leaking in anywhere, for the smell of chlorine gas would be its first indication.

"Tight as a drum, — see?" He made a face at me, his tormentor. Just then his ensign came forward to us. "Two miles run, sir. 'Bout time to have a look?"

"Raise her easy; I'm coming," replied The Goat. "Damn your congressman, anyhow, Lulu! He was a harmless critter enough. Mere pompous ass."

The Z-8 was rising slowly as we re-entered the crowded little space of the control. The Goat took the periscope and sighted, holding his breath.

"Down! — Crash her!" he barked. Immediately the gauge dropped to thirty-five feet, yet there was no sensation of falling. Not even a dip of the floor, for the sailors at the diving rudder wheels kept her level.

"That's well! . . . We're a bit too far off yet," The Goat explained to me. "If they saw my 'scope on the target boat that time, I lose half my score."

A few minutes passed while the ensign noted further distance run on the log. "Try her now, sir," he suggested.

"Ready up!" ordered The Goat. He glued himself to the periscope, his thumb fingering the firing key, alert to press it.

"On the range! Left rudder! *Left!* That's well! . . . *Bow!*" he barked, pressing the firing key, and *"Bow!"* he grunted a second time as he pressed it an instant later for the second torpedo. "Shift torpedo ports!"

"Aye, sir! — Shifter she is!" we heard the ghostly voice of his gunner through the speaking tube, telling that the escape ports had been shifted for the other two torpedos.

The Goat aimed his ship again: "Right rudder! Steady! Steady! . . . *Bow!*" he grunted viciously as he snapped the firing key, "— Right, a bit! . . . *Bow!*"

The ship jarred and seemed to halt each time a torpedo left us. From the checking periscope I watched their long lines of foamy bubbles stretching away from us toward the target boat. The Goat was some little shot, aiming his sub as a gun! Two of his torpedoes were now shooting right under the target; one would pass a bit to the left, the other rather wild.

"Two hits; one close miss; one mean one!" I announced. "Rotten, Goat! Crinky in the Z-3 will smear you sure!"

The Goat raised his lips in a hideous smile. *"Three* hits, Looie! Bet you a month's pay on it. Also, Crinky won't beat the score." The devil knew that his string would be hard to beat. I did not take that bet! The umpires on the target boat would have to wise me about it first!

"Drop to forty-five feet and we'll go get our torpedoes," said The Goat to his ensign. "Come on, Lieutenant, let's find out where the rest of the fleet is at."

We went to the forward battery room, where an electrician sat before the microphone set, listening receivers clamped over his ears. Up on our bows outside there was a big hook like a three-pronged anchor, bearing three long carbon cones. By the position of these cones with respect to the other subs we could tell where they were and about how far off.

"Z-3 bearing 70 degrees to starboard; Z-5, 60 to port; Z-7, coming up astern on our starboard quarter, sir," announced the electrician in reply to The Goat's inquiring look.

"Le's go! Some one of these people will bean us with a tin fish if we don't make knots out of their way!" declared The Goat.

Indeed the *Toot-toot-toot! Toot-toot-toot!* of Z-7's submarine vibrator was sounding through the water, seemingly coming in from all about us. To me the direction was hard to place, but The Goat smiled on me indulgently.

"'Buy a 'am and see life!' Lulu," he quoted Kipling at me, facetiously. "She'll go right over us. She's signalling us to get out of the way as she wants the fairway to fire in. — Drop to sixty feet, there!" he called out.

In spite of me I was getting excited over all this. To think of that big craft astern now swimming right over our heads! Small enough the submarines seem to a dreadnaught man — but The Goat could not run out of this fleet formation any too soon for me!

And then the faint, acrid taint of chlorine gas came to my nostrils.

"Say, man, gas!" I gasped, grabbing The Goat's sleeve. "Straight goods! I smell it!"

The Goat laughed me to scorn, inhumanly; the electrician grinned and turned his face away toward the instrument box.

Then he sneezed!

Our worst disasters do not announce themselves by any "suddenlys." They just happen, casually; nothing unusual seems wrong. The first certainty that we had that the menace of chlorine was really upon us was the glimpse of a sailor distantly seen aft, struggling with something overheard in the after battery room and being showered with sea water which glinted like drops of rain in the electrics. Then there was a sudden rush of machinists forward through the green vapor rising from the battery floor, and, as they tumbled out into Control, the bulkhead door clanged behind them, shutting off the entire after part of the ship.

In one leap The Goat was among them, towering over the excited crew, his eye stern, his sardonically good-natured face now a pucker of hard lines.

"What's up — who did it?" he demanded fiercely.

"Some dizzy boot left the inside cap to the Diesel air intake closed, sir," husked one of the sailors. "It had a right to be open, so I slipped the cap, an' down comes all that sea water, sir. The outer cap must be leakin'."

The Goat's face grew grave. "Doyle, fetch me a gas mask from the pharmacist's stores — look lively, now!" he ordered.

"You're not going in there!" I protested.

"Lay off on the heroics, Lulu!" grinned The Goat. "Of course I'm going in there! We won't have any power on the motors in another minute, and then we're doomed to stay down until some one fishes us up. The main switchboard's in there, see? I've got to reach it to throw the forward batteries on the motors. That's obvious to the intelligence of a frog, ain't it?"

I subsided. These U-men knew their toys, all right! Presently The Goat slipped on his mask and a hollow chuckle came from behind the ghastly goggles. "Ain't we got handsome — what? Stand clear of that bulkhead door!" came his muffled order.

He turned the securing cams and slipped inside. For an instant we got the sound of dripping water and a hideous green vapor tumbled out into Control, setting us all coughing. A minute later the door opened again and he leaped out, while the rumble of motors astern went on reassuringly. It was all over — maybe!

The Goat ripped off his mask. "I'll bet a million it was that rube of a Hicks who queered us!" he growled wrathfully. "Bring her up, boys! Paine, you signal the C. in C. we're breaking formation and ask him to pick up our torpedoes," he sang out to the electrician. "We'll have to limp home on the motors, — one battery!"

Immediately blowout valves were opened, the diving rudder wheels spun and our gauge needle crept around as we crashed to the surface. Our vibrator began to toot Morse vociferously at Crinky, while sunlight over the sea shone down once more through the periscope. Then the hatch in the conning tower opened and we all raced up the ladder following The Goat.

"Good work, Knef!" I hastened to congratulate him. "Wouldn't have missed that stunt for a year's sea duty!"

But The Goat was paying nobody any attention. He had darted over the wet brass flare of the tower the moment the water drained out of it and was now turning vigorously at the outside cap of the Diesel intake which jutted up over the upper deck. Then he stooped and felt under its rim and presently drew forth — a match, crushed flat, but still solid and a thing that could easily have jammed under the cap and caused our leak.

"Yah! The fat, pompous, cigar-puffing, match-hurling hick! He did it!" snarled The Goat. "Oh, let me at him! Let me kill him!"

The Goat was considerably ruffled, and well he might be. The Devil always looks after carelessly thrown matches and this one had lodged under the cap of our intake, preventing it from closing. If the innef cap had been left open, as it is supposed to be, that small leak would have been noticed at once. But some nervous fool had shut the inner cap and the intake had simply filled solid with water. Then, when one of the crew had noticed that closed cap and opened it, down came the water on our battery floor.

A steady draught of chlorine gas was now coming up from below. Most of the crew went out on deck; the helmsman stuck it out down there in the vapors, while we perched up on the flare. Stinking of chlorine we limped home to the mother ship, eight miles away up in the harbor.

Once tied up, The Goat hustled aboard the *Yarnell* and sought out Commander "Birdie" Kulm, chief of submarine operations, to whom he reported in language unbecoming a sailor and most disrespectful to the Solons who rule our destinies at Washington. "Yah! Let me have him aboard to-morrow, Commander!" he concluded, "I'll match him! I'll *ruin* him!"

Birdie rubbed his chin and tilted his gold-leafed cap on the back of his head, a sign that the Commander of the Submarine Flotillas was thinking. This matter required circumspection.

"This Hicks is a big noise on the House naval committee, Knef," he cautioned. "We can't antagonize him

or he'll vote against the V-class boats appropriation. He's gathering the material to make up his mind about it now. That's why I let him aboard you, for personal experience is his slogan. He afflicts himself on all the naval ships. Looks around a bit, then thinks himself an authority on everything in the fleet. He has the House bluffed that way, too — that's the worst of it."

The Commander paused, ruffling his scanty hair perplexedly. The Goat's black eyes crackled and a crafty look came into them.

"Leave him to me, Commander!" he begged. "Listen. You'll excuse us, Lieutenant, won't you?" he shot at me as he drew Birdie aside. For a time they

"But my life!—My country's affairs!—Captain, you must get me up!"

whispered together in a secluded part of the quarter-deck. A low chuckle, then a yell of laughter came from Birdie as The Goat's earnest tones went on. Then: "Goat, — do it for me!" carolled Birdie aloud for my benefit.

They came over to where I was standing aloof near a five-inch rifle on the *Yarnell:* "Lieutenant, a precious life is to be entrusted to the captain of the Z-8 to-morrow," announced Birdie. "Hicks insists on our giving him a crash dive. Well, he's going to get one! I want you to witness and observe. No rough house, now, boys! No pails of water over our Solon; no gas!" he warned.

I saluted with due solemnity. What was their plan was not mine to guess, but it was a trap of some sort if I knew the subtle workings of The Goat's mind.

Congressman Hicks arrived in the barge next morning. I noted a large, fleshy personage, of bucolic antecedents. A hay-raker that for most of its life had studied his navigation sequestered on the upper reaches of some inland river. Somewhere where an oar would be exhibited on Main Street as a marine curiosity. How or when he got on the naval committee I know not; a signal reward for swinging certain doubtful counties upstate, no doubt. However, he was piped over the side with the dignity due one of his exalted station, and then the Commander delivered him over to the enemy, the suave and smiling Goat.

The congressional person was guided across those perilous foot-planks that reach from deck to deck of the submarines moored to the mother ship. He loved not the sea. He bulged and boggled over the wet intervals, clinging fast to the tar ahead and the tar astern. He "blowed" like a porpoise when we finally got him installed on the flare of the conning tower and The Goat began explaining to him the course we would make under water to reach a certain lost torpedo down near Big Misery Reef.

"Big Misery!" echoed the congressman, alarmedly, "and how near this reef are you going, Captain?" he wheezed. He didn't like these realities! Big Misery on a chart was a name, nothing to worry over, but when you came to nose around it in a submarine! ——

"Oh, never fear! Lots of water off there — a hundred fathoms!" The Goat assured him cheerily.

Hicks winced. He was calculating that depth in feet. A mighty long way to the bottom of the sea! "How deep can you go in this craft without danger to her plates?" he asked.

"A hundred feet, sir. Tested to one-fifty. Not the slightest danger. Lots of room to do that crash dive you wanted," said Knef. "Shall we get below, now?"

"All right — I suppose so!" assented Hicks doubtfully. Every one helping, we eased his fat bulk down through that twenty-inch trap door inside the tower. It closed with an ominous clang the moment he was below. Hicks looked around wildly, half inclined to make a mad dash out of this while there was yet time. But The Goat had already given a sharp order and the rumble of motors starting sounded through the ship. The depth gauge dropped slowly to twenty-five feet and stopped. Knef adjusted the periscope and called on Hicks to look into it.

"We're under, sir. Helmsman, course 207!"

Hicks peered through the periscope. "All green up there, ain't she?" he exclaimed wonderingly. "So we're already down! I had no idea that they dived so easily."

The Goat glanced at his wrist watch. "We will keep this course for so many minutes, sir. Then we

will be off the reef, where we lost the torpedo, and will do a crash dive down after it. She's on a ledge some fifty feet down."

"Ugh! Nice business, this snooping around in the dark!" shivered Hicks. "Hope your watch is O. K., so we don't hit the reef!"

"Perfectly safe, sir!" said The Goat grimly. "This under-water work is all a matter of time, speed and course, sir. We're used to it. Like to look over the ship, now?" he queried in sugary tones.

He led the congressman over all the works below, explained him every lever and wheel and gauge on the boat. After a time the ensign came forward to where they were watching the electrician at the listening set, Hicks much relieved to learn that he could send a last message to dear ones through it if anything happened.

"Off Big Misery Reef, sir!" announced that precious cherub of an ensign.

"Drop her to fifty feet and turn on the searchlight," ordered The Goat.

We all went to Control to watch the gauge. Levers were pulled, air blow-outs opened, the needle began to descend. Thirty, forty, fifty feet deep it registered.

Then every one caught his breath with a gasp of dismay — for that gauge went *on* creeping down! The Goat looked around nervously and pulled a ballast lever himself, for the needle had now reached sixty feet and was still dropping.

I clicked my teeth regretfully. If anything went wrong it was *sure* to be on The Goat's ship! He was a holy hoodoo, all right! — but *why* did he have to show off with this congressman aboard?

"Anything wrong?" quavered that worthy.

"Nope. But —" rapidly The Goat spun an air valve wheel. The rumble of compressed air blowing a compartment sounded, but still the gauge went on down, inexorably, to seventy feet. Crash dive? — She was sinking to the bottom of the ocean! The two sailors at the diving rudder wheels worked them energetically to keep her on a level keel, as we now dropped to eighty feet and no signs of any let-up.

Hicks grabbed my arm. "My God, man! What the devil —" he gasped hoarsely.

"Not the slightest danger, I assure you!" I whispered. "He'll catch her presently."

But the needle went on down to ninety! The Goat was now pulling levers and opening valves frantically, trying to stop this terrific drop. Most regrettable! — this man, on whose vote we all depended, to witness such an exhibition, I thought!

At one hundred feet all the lights went suddenly out. Now we did not know *anything!* There was a cold, shivery silence in the control room; sound of men working energetically at every device that could be brought into play to raise her again. The Goat ordered the motors reversed, his voice hollow and sepulchural in the darkness. Presently some one brought a flasher and it was at once turned on the depth gauge.

It registered one hundred and fifty feet!

"My God!" squeaked Hicks. "How — how deep did you say she could go without buckling her plates in, Captain?" queried his agonized tones.

"We've reached our limit *now!* Please be quiet, sir," ordered The Goat, asserting the discipline of the navy in the authoritative voice of him in whose hands lies the destinies of the ship.

"But my life! My country's affairs!" squealed the congressman. "Captain, you *must* get me up!"

"Silence, sir!" ordered the ensign, backing up his Captain. "Listen!"

A steady drip, drip, drip of sea water sounded from somewhere aft!

"The plates! Close all bulkhead doors!" barked The Goat. Men came rushing into the control, crowding its already limited space. The clang of bulkhead doors sounded; then there was a heavy breathing, low mutters of suppressed excitement in the darkness.

Hicks was too scared to speak, now. In that little cone of light from the flasher turned on the gauge he kept his eyes on the needle as if to charm it not to go lower. It held for a long time at one-fifty, while ceaselessly the motors rumbled on. There was still hope, if they could finally overcome our inertia and drive us up.

Then, little by little the needle rose. We slowly climbed up, and at fifty feet the lights went on again. Every one let out a huge sigh of relief.

"All O. K.! — Now we'll go pick up that torpedo!" said The Goat, cheerfully.

"No, you *don't!* — You take me home, Captain!" barked Hicks truculently, now that the danger was over. "Crash dive, indeed! — I've seen all I want to of it!"

"Very good, sir! Helmsman, course 47," ordered The Goat, docilely. The sailor turned his wheel. For a long time Congressman Hicks did not move a hand or a foot, just stood there at the foot of the ladder waiting to get out. I could well judge what was passing in his mind — and I could have keel-hauled The Goat with a perfectly serene conscience!

In half an hour The Goat ordered the motors stopped and went up through the trap door. A great sigh like a furnace bellows escaped Hicks as the blessed flood of daylight came streaming down through the hatch once more. The Goat was now giving rapid orders up above, as we were evidently mooring alongside the mother ship again, but you can feel no sense of motion below in a submarine.

Finally: "That's well!" he hailed. "All ready, sir!" he called down to our guest. Hicks made the ascent of that ladder in double time. He waited not, either, for sailors to assist him across the foot planks. He reached the *Yarnell* and nodded curtly to Birdie Kulm, demanding the barge at once. We caught the words, "Set me ashore *immediately,* sir!" in frigid tones, even out on the Z-8.

I turned ruefully to The Goat: "Tough luck, old man! You're *it,* alright! Never saw the equal of your jinx! He'll tell this all over Washington."

The Goat grinned diabolically. "Threw a proper scare into him, anyhow, didn't we!" he exclaimed fatuously.

"Yes, and we lose the V-boat appropriation because of it!" I snapped, huffily, turning my back on the pestiferous Goat to go aboard the *Yarnell.*

Sure enough, two days later we were all sent for to come before the hearing at the naval committee. Hicks was there, glowering upon us. It looked black to me. We had one sure vote against us, and, if eloquence backed by poignant personal experience could swing his colleagues with him we were lost. I longed to kick The Goat for all this!

But he seemed imperturbable, sitting hunched up in his chair most disrespectfully, while the session went on and admirals lectured on the value of submarines in fighting enemy fleets — not defenseless merchantmen — arguing our building the largest and best that could be designed.

Hicks and the committee listened, making no comment, biding their time.

Then tactical experts from the Navy camp showed this group of civilians, in whose power we were, just

where a strong force of submarines fitted in with the battle fleet formations, and urged the need for a class of V-boats if we were to hold our own with other naval powers. The committee listened respectfully, not understanding most of it. They relied on their expert, Hicks, for *he* had really been down in a submarine and knew all about it! And he would have something to say about all this presently, their faces seemed to indicate.

When the Navy's case was all in, Hicks arose, arrogant, pompous, sure of himself, quite qualified to advise us in our own highly technical field.

"Gentlemen," he began, impressively. For a full ten seconds his mouth remained open, signifying the importance of what he was about to say: "I am unalterably opposed" — long, portentous pause — "to voting the peepul's money" — pause, while the inattentive Goat broke the silence by slapping a mosquito — "for any and all of these V-boats!" A long and impressive period, while his eyes glared about the room, his orator's mouth still ponderously open, implying that more and worse was coming.

"You ask me why?" he demanded. (No one had.) "Because, gentlemen" — here he lashed himself to a sudden cumulative emphasis — "I tell you that these craft are still highly unsafe and experimental!" he thundered, "I repeat — *experimental!*"

A mild sort of bombshell exploded in the Navy camp. The two admirals whispered together, eyebrows raised, while the younger officers stared at each other in sheer amazement. Why, this sort of thing belonged back in the dark ages, the days of the early Holland boats, where all the technical difficulties of under-water navigation had been long ago threshed out! Didn't the congressman know that there had been a war? A war in which submarines had navigated the seven seas for months on end, like any other craft? They looked to the committee for some sort of protest, but there was none. They sat tight and looked to Hicks for more. That story of his had been told them in private, I was sure. I loathed The Goat, by this time!

"Gentlemen, what do we really *know* of what goes on aboard these craft, day by day?" asked Hicks, craftily. "*Nothing!* The public is never permitted aboard. It is most sedulously kept even from us, who represent the people of these United States," he exclaimed. Commander Kulm raised his hand in protest. "Mr. Chairman, I wish to state that whenever any accident *does* occur during our daily maneuvers it is *always* reported to the public," he interjected.

The Chairman rapped gently for order. "Mr. Hicks has the floor, Commander," he purred.

Hicks smiled oilily. "It may be as the Commander says," he shrugged, "but it don't go with me — I *know!*" he yelped. "Let me tell you a little personal experience, gentlemen — what actually happens when one of these — er, experiments, so much as attempts to go out and do a simple crash dive —"

And then he launched his great peroration. He described that terrible trip on the Z-8 in detail. He rose to heights of eloquence that would convince a turtle as he ranted on the anxieties, the horrors, the agonies of that awful experience. He raved; in vivid word pictures he took us all to the bottom of the sea in that crowded hold of the Z-8. The committee were with him to a man when he reached his climax: "Officers and men alike, gentlemen, — not to mention my insignificant self — think of it! — exposed hour after hour to a doom frightful to contemplate! — The ship utterly out of control — at the mercy of the elements in the dark depths of the sea! — beyond all human aid; unable to rise; with plates starting and all bulkhead doors closed that we might not die of suffocation by poisonous gases — and yet these navy men dare to ask my vote for any more of these experiments! Theoretically, they may be all right, but, practically — I point to my personal experience!" He sat down ponderously and eyed the room. The admirals glared over at Birdie. Our case was gone before this story! And there would be a sultry session for us when this was over! But Birdie raised his hand imperturbably: "Mr. Chairman, I wish to state that the gentleman had no such experience as he relates. It all existed entirely in his imagination!"

"*What! ! !*" bawled Hicks incredulously. Then his face flushed with anger. "You mean to say that all this that I have told here is a mere fabrication on my part — that I lie?" he demanded, rising belligerently.

"I mean to say that during the entire time the gentleman was aboard the Z-8 she remained securely moored to the mother ship!" snapped Birdie. "I don't know what the boys did to him, down there, but it is certain that nothing that he has here described actually happened!"

For a moment consternation reigned supreme. My head swam, for an instant, for The Goat had fooled me, too, as completely as the congressman. The illusion had been perfect! Then a huge and boisterous laugh swept the room as the sublime hoax of it penetrated. What! — This all a job put up on Hicks by these graceless youngsters? — tied up to the dock the entire time! Hicks collapsed where he sat, his colleagues mauling and punching him in ecstasy, for Washington of all places enjoys its joke. He could never survive that story of his, for he had told it all over the Capitol and when the awful truth leaked out he would be ruined forever!

Birdie waved his hand airily as the admirals yelled and guffawed. "The captain of the Z-8 can explain, perhaps," he said.

The Goat sat up. "Mr. Chairman: You see, it's strictly against reg. to take any civilian whatever under water in a submarine. But Mr. Hick — no Hicks — insisted on a crash dive, so we did our level best for him. We got him below and closed the trap door and started the motors. Then a sailor, left outside to watch our mooring cables, put his hat over the periscope —"

A gale of laughter roared out. The Goat looked around in mild surprise. "Perfect illusion, gentlemen, I assure you. . . . Then I doctored, — I mean manipulated — the depth gauge ——" Again the guffaws crashed out while the absurd Hicks sat crumpled and lifeless in his chair. "I'm awf'ly afraid we overdid it," grieved The Goat, contritely. "I must beg the gentleman's pardon, for turning out the lights on him when our gauge showed a hundred feet of depth, and for having sailors squeeze sponges — indicating leaky plates — at one-fifty ——"

The room howled with joy, cutting him short again. Waves of merriment came and went in gusts. Hicks buried his head in his arms. The Goat had ruined him as an authority on naval matters!

Then one of the admirals cleared his throat: "Putting aside the testimony of Brother Hicks for the present as — er — negligible," he choked, "I ask the committee's vote on the tactical value to the country of a fleet of V-class submarines," he suggested.

There is nothing like the force of a rebound. We won that appropriation in a walk! And next day we heard that Hicks had resigned from the naval committee. For which service The Goat rated a dinner and a blowout from the entire fleet—which Birdie was not slow to give!

Big Game Hunters

How the Mother Wasp foists her maternal duties on a Tarantula, which she captures and uses as an incubator

By J. F. McClure

WHEN the chicken farmer starts his incubators, his worries begin. He must keep them at a uniform temperature every minute of the twenty-four hours of every day for twenty-one days, regardless of the antics of the weather man's thermometer. He must turn the eggs over at frequent intervals. He must see to it that there is exactly the right percentage of humidity in the air at all times. And when, at the end of three weeks, as many of the eggs as are going to hatch have been "baked in a slow oven" into baby chicks, he must first give them twenty-four hours to dry off, and then transfer them to the brooders. He must take great care that the little fellows do not get chilled in the process. The temperature of the brooders must be lowered gradually, until at the end of three weeks or a month it corresponds with a normal out-of-doors temperature. For the first few days of their lives the chicklets must be confined close under the hovers, lest they stray too far away and perish from cold. The range of their wanderings must be extended with caution, and their first excursion to the outer world is a critical adventure, fraught with perils and alarums. They must be fed, watered, and groomed at regular and frequent intervals and with as much care and scientific precision as new-born babies; little chicks are peculiarly susceptible to diseases arising from improper feeding, bad air, and dirt. For the first three months of their lives they demand constant and skilled supervision. And the harassed chicken man is often driven to the verge of distraction by the never-ending calls upon his patience and resourcefulness.

The big game hunting wasp has gone the chicken farmer one better. It has found an incubator that attends to its own temperature and humidity. And, *mirabile dictu,* at the proper moment this incubator transforms itself into a brooder — and what is more marvelous still, into food for the baby wasp. It is the three-in-one machine; the perfect foster mother, which patiently hatches, nurses and nourishes the unwelcome step-child wished on it by an implacable parent. Mother Wasp has apparently succeeded in sidestepping the endless succession of boresome maternal duties that follow in the wake of motherhood. She has passed the buck to the three-in-one substitute. All she does is to lay the eggs. The incubator attends to the rest.

One would naturally suppose that if the chicken man saw the chance of securing such an excellent labor-saving device, he would jump at it. He would — if he didn't know what he was going up against. But if he was fortunate enough to survive the rash plunge, he would leap away and be off with himself as fast as his legs could carry him, and never go near the infernal machine again. If the egg man's incubator was a tiger which he had first to capture single handed in the jungle, he would most emphatically leave the job of raising pullets and broilers to old mother hen. Yet that is just what Mrs. Wasp has to do; she must hunt the tarantula in its lair, for, oddly enough, it is this hairy ruffian that she has chosen to be her three-in-one, motherhood-made-easy machine.

The tarantula is a big, fierce spider, the biggest, fiercest, the most poisonous of all the tribe of spiders. It lives at the bottom of a circular pit which it has digged for itself and which it has luxuriously lined with the softest of silk. Out of the same expensive material it has fashioned a close-fitting, bevel-edged cover, to protect it from marauders and the inclemencies of the weather. This trap-door cover is operated on a cunningly wrought silken hinge which holds it firmly in place when open.

When Mrs. Wasp goes incubator hunting, she seems to know instinctively and without any previous experience that she will find what she is looking for under one of these trap-doors. She buzzes slowly along, poised a short distance above the ground and swinging her head from side to side, in order to miss none of the details of the terrain as she advances. Presently she spies a hairy monster's home. She wastes no time in preliminary surveys or stealthy approaches. She dives straight down, alighting at the edge of the trap-door, and, inserting her mandibles under it, hoists it up. Then she probably squints down into the pit, to make sure the lady she has come to call on is at home. Having satisfied herself on this point, she proceeds to enter without more ado. Her invariable manner of entrance is business end first. Business end first might be called her motto. It inspires respect. Nothing, not even the redoubtable tarantula, hankers for intimate acquaintance with the business end of a wasp.

When the venomous spider sees its hereditary enemy peering down, it knows what is in the air, and it prepares for the approaching mortal combat. Throwing itself on its back, so that it may be attacked only in front where its means of defense is best, it follows every move of the invader with its eyes, ready to seize and crush it if opportunity offers.

But the wasp is wary. Both instinct and experience warn her that the giant arthropod is no mean antagonist. She knows she is a very small Daniel in the den of a very big lion. She knows that if ever she falls into the clutches of those long, hairy legs, armed with sharp hooks or claws, she will never escape, but will be ruthlessly crammed into the powerful mandibles and ignominiously devoured. So she hovers just out of reach, making feints and endeavoring to throw her adversary off its guard.

Round and round the pit she flies, faster and ever faster, now dipping, now rising, now reversing, now shooting back and forth across the pit like a shuttle. So swift are her movements the eye cannot follow them. It is enough to make anything but a wasp or a spider

dizzy. The big arachnid struggles to duplicate her movements and always to present an impregnable front. They eye each other warily, like two fencers fighting to the death. Finally the strategy of the audacious little attacker succeeds. She sees an opening. She darts in and administers a lightning-like thrust with her polished stylus. Her aim is true. She has reached a nerve center and paralyzed her victim. It is now completely at her mercy; she can do what she pleases with it. She gives it another poniard thrust for good measure, the *coup de grace*. But the tarantula is not dead. It has been stung into insensibility and will remain in a state of suspended animation for the rest of its life.

The redoubtable incubator has been captured. It remains only to load it. The conquering little wasp wastes no time in gloating over her fallen foe. She has her work to get on with. Practicing an opening in the tarantula's flank, she lays an egg therein and closes up the wound. Then she hoists the inert mass up out of its pit and drags it off to a storehouse which she has already fitted up to hold it and several other incubators, each loaded with one egg.

One egg per tarantula looks like a wanton waste of perfectly good incubator. The big creature could easily accommodate a whole clutch of eggs and supply the heat to hatch them out without turning a hair, so to speak. But it couldn't feed them afterwards. A wasp larva has an amazing appetite. One able-bodied specimen can, single-handed, finish off an average sized tarantula between hatching-out and cocoon time with the greatest ease. During that period it will have consumed many times its own weight. It eats with voracity, but also with nice discrimination, reserving the vital organs to the last, in order that its beefsteaks may always remain fresh and untainted. We now see why Mother Wasp paralyzes but does not kill her prey; it must be kept fit for her young to eat.

Having filled her storehouse to capacity, having filed away in it all the three-in-one machines it will hold, she locks the door, throws away the key, and goes about her business, which is to excavate another storage cellar and fill it with more tarantulas. So far as this consignment is concerned, she has done her part in the propagation of the species; she knows she can rely on nature to do the rest. In due course the eggs planted in the stored-up spiders hatch out, and the larvae begin to consume their hosts. They carry out this operation with uncanny skill and good judgment, as we have seen. When the last morsel of food has been eaten, when nothing remains save a few stray hairs and useless appendages, they wrap themselves up in cocoons, pass through the chrysalis stage, and, emerging from this as fully developed wasps, break through the walls of their nursery into the outer world. In due course they will be found hunting and capturing tarantulas, in which to lay eggs to breed more wasps. One cycle of wasp life has been completed.

Hunting the big spider is a simple, if hazardous, undertaking in the springtime. All the hunter has to do is to descend into the pit and fight it out. But in the autumn different tactics must be employed. By that time the object of the chase has added another entrance to its home. Perhaps it hopes in this way to escape from its ruthless enemy. But if it does, its hopes are vain. Mrs. Wasp is not to be so easily outmaneuvered. She sets about her task now in quite a different way. Her new method of attack is amazingly ingenious and effective. She depends for success on the psychological effect of her actions; she plays on the spider's fears.

This is the way she works: First, she hoists one of the trap-doors and inserts her abdomen briskly, as if she was coming right down. But, instead, she instantly withdraws, and placing herself midway between the openings, watches the second, eyes a-glitter and wings vibrating at top speed, ready to dart after the fleeing spider should it be imprudent enough to show itself. If, after a reasonable wait, nothing happens, she goes to the second door and repeats the ruse, this time turning her eyes to the first opening. She continues these tactics until at last the harassed and distracted tarantula's nerves can stand the strain no longer. Driven to the verge of madness by fear, it rushes out of its house and makes off as fast as its long, hairy legs can carry it. But the wasp is quicker still. Like a flash of light she shoots after it and overtakes it before it has gone many inches. So swift have been her actions that the tarantula is stung and paralyzed before it has had time to throw itself into a position of defense. The customary surgical operation is performed without delay, and another wasp has been started on its life journey.

Is it not a strange way for a creature to get born into the world? The humdrum act of laying an egg is turned into a blood-curdling drama. For every egg laid a fellow creature is sacrificed. And, stranger still, every time she lays an egg the mother wasp risks death herself. Why has she selected so dangerous an auxiliary? Was the association accidental in the beginning, and renewed accidentally until it became a habit? Or was it made from force of necessity and the habit established before the wasp could find a less objectionable assistant? It is hard to believe it was made from deliberate choice. It seems contrary to nature, which, we are taught, follows the line of least resistance. Surely, picking out the tarantula to be the foster mother of her offspring was not the easiest way of providing for their bringing up.

Youth and You

By

Edwin Markham

I sing upon the cliffs above the sea,
With youth and you —
With all the world's joy whispering to me,
And one star in the blue.

It is enough: I stand before the years,
With youth and you;
And all the tears we know are happy tears,
And all the world is new.

Sergeant York's Brave Deed in the Argonne*

The story of how Sergeant York, single-handed, with his rifle, facing a battalion of German machine gunners at a distance of forty yards, compelled 132 to surrender

"The Greatest Thing Accomplished by Any Private Soldier of All the Armies of Europe."—Marshall Foch

By Samuel K. Cowan

From a cabin back in the mountains of Tennessee, forty-eight miles from the railroad, a young man went to the World War. He was untutored in the ways of the world. His ancestors were cane-cutters and Indian fighters. Their lives were rich in the romance of adventure. They were men of strong hate and gentle love. His people have lived in the simplicity of the pioneer.

This is more the tale of the making of a man than a war story. His ancestors were able to leave him but one legacy—an idea of American manhood.

In the period that has elapsed since he came down from the mountains he has done three things—and any one of them would have marked him for distinction.

SAM K. COWAN.

JUST to the north of Chatel-Chehary in the Argonne Forest in France is a hill which was known to the American soldiers as "Hill No. 223." Fronting its high wooded knoll, on the way to Germany, are three more hills. The one in the center is rugged. Those to the right and left are more sloping, and the one to the left — which the people of France have named "York's Hill" — turns a shoulder toward Hill No. 223. The valley which they form is only from two to three hundred yards wide.

Early in the morning of the eighth of October, 1918, as a floating gray mist relaxed its last hold on the tops of the trees on the sides of those hills, the "All America" Division — the Eighty-Second — poured over the crest of No. 223. Prussian Guards were on the ridge-tops across the valley, and behind the Germans ran the Decauville Railroad — the artery for supplies to a salient still further to the north which the Germans were striving desperately to hold. The second phase of the Battle of the Meuse-Argonne was on.

As the fog rose the Americans "jumped off" down the wooded slope and the Germans opened fire from three directions. With artillery they pounded the hillside. Machine guns savagely sprayed the trees under which the Americans were moving. At one point, where the hill makes a steep descent, the American line seemed to fade away as it attempted to pass.

This slope, it was found, was being swept by machine guns on the crest of the hill to the left which faced down the valley. The Germans were hastily "planting" other machine guns there.

The Americans showered that hill top with bullets, but the Germans were entrenched.

The sun had now melted the mist and the sky was cloudless. From their pits the Germans could see the Americans working their way through the timber.

To find a place from which the Boche could be knocked away from those death-dealing machine guns and to stop the digging of "fox holes" for new nests, a non-commissioned officer and sixteen men went out from the American line. All of them were expert rifle shots who came from the support platoon of the assault troops on the left.

Using the forest's undergrowth to shield them, they passed unharmed through the bullet-swept belt which the Germans were throwing around Hill No. 223, and reached the valley. Above them was a canopy of lead. To the north they heard the heavy cannonading of that part of the battle.

When they passed into the valley they found they were within the range of another battalion of German machine guns. The Germans on the hill at the far end of the valley were lashing the base of No. 223.

For their own protection against the bullets that came with the whip of a wasp through the tree tops, the detachment went boldly up the enemy's hill before them.

On the hillside they came to an old trench, which had been used in an earlier battle of the war. They dropped into it.

Moving cautiously, stopping to get their bearings from the sounds of the guns above them, they walked the trench in Indian file. It led to the left, around the shoulder of the hill, and into a deep dip of a valley in the rear.

Germans were on the hilltop across that valley. But the daring of the Americans protected them. The Germans were guarding the valleys and the passes, and they were not looking for enemy in the shadow of the barrels of German guns.

As the trench now led down the hill, carrying the Americans away from the gunners they sought, the detachment came out of it and took skirmish formation in the dense and tangled bushes.

They had gone but a short distance when they stepped upon a forest path. Just below them were two Germans, with Red Cross bands upon their arms. At the sight of the Americans, the Germans dropped their stretcher, turned and fled around a curve.

The sound of the shots fired after them was lost in the clatter of the machine guns above. One of the Germans fell, but regained his feet, and both disappeared in the shrubs to the right.

It was kill or capture those Germans to prevent exposure of the position of the invaders, and the Americans went after them.

*This is a chapter from a book by Samuel K. Cowan entitled, "Sergeant York and His People," to be published by Funk & Wagnalls.

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They turned off the path where they saw the stretcher bearers leave it, darted through the underbrush, dodged trees and stumps and bushes. Jumping through the shrubs and reeds on the bank of a small branch, the Americans in the lead landed in a group of about twenty of the enemy.

The Germans sprang to their feet in surprise. They were behind their own line of battle. Officers were holding a conference with a major. Private soldiers, in groups, were chatting and eating. They were before a little shack that was a German major's headquarters, and from it stretched telephone wires. The Germans were not set for a fight.

Out from the brushwood and off the bank across the stream, one after another, came the Americans.

It bewildered the Germans. They did not know the number of the enemy that had come upon them. As each of the "Buddies" landed, he sensed the situation, and prepared for an attack from any angle. Some of them fired at German soldiers whom they saw reaching for their guns.

All threw up their hands, with the cry, "Kamerad!" when the Americans opened fire.

Around their prisoners the Americans formed in a semi-circle as they forced them to disarm.

At the left end of this crescent was Alvin York.

He was a young six-foot mountaineer, who had come to the war from "The Knobs of Tennessee." He knew nothing of military tactics beyond the simple evolutions of the drill. Only a few days before had he first seen the flash of a hostile gun. But a rifle was as familiar to his hands as one of the fingers upon them. His body was ridged and laced with muscles that had grown to seasoned sinews from swinging a sledge in a blacksmith shop. He had never seen the men or crowd of men of whom he was afraid. He had hunted in the mountains while forked lightning flashed around him. He had heard the thunder crash in mountain coves as loud as the burst of any German shell. He was of that type into whose brain and heart the qualm of fear never comes.

Sergeant Alvin York

The Americans were on the downstep of the hill with their prisoners on the higher ground. The major's headquarters had been hidden away in a thicket of young undergrowth, and the Americans could see but a short distance ahead.

As the semi-circle formed with Alvin York on the left end, he stepped beyond the edge of the thicket — and what he saw up the hill surprised him.

Just forty yards away was the crest, and along it was a row of machine guns — a battalion of them!

The German gunners had heard the shots fired by the Americans in front of the major's shack, or they had been warned by the fleeing stretcher bearers that the enemy was behind them. They were jerking at their guns, rapidly turning them around, for the nests had been masked and the muzzles of the guns pointed down into the valley at the foot of Hill No. 223, to sweep it when the Eighty-Second Division came out into the open.

Some of the Germans in the gun pits, using rifles, shot at York. The bullets "burned his face as they passed." He cried a warning to his comrades which evidently was not heard, for when he began to shoot up the hill they called to him to stop as the Germans had surrendered. They saw — only the prisoners before them. Bushes hid the menacing German guns.

There was no time for parley. York's second cry, "Look out!" could carry no explanation of the danger to those whose view was blinded by the thicket. The Germans had their guns turned. Hell and death were being belched down the hillside upon the Americans.

At the opening rattle of these guns, the German prisoners, as if through a prearranged signal, fell flat to the ground, and the streams of lead passed over them. Some of the Americans, prevented by the thicket from seeing that an attack was to be made upon them, hearing the guns, instinctively followed the lead of the Germans. But the onslaught came with such suddenness that those in the line of fire had no chance.

The first sweep of the guns killed six and wounded three of the Americans. Death leaped through the bushes and claimed Corporal Murray Savage, Privates Maryan Dymowski, Ralph Weiler, Fred Wareing, William Wine and Carl Swanson. Crumpled to the ground, wounded, were Sergeant Bernard Early, who had been in command; Corporal William B. Cutting and Private Mario Muzzi.

York, to escape the guns he saw sweeping toward him, dived to the ground between two shrubs.

The fire of other machine guns was added to those already in action and streams of lead continued to pour through the thicket. But the toll of the dead and wounded of the Americans had been taken.

The Germans kept their own line of fire about waist high so they would not kill their own men, some of whom they could see groveling on the ground.

York had seen the murder of his pals in the first onset. He heard someone say, "Let's get out of here; we are in the enemy line!" Then, all had been silence on the American side.

German prisoners lay on the ground before him, in view of the gunners on the hilltop. York edged around

until he had a clear view of the gun pits above him. The stalks of weeds and undergrowth were around him.

There came a lull in the machine-gun fire. Several Germans arose as though to come out of their pits and down the hill to see the battle's result.

But on the American side the battle was just begun. York, from the brushes at the end of the thicket, "let fly."

One of the Germans sprang upward, and waved his arms above him as he began his flight into eternity.

The others dropped back into their holes, and there was another clatter of machine guns and again the bullets slashed across the thicket.

But there was silence on the American side. York waited.

More cautiously, German heads began to rise above their pits. York moved his rifle deliberately along the line, knocking back those heads that were the more venturesome. The American rifle shoots five times, and a clip was gone before the Germans realized that the fire upon them was coming from one point.

They centered on that point.

Around York the ground was torn up. Mud from the ploughing bullets besmirched him. The brush was mowed away above and on either side of him, and leaves and twigs were falling over him.

But they could only shoot at him. They were given no chance to take deliberate aim. As they turned the clumsy barrel of a machine gun down at the fire-sparking point on the hillside, a German would raise his head above his pit to sight it. Instantly backward along that German machine-gun barrel would come an American bullet — crashing into the head of the Boche who manned the gun.

The prisoners on the ground squirmed under the fire that was passing over them. Their bodies were in a tortuous motion. But York held them there; it made the gunners keep their fire high.

Every shot York made was carefully placed. As a hunter stops in the forest and gazes straight ahead, his mind receptive to the slightest movement of a squirrel or the rustle of leaves in any of the trees before him, so this Tennessee mountaineer faced and fought that line of blazing machine guns on the ridge of the hill before him. His mind was sensitive to the point in the line that at that instant threatened a real danger, and instinctively he turned to it.

Down the row of prisoners on the ground he saw the German major with a pistol in his hand, and he made the officer throw the gun to him. Later its magazine was found to have been emptied.

He noted that after he shot at a gun pit there was a break in the line of flame at that point, and an interval would pass before that gun would again be manned and become a source of danger to him. He also realized that where there was a sudden break of ten or fifteen feet in the line of flame, and the trunk of a tree rose within that space, that soon a German gun and helmet would come peeking around the tree's trunk. A rifleman would try for him where the machine guns failed.

In the mountains of Tennessee Alvin York had won fame as one of the best shots with both rifle and pistol that those mountains had ever held, and his imperturbability was as noted as the keenness of his sight.

In mountain shooting matches at a range of forty yards — just the distance the row of German guns were from him — he would put ten rifle bullets into a space no larger than a man's thumb nail. Since a boy he had been shooting with a rifle at the bobbing heads of turkeys that had been tethered behind a log so that only the head would show. German heads and German helmets loomed large before him.

A battalion of machine guns is a military unit organized to give battle to a regiment of infantry. Yet, one man, a representative of America on that hillside on that October morning, broke the morale of a battalion of machine gunners made up from members of Germany's famous Prussian Guards. Down in the brush below the Prussians was a human machine gun they could not hit, and the penalty was death to try to locate him.

As York fought, there was a prayer upon his lips. He was an elder in a little church back in the "Valley of the Three Forks o' the Wolf" in the mountains of Tennessee. He prayed to God to spare him and to have mercy on those he was compelled to kill.

When York shot, and a German soldier fell backward or pitched forward and remained motionless, York would call to them:

"Well! Come on down!"

It was an earnest command in which there was no spirit of exultation or braggadocio. He was praying for their surrender, so that he might stop killing them.

His command, "Come down!" at times, above the firing, was heard in the German pits. They realized they were fighting one man, and could not understand the strange demand.

When the fight began York was lying on the ground.

The mother of the hero of the Argonne

But as the entire line of German guns came into the battle, he raised himself to a sitting position so that his gun would have the sweep of all of them.

When the Germans found they could not "get him" with bullets, they tried other tactics.

Off to his left, seven Germans, led by a lieutenant, crept through the bushes. When about twenty yards away, they broke for him with lowered bayonets.

The clip of York's rifle was nearly empty. He dropped it and took his automatic pistol. So calmly was he master of himself and so complete his vision of the situation that he selected as his first mark among the oncoming Germans the one farthest away. He knew he would not miss the form of a man at that distance. He wanted the rear man to fall first so the others would keep coming at him and not stop in panic when they saw their companions falling, and fire a volley at him. He felt that in such a volley his only danger lay. They kept coming, and fell as he shot. The foremost man, and the last to topple, did not get ten yards from where he started. Their bodies formed a line down the hillside.

York resumed the battle with the machine guns. The German fire had "eased up" while the bayonet charge was on. The gunners paused to watch the grim struggle below them.

The major, from among the prisoners, crawled to York with an offer to order the surrender of the machine gunners.

"Do it!" was York's laconic acceptance. But his vigilance did not lessen.

To the right a German had crawled nearby. He arose and hurled a hand grenade. It missed its objective and wounded one of the prisoners. The American rifle swung quickly and the grenade thrower pitched forward with the grunt of a man struck heavily in the stomach pit.

The German major blew his whistle.

Out of their gun pits the Germans came — around from behind trees — up from the brush on either side. They were unbuckling cartridge belts and throwing them and their side arms away.

York did not move from his position in the bushes. About halfway down the hill, as they came to him, he halted them, and he watched the gun pits for the movement of any one left skulking there. His eye went cautiously over the new prisoners to see that all side arms had been thrown away.

The surrender was genuine.

There were about ninety Germans before him with their hands in air. This gave him over a hundred prisoners.

He arose and called to his comrades, and several answered him. Some of the responses came from wounded men.

All the Americans had been to York's right throughout the fight. The thicket had prevented them from taking any effective part. They were forced to protect themselves from the whining bullets that came through the brush from unseen guns. They had constantly guarded the prisoners and shielded York from treachery.

Seven Americans — Percy Beardsley, Joe Konotski, Thomas G. Johnson, Feodor Sak, Michael A. Sacina, Patrick Donahue and George W. Wills — came to him. Sergeant Early, Corporal Cutting and Private Muzzi, though wounded, were still alive.

He lined the prisoners up "by twos."

His own wounded he put at the rear of the column, and forced the Germans to carry those who could not walk. The other Americans he stationed along the column to hold the prisoners in line.

Sergeant Early, shot through the body, was too severely wounded to continue in command. York was a corporal, but there was no question of rank, for all turned to him for instructions. The Germans could not take their eyes off of him, and instantly complied with all his orders, given through the major, who spoke English.

Stray bullets kept plugging through the branches of the trees around them. For the first time the Americans realized they were under fire from the Germans on the hill back of them, whom they had seen when they came out of the deserted trench. The Germans stationed there could not visualize the strange fight that was taking place behind a line of German machine guns, and they were withholding their fire to protect their own men. They were plugging into the woods with rifles to develop the enemy's position.

"I am yours for the taking," he had told her

To all who doubted the possibility of carrying so many prisoners through the forest, or spoke of reprisal attacks to release them, York's reply was:

"Let's get 'em out of here!"

The German major looked down the long line of Germans, possibly planning some recoup from the shame and ignominy of the surrender of so many of them, stepped up to York and asked:

"How many men have you got?"

The big mountaineer wheeled on him:

"I got a-plenty!"

And the major seemed convinced that the number of the Americans was immaterial as York thrust his automatic into the major's face and stepped him up to the head of the column.

Among the captives were three officers.

These York placed around him to lead the prisoners — one on either side and the major immediately before him. In York's right hand swung the automatic pistol with which he had made an impressive demonstration in the fight up the hill. The officers were told that at the first sign of treachery, or for a failure of the men behind to obey a command, the penalty would be their lives; and the major was informed that he would be the first to go.

With this formation no German skulking on the hill or in the bushes could fire upon York without endangering the officers. Similar protection was given all of the Americans acting as escort.

Up the hill York started the column. From the topography of the land he knew there were machine guns over the crest that had had no part in the fight.

Straight to these nests he marched them. As the column approached, the major was forced by York to command the gunners to surrender.

Only one shot was fired after the march began. At one of the nests a German, seeing so many Germans as prisoners and so few of the enemy to guard them — all of them on the German firing line with machine-gun nests around them — refused to throw down his gun, and showed fight.

York did not hesitate.

The remainder of that gun's crew took their place in line, and the major promised York there would be no more delays in the surrenders if he would kill no more of them.

As a great serpent the column wound among the trees on the hilltop swallowing the crews of German machine guns.

After the ridge had been cleared, four machine-gun nests were found down the hillside.

It took all the woodcraft the young mountaineer knew to get to his own command. They had come back over the hilltop and were on the slope of the valley in which the Eighty-Second Division was fighting. They were now in danger from both German and American guns.

York listened to the firing, and knew the Americans had reached the valley — and that some of them had crossed it. Where their line was running he could not determine.

He knew if the Americans saw his column of German uniforms they were in danger — captors and captives alike — of being annihilated. At any moment the Germans from the two hilltops down the valley — to check the Eighty-Second Division's advance — might lay a belt of bullets across the course they traveled.

Winding around the cleared places and keeping in the thickly timbered section of the hillslope whenever it were possible, York worked his way toward the American line.

In the dense woods the German major made suggestions of a path to take. As York was undecided which one to choose, the major's suggestion made him go the other one. Frequently the muzzle of York's automatic dimpled the major's back and he quickened his step, slowed up, or led the column in the direction indicated to him, without turning his head and without inquiry as to the motive back of a command.

Down near the foot of the hill, near the trench they had traveled a short while before, York answered the challenge to "Halt!"

He stepped out so his uniform could be seen, and called to the Americans challenging him, and about to fire on the Germans, that he was "bringing in prisoners."

The American line opened for him to pass, and a wild cheer went up from the Doughboys when they saw the column of prisoners. Some of them called to him to inquire if he had the "whole German army."

At the foot of the hill in an old dugout an American P. C. had been located, and York turned in his prisoners.

The prisoners were officially counted by Lieut. Joseph A. Woods, Assistant Division Inspector, and there were 132 of them; three of the number were officers and one with the rank of major.

When the Eighty-Second Division passed on, officers of York's regiment visited the scene of the fight, and they counted 25 Germans that he had killed and 35 machine guns that York had not only silenced, but had unmanned, carrying the men back with him as prisoners. When York was given "his receipt for the prisoners," an incident happened that shows the true knightliness and simplicity of character of this untrained mountaineer.

It was but a little after ten o'clock in the morning. The Americans had a hard day's fighting ahead of them. Somewhere out in the forest York's own company — Company G — and his own regiment — the 328th Infantry — were fighting. He made inquiry, but no one could direct him to them. He turned to the nearest American officer, saluted and reported, "Ready for duty."

What he had done was to him but a part of the work to be done that day.

But York was assigned to the command of his prisoners, to carry them back to a detention camp. The officers were held by the P. C. — for an examination and grilling on the plans of the enemy.

Whenever they could, the private soldiers among the prisoners gathered close to York, now looking to him for their personal safety.

On the way to the detention camp the column was shelled by German guns from one of the hilltops. York maneuvered them and put them in double-quick time until they were out of range.

Late in the afternoon, back of the three hills that face Hill No. 223, the "All America" Division "cut" the Decauville Railroad that supplied a salient to the north that the Germans were striving desperately to hold. As they swept on to their objective they found the hill to the left of the valley, that turns a shoulder toward No. 223 — which the people of France have named "York's Hill" — cleared of Germans, and on its crest silent and unmanned machine guns.

Americans returned and buried on the hillside — beside a thicket, near a shack that had been a German officer's headquarters — six American soldiers. They placed wooden crosses to mark the graves, and on the top of the crosses swung the helmets the soldiers had worn.

Out from the forest came the story of what York had done. The men in the trenches along the entire front were told of it. Not only in the United States, but in Great Britain, France and Italy, it electrified the public. From the meager details the press was able to carry, for the entire Entente firing line was ablaze and a surrender was being forced upon Germany, and York's division was out in the Argonne still fighting its way ahead, the people could but wonder how one man was able to silence a battalion of machine guns and bring in so many prisoners.

Major-General George B. Duncan, commander of the Eighty-second Division, and officers of York's regiment knew that history had been made upon that hillside. By personal visits of the regiment's officers to the scene, by measurements, by official count of the silent guns and the silent dead, by affidavits from those who were with York, the record of his achievement was verified.

Major-General C. P. Summerall, before the officers of York's regiment, said to him:

"Your division commander has reported to me your exceedingly gallant conduct during the operations of your division in the Meuse-Argonne Battle. I desire to express to you my pleasure and commendation for the courage, skill and gallantry which you displayed on that occasion. It is an honor to command such soldiers as you. Your conduct reflects great credit not only upon the American army, but upon the American

people. Your deeds will be recorded in the history of this great war and they will live as an inspiration not only to your comrades, but to the generations that will come after us."

General John J. Pershing, in pinning the Congressional Medal of Honor upon him — the highest award for valor the United States Government bestows — called York the greatest civilian soldier of the war.

A deed that is done through the natural use of a great talent seems to the doer of the deed the natural thing to have done. A sincere response to appreciation and praise, made by those endowed with real ability, usually comes cloaked in a genuine modesty.

His ability to think clearly and quickly, under conditions that tried both heart and brain, was shown in the fight in the Argonne. With eight men, not twenty yards away, charging him with bayonets, he calmly decides to shoot the last man first, and to continue this policy in selecting his mark, so that those remaining would "not see their comrades falling and in panic stop and fire a volley at him."

He wrote in his diary this simple story of his fight with the battalion of German machine guns:

"On the 7th day of October we lay in some little holes on the roadside all day. That night we went out and stayed a little while and came back to our holes, the shells bursting all around us. I saw men just blown up by the big German shells which were bursting all around us.

"So the order came for us to take Hill 223 and 240 the 8th.

"So the morning of the 8th, just before daylight, we started for the hill at Chathel-Chehary. Before we got there it got light and the Germans sent over a heavy barrage and also gas and we put on our gas masks and just pressed right on through those shells and got to the top of Hill 223 to where we were to start over at 6:10 A. M.

"They were to give a barrage. The time came and no barrage, and we had to go without one. So we started over the top at 6:10 A. M., and the Germans were putting their machine guns to working all over the hill in front of us and on our left and right. I was in support and I could see my pals getting picked off until it almost looked like there was none left.

"So 17 of us boys went around on the left flank to see if we couldn't put those guns out of action.

"So when we went around and fell in behind those guns we first saw two Germans with Red Cross bands on their arms.

"Some one of the boys shot at them and they ran back to our right.

"So we all ran after them, and when we jumped across a little stream of water that was there, there was about 15 or 20 Germans jumped up and threw up their hands and said, Comrade. The one in charge of us boys told us not to shoot, they were going to give up anyway.

"By this time the Germans from on the hill was shooting at me. Well I was giving them the best I had. the Germans had got their machine guns turned around.

"They killed 6 and wounded 3. That just left 8 and then we got into it right. So we had a hard battle for a little while.

"I got hold of a German major and he told me if I wouldn't kill any more of them he would make them quit firing.

"So I told him all right. If he would do it now.

"So he blew a little whistle and they quit shooting and came down and gave up. I had about eighty or ninety German prisoners there by that time.

"They disarmed and we had another line of Germans to go through to get out. So I called for my men and one answered me from behind a big oak tree and the other men were on my right in the brush.

"So I said, 'Let's get these Germans out of here.' One of my men said, 'It's impossible.' So I said, 'No, let's get them out of here.'

"When my men said that this German major said, 'How many have you got?'

"And I said, 'I got a plenty,' and pointed my pistol at him all the time.

"In this battle I was using a rifle or a 45 Colt automatic pistol.

"So I lined the Germans up in a line of twos and I got between the ones in front and I had the German major before me. So I marched them right straight into those other machine guns, and I got them. When I got back to my Major's P. C. I had 132 prisoners.

"So you can see here in this case of mine where God helped me out. I had been living for God and working in church work some time before I came to the army. I am a witness to the fact that God did help me out of that hard battle, for the bushes were shot off all around me and I never got a scratch. So you can see that God will be with you if you will only trust Him, and I say He did save me."

The report which the officers of the Eighty-second Division made to General Headquarters contained these statements:

"The part which Corporal York individually played in this attack (the capture of the Decauville Railroad) is difficult to estimate. Practically unassisted, he captured 132 Germans (three of whom were officers), took about 35 machine guns and killed no less than 25 of the enemy, later found by others on the scene of York's extraordinary exploit.

"The story has been carefully checked in every possible detail from Headquarters of this Division and is entirely substantiated."

At his home in the "Valley of the Three Forks o' the Wolf," after the war was over, I asked Alvin York how he came to be "Sergeant York."

"Well," he said, as he looked earnestly at me, "you know we were in the Argonne Forest twenty-eight days, and had some mighty hard fighting in there. A lot of our boys were killed off. Every company has to have so many sergeants. They needed a sergeant; and they jes' took me."

When he returned to this country to be mustered out of service he had traveled among the soldiers of France the guest of the American Expeditionary Force, so the men in the lines could see the man who single-handed had captured a battalion of machine guns, and he bore the emblems of the highest military honors conferred for valor by the governments composing the Allies.

At New York he was taken from the troopship when it reached harbor, and the spontaneous welcome given him there and at Washington was not surpassed by the prearranged demonstrations for the nation's distinguished foreign visitors.

The streets of those cities were lined with people to await his coming and police patrols made way for him. The flaming red of his hair, his young, sunburned, weather-ridged face with its smile and its strength, the worn service cap and uniform, all marked him to the crowds as the man they sought.

On the shoulders of members of the New York Stock

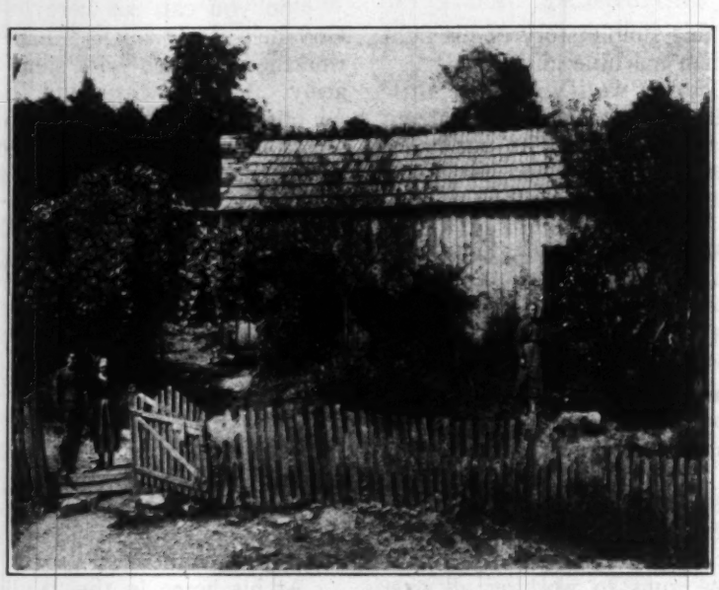
Exchange he was carried to the floor of the Exchange and business was suspended. When he appeared in the gallery of the House of Representatives at Washington the debate was stopped and the members turned to cheer him. A sergeant in rank, he sat at banquets as the guest of honor with the highest officials of the army and navy and the government on either side. Wherever he went he heard the echo of the valuation which Marshal Foch and General Pershing placed upon his deeds.

Many business propositions were made to him. Some were substantial and others strange, the whimsical offering of enthused admirers.

Among them were cool fortunes he could never earn at labor.

Taking as a basis the money he was paid for three months on the farm in the summer before he went to France, he would have had to work fifty years to earn the amount he was offered for a six-weeks' theatrical engagement. For the rights to the story of his life a single newspaper was willing to give him the equivalent of thirty-three years. He would have to live to be over three hundred years of age at the old farm wage to earn the sum motion picture companies offered, as a guarantee.

He turned all down, and went back to the little worried mother who was waiting for him in a hut in the mountains, to the gazelle-like mountain girl whose blue eyes had haunted the shades of night and the shadows of trees, to the old seventy-five acre farm that clings to one of the sloping sides of a sun-kissed valley in Tennessee. He refused to capitalize his fame, his achievements that were crowded into a few months in the army of his country.



The vine-covered home in the Tennessee mountains

There was one influence that was ever guiding him. The future had to square to the principles of thought and action he had laid down for himself and that he had followed since he knelt, four years before, at a rough-boarded altar in a little church in the "Valley of the Three Forks o' the Wolf," whose belfry had been calling, appealing to him since childhood.

Admiral Albert Gleaves, who commanded the warship convoy for the troopships, himself a Tennessean, made a prediction which came true: "The guns of Argonne and the batteries of welcome of the East were not to be compared to those to be turned loose in York's home state."

The people of Tennessee filled depots, streets and tabernacles to welcome him. Gifts awaited him, which ranged from a four-hundred-acre farm from the Rotary Clubs, to blooded stock for it, and almost every form of household furnishings that could add to man's comfort. It took a wareroom at Nashville and the courtesies of the barns on the State Fair Association to hold the gifts.

He was made a Colonel by the Governor of the state, and appointed a member of his staff. He was elected to honorary membership in many organizations. As far away as Spokane the "Red Headed Club" thought him worthy of their membership "by virtue of the color of his hair and in recognition of his services to this, our glorious country."

The nations of Europe for whom he fought had not forgotten nor had they ceased to honor him. After he had returned to the mountains of Tennessee, another citation came from the French Government for a military award that had been made him, and in a ceremony at the capital of Tennessee the Italian Government conferred upon him the Italian Cross of War.

Across the spring branch, up the mountainside, in a clump of honeysuckle and roses and apple trees, is the York home.

It is a two-room cabin. The boxing is of rough boards, as are the unplaned, narrow strips of batting covering the cracks. There is a chimney at one end and in one room is a fireplace. The kitchen is a "lean-to," and the only porch is on the rear, the width of the kitchen-dining room. The porch is for service and work, railed partly with a board for a shelf, which holds the water bucket, the tin wash basin and burdens brought in from the farm.

Alvin York came from a line of ancestors who were cane cutters and Indian fighters. The earliest ancestor of whom he has knowledge was a "Long Hunter," who with a rifle upon his shoulder, strode into the Valley of the Wolf and homesteaded the river bottom lands. Here his people lived far from the traveled paths. Marooned in their mountain fastness, they clung to the customs and the traditions of the past. Their life was simple, and their sports quaint. They held shooting matches on the mountainside, enjoyed "log rollings" and "corn huskings." Strong in their loves and in their hates, they feared God, but feared no man. The Civil War swept over the valley and left splotches of blood.

Friends of Sergeant York, knowing that the history of his people was rich in story, and that the public was waiting, wanting to know more of the man the German army could not run, nor make surrender — and instead had to come to him — urged that his story be told.

He had been mustered out of the army and come back to the valley, wanting to pick up again the dropped thread of his former life. He was striving earnestly and prayerfully to blot from recurrent memory that October morning scene on "York's Hill" in France.

His friends and neighbors at Pall Mall waited eagerly for his return. They wanted to hear from his own lips the story of his fight.

No man of the mountains was ever given the homecoming that was his. It was made the reunion of the people, with the neighbors the component parts of one great family.

When home again, Alvin wanted no especial deference shown him. He wished to be again just one of

them, to swing himself upon the counter at the general store and talk with them as of old. He had much to tell from his experience, but always it was of other incidents than the one that made him famous.

Months passed. He lived in that mountain cabin with his little mother, whose counsel has ever influenced him, and yet not once did he mention to her that he had a fight in the Forest of Argonne.

His consent was gained for the publication of the story of his people, but it was with the pronounced stipulation that "it be told right."

Weeks afterward — for I had gone to live awhile among his people — the two of us were sitting upon the rugged rock-facing to the cliff above the York spring, talking about the fight in France.

He told it hesitatingly, modestly. Some of the parts was simply the confirmation of assembled data; much of it, denial of published rumor and conjecture — before the story came out as a whole.

I asked the meaning of his statement that he would not "mind the publication if the story were done right."

"Well," he said with his mountain drawl, "I don't want you bearing down too much on that killing part. Tell it without so much of that!"

A rock was picked up and hurled down the mountain.

I then understood why the little mother was "jes a-waiting till Alvin gits ready to talk." I understood why the son did not wish to be the one to bring into his mother's mind the picture of that hour in France when men were falling before his gun. I saw the reason he had for always courteously avoiding talking of the scene with any one.

"But," and he turned with that smile that wins him friends, "I just can't help chuckling at that German major. I sure had him bluffed."

According to the code of mountain conversation, there followed a silence. Another rock bounced off the sapling down the cliff.

"You should have seen that major," he resumed, "move on down that hill whenever I pulled down on him with that old Colt. 'Goose-step it,' I think they call it. He was so little! His back so straight! And all huffed up over the way he had to mind me."

I had watched the rocks as they went down the cliff and it seemed nearly every one of them bounced off the same limb. I commented on the accuracy of his eye.

"Aw! I wasn't throwing at that sapling, but at — that — leaf."

He straightened up and threw more carefully; and the leaf floated down to the waters of the York spring. Down by the spring I met the little mother bringing a tin bucket to the stone milk-house which nature had built. Her slender, drooping figure, capped by the sunbonnet she always wore, reached just to the shoulder of her son, as he placed his arm protectingly about her.

I asked if she were not proud of that boy of hers.

"Yes," she answered, with pride in every line of her sweet, wrinkled face, "I am proud of all of them — all of my eight boys!"

Sullivan

A Vignette of Modern China

By Somerset Maugham

Author of "Liza of Lambeth," "The Moon and Sixpence," "The Trembling of a Leaf," etc.

HE was an Irish sailor. He deserted his ship at Hong Kong and took it into his head to walk across China. He spent three years wandering about the country, and soon acquired a very good knowledge of Chinese. He learned it, as is common among men of his class, with greater ease than do the more highly educated. He lived on his wits. He made a point of avoiding the British Consul, but went to the Governor of each town he came to and represented himself as having been robbed on the way of all his money. His story was not improbable and it was told with a profusion of convincing detail. The Governor, after the Chinese fashion, was anxious to get rid of him and was glad to do so at the cost of ten or fifteen dollars. If he could get no money he could generally count on a place to sleep in and a good meal. He had a certain rough humor which appealed to the Chinese. This went on very successfully until he hit by misfortune on a Governor of a different stamp. This man when he had told his story, said to him:

"You are nothing but a beggar or a vagabond. You must be beaten."

He gave an order and the fellow was promptly taken out, thrown on the ground and soundly thrashed. He was not only very much hurt, but exceedingly surprised, and what is more, strangely mortified. It ruined his nerve. There and then he gave up his vagrant life and making his way to one of the outports, applied to the commissioner of customs for a place as a tide waiter. It is not easy to find white men to take such posts and few questions are asked of those who seek them. He was given a job, and you may see him now, a sunburned, clean-shaven man of forty-five, florid and rather stout, in a neat blue uniform, boarding the steamers and the junks at a little riverside town, where the deputy commissioner, the postmaster, a missionary and he are the only Europeans. His knowledge of the Chinese and their ways makes him an invaluable servant. He has a little yellow wife and four children. He has no shame about his past, and over a good stiff whisky he will tell you the whole story of his adventurous travels. The beating is what he can never get over. It surprises him yet, and he cannot, he simply cannot understand it. He has no ill-feeling toward the Magistrate who ordered it; on the contrary, it appeals to his sense of humor.

"He was a great old sportsman, the old blackguard," he says. "Nerve, eh?"

Sue's Morals

By Dorothy Thomas

THE feeble, ineffective minister, adjusting his spectacles, closed his feeble, ineffective sermon. Rising from the home-made pine benches, the congregation of Lost Mountain church sang the closing hymn — sang from memory rather than from the soiled hymn-books they held in their hands. During the benediction there was a general shuffling, whispering and crying of children; by the time it was ended half the congregation had gathered in the doorway laughing and gossiping.

In the pew nearest the organ a girl remained kneeling. Her head, with its hair black as the raven's wing, was bowed. Red lips parted, cheeks flushed, nostrils quivering, she listened to the notes of the organ.

It was a wheezy old organ that some prosperous church from "out yonder" had donated to the remote mountain community. Occasionally a benevolent lady from the valley below came with the circuit minister to play hymns. The dilapidated instrument panted forth its notes like an old lady with the asthma, the pedals groaned and the stops squeaked, but to the starved soul of Sue Shelton it was the music of heaven.

As the last notes died away the girl, full bosomed, with sweep of limb like a winged victory, rose from her knees.

"That's powerful purty, Miss Lucy," she said.

"I'm glad you like it, Sue," the woman returned, smiling.

"I wish you could come every Sunday."

There was a pathetic wistfulness in Sue's eyes as she spoke.

The old minister, an empty soap-box in his hand, had been going the round of the lamps, blowing out each in turn. He had come to the one by the organ and overhearing the conversation, put in piously —

"Sue, my girl, I notice you only come to church when Miss Lucy plays the organ."

Inwardly she resented the rebuke. But the minister was a "furrener" and as Sue had an awed respect for "furreners," she checked the retort that came first to her lips, answering quietly —

"I can't understand your preachin', Mr. More, but I kin understand the organ."

Mr. More, casting a hopeless look at her over his spectacles, shook his gray head and went about the business of piling up the hymn books.

Carrie Gentry, standing near, laughed boisterously and sang —

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage,
Rend a rock or bust a cabbage."

"I reckon Sue's the savage," another woman put in.

"You all hush up your mouth," the girl retorted.

Laughing good-naturedly the two women said good-evening, and dragging out their sleepy children, left the church.

"Won't you let me have the key, Miss Lucy — I'll be keerful — honest," Sue whispered when they were alone.

Miss Lucy's eyes were moist as she handed her the key.

"I know you'll be careful, Sue," she said, then added bitterly, "I wish you women up here had something to do besides working and having babies. Sue, I want you to tell Mr. More the next time your father beats your mother."

The girl, taking the key, nodded.

"I reckon I'm big enough to make him quit!"

"And you just get after that lazy Jeff Breeden and make him bring in the wood — his wife's too sick for that kind of work."

Sue's eyes blazed an answer that boded no good to drunken Jeff Breeden.

"I reckon men out yonder don't work their women so hard?" she questioned a moment later. Miss Lucy warmly assured her that they did not.

The mountain girl watched the lady with awe as she pinned on the hat that came from "out yonder."

Putting on her sun bonnet, she said wistfully —

"Miss Lucy, I certainly fancy a hat in presence of a bonnet."

"Sue, you mustn't be so vainglorious," the old minister said, joining them.

She merely looked at him in silence. Then, turning, walked down the narrow aisle between the rickety benches with their jack-knife markings.

In the doorway she paused, looking up at the star-lit sky beyond the dark, encircling loom of mountains.

What mysterious, wondrous land lay beyond that great wall? How often had the mountain girl pondered that question! And all she knew of the land beyond was what the minister or the Organ Lady or Paul Mathews chose to tell her.

She drew in a deep breath of the summer air, pungent with sweet earth smells.

The sound of a man singing floated up to her —

"Oh, I wish that gal was mine because she kisses so sweet,
Her lips are red and her cheeks are, too,
Her hair is black and her heart is true,
Oh, I wish that gal was mine because she kisses so sweet."

As she listened, the beating of Sue's heart quickened.

"Gabriel certainly has a voice for singing," she whispered to herself.

It was Gabriel Coates with his twinkling blue eyes, his merry laugh and his strong arms that of all the mountain swains had won the heart of Sue Shelton. With him she was as gentle as a doe and as shy.

In the now deserted clearing before the little church the lad, leaning comfortably against a tree, was waiting. Seeing her, he ceased his singing and called out —

"Evenin', Sue."

"Evenin', Gabriel."

Sue descended the steps.

"Your folks is gone. I told 'em I'd fetch you home," he said, striding to her side. "I reckon we kin catch up to 'em if we walk fast enough," he added, poking her slyly with his elbow.

"Let's take the *long* way home," Sue suggested, shyly.

Hand in hand the two struck into the cool, dark woods. The carpet of pine and moss was soft beneath their feet, through the great trees stars shone and a gentle breeze, stirring the branches, wafted the fragrance of balsam to them.

An owl hooted and a frightened pheasant darted past.

"Hit's a purty evenin', Sue," Gabriel said, slipping his arm around her waist.

"Powerful purty."

"We've been courtin' for a right smart while," he hinted.

"It's been a time," was all she said.

He tightened his grip upon her waist.

"Mebbie your folks let us walk home alone a-purpose."

"Mebbie," she replied, and this time there was a note of mischief in her voice.

They had reached a rambling creek that splashed its merry way down the ravine and was spanned by a swinging hickory bridge with a grapevine railing. Crossing it, Sue and Gabriel paused. A stray moonbeam peeped through the trees, throwing two wavering shadows upon the rippling water.

Oh, there was no prettier place for love-making than this in all that mysterious world "out yonder" and Sue wanted no better lover than Gabriel. She crept so close to him that he felt the quick rising and falling of her bosom.

Flinging his bronzed arm about her he drew her to him, his mouth pressed to hers. The two shadows on the water merged into one, the moonbeam fled and these two were left alone to sing their song of love.

* * * * * * * * *

Summer slept itself away, the leaves turned and harvest time came. There were merry cornshuckings, apple butter boilings and molasses makings. The wise ones stored their kitchens with grain, apples, chestnuts and such provisions as the barren mountain soil produced. And there were those who let the locusts eat their days, hoping that their neighbors would put by enough for them also.

Among these last was Sue's father, Dan Shelton. He had built his cabin on an isolated blue grass plateau at the top of a mountain that flung itself up against the Virginia sky. Past his door the wild geese flew, the wind howled and the sly fox made his track. In a passing mood of youthful ambition, shiftless Dan had thought the spot a likely one for raising cattle, but somehow he had never got round to "scheeming" the cattle. The best he could do was to rent out his land to a "furrener" named Paul Mathews. Dan came home intermittently, with apparently no other object than to beat his wife, and leave her again with child. Then he would be off, visiting among his neighbors until he was seized with another spell of conjugal affection.

Sue's mother was a haggard wisp of a woman with a sharp voice and a hungry brood. It seemed to Sue as though there were always more mouths to feed than food to put in them and she, being the oldest, felt it incumbent upon her to assume the largest share of the family burden. She plowed and sowed the little field that was left them, chopped wood, carried water from a distant spring, and in the evenings knitted stockings for her brothers and sisters. Gabriel wanted to build a cabin of their own, but Sue, with passionate loyalty to her kin, refused to desert them.

One bleak November evening, when the first snow was falling, the Shelton family, minus Pa Shelton, gathered around the fireplace. The tired mother nodded over the corn she was shelling for the next day's milling. With pebbles several children played on the floor at "Jacks," while Sue's busy fingers flew over the gay yarn that was fast growing into a stocking. Gabriel was there, too, strumming his banjo and humming.

As the wind whistled around the cabin and some snow drifted through the crack under the door, Sue's needles flew as though even they feared the winter would overtake them.

"Say, Gabriel, why don't you wear one o' them white collars like Mr. Mathews?" Tibbie Shelton asked suddenly, then adding insult to injury, "Sue says she likes 'em."

Gabriel's fingers were still. He stopped humming, but made no answer. Here was a sore subject with the lad. Paul Mathews, the cattle owner from "out yonder," was getting to be a rival of his and the mountaineer does not long tolerate a rival. Mathews was one to be reckoned with. He had gentler ways with women than the mountain swains, though true, in all his visits to Lost Mountain he had never been more than polite to any of the girls except of late to Sue. It was this fact more than any other that made Gabriel suspicious. The boy had sense enough to see that when the man *did* notice a woman he meant business. The foreigner was good to look at and had a likely figure for all that he was not so tall. His presents might buy him favors and his white, celluloid collar was a decided advantage. The entire feminine population set him up as a fashion plate, while the men, though publicly scoffing at him for a "pretty boy," secretly envied him that collar.

The cattle-owner was a strong taciturn fellow, who seemed to the franker mountaineers to have mysterious reserves of strength. They were taciturn enough themselves with strangers, but Mathews had been among them three years and he kept it up. They never could find out even if he were married, or whether or not he had any children — these questions remained open to curious speculation. So far he had never been caught in any crooked dealing; but this, it was generally believed, was not that the man was particularly honest, but because he was what the mountaineers termed "smart." Mathews was long headed and showed it in more ways than one. He had not made many visits to the mountain before he discovered that one man must not meddle with another man's woman or hogs. And thus far he had managed to keep out of difficulties.

"If I was a man I wouldn't ride no mule, I'd ride a horse — like Mr. Mathews," Tibbie went on, sublimely unconscious of the turmoil she was causing.

"Mebbie I'll own a horse myself some day," Gabriel said, stubbornly.

"Mr. Mathews must be powerful rich," Tibbie insisted.

"I reckon he is," Gabriel answered sullenly. "Jedgin' from the presents he's been giving Sue."

"I reckon we couldn't git on up here if he didn't pay us a good price fer Pop's land," Sue now put in defiantly.

"I know you're my woman, Sue," Gabriel said, his honest blue eyes looking his trust in her. "I ain't afraid o' him — honest I'd a broke his neck long ago if I hadn't a knowed you was true."

Dismissing the subject with a cheerful grin, which was intended for his girl, he began to strum again. A moment later. mountain fashion, he burst forth into an

improvised song which, like the grin, was intended for Sue. It was a chant at first whispered softly under his breath, then louder and louder until all could hear the words —

"Oh, I'll build ye a home on the mountain so high,
Where the wild geese fly, where the wild geese fly.
I'll fetch the water and tote the wood,
I'll build ye a table and chair,
If ye'll come live with me I'll soon treat ye good,
And I'll build ye a home on the mountain so high,
Where the wild geese fly, where the wild geese fly."

"Gabriel, you're quite a musician."

The song ended abruptly. All the members of the Shelton family stared toward the only "extry" room the cabin boasted. There in the doorway, neatly dressed as usual, a large account book under his arm, stood Mr. Mathews. He was looking at Gabriel with a smile that conveyed more contempt than appreciation for his music. Crossing the room to the fireplace, he paused near Sue.

"Girl, you mustn't take too much stock in these fellows that's always singing their love," he said, leaning close to her, then added significantly, "Count on the man that shows you the goods."

"I like singin'," Sue returned loyally.

Mathews' insolence did not escape Gabriel, but he being a man of long patience, merely put down his banjo, fixing his eyes, now cold as steel, upon the other man.

In the long silence that followed the song, Sue, with feminine delight, was perfectly aware that each man was hating the other and thinking of her.

"Did you make much money this year, Mr. Mathews?" she asked sweetly.

"I cleared enough to buy a pretty girl these," he answered, drawing from his pocket a pair of long white silk gloves.

Sue's eyes sparkled.

"I'm purty — they're fer me — ain't they?"

"Maybe — if you're good to me."

For answer she blushed and lowered her eyes, wisely refraining from either promise or reproof.

At last with a smile and a gallant bow that made the clumsy Gabriel fidget in his chair the "furrener" presented Sue with the gloves.

"Oh, Mr. Mathews, them is purty," taking them and holding them to her ruddy cheek. "They're soft as new snow."

The feminine Sheltons were gazing longingly at the gloves, the boys remaining indifferent, Gabriel scowling.

Mammy raised weary eyes, remarking with as much enthusiasm as was left her ——

"I reckon when ye war them o' a Sunday ye'll make the other gals take notice."

Sue was busy pulling the gloves over her brown arms.

"Look," she exclaimed in delight, "my hands ain't too big for 'em!"

Her eyes starry with pride she ran to Gabriel, stretching out her arms for him to admire. But the look of pain on her man's face startled the smile from her lips.

Her arms dropped limply to her sides. Still silent, she crossed the room to the hearth and dropping to the floor, chin in hand, sprawled there, gazing thoughtfully into the flames.

"Women out yonder war silk gloves all the time, don't they, Mr. Mathews?"

"All the time."

"And hats?" she queried.

He nodded, his strong eyes seeking to take hold of her.

She stroked her silken arms.

"They have houses with windows?" she went on.

"Yes, and organs too," he answered.

Gabriel rose, striding to a corner of the room where lay some game he had brought in that evening.

"Organs," Sue sighed wistfully. "Hit must be powerful nice out yonder."

"Sue, I reckon Lost Mountain's good enough fer me and you," Gabriel muttered, striking his knife into a lifeless rabbit.

"Game runnin' pretty good?" Mathews asked, as a man might question a child about his playthings.

"Runnin' is what they do," one of the younger boys put in, laughing.

"Game!" Gabriel snorted, ripping off the little animal's skin. "Thar hain't been no game in these parts since I started hunting — nothin' but sich as these," and he pointed contemptuously to the heap of squirrels and rabbits at his side.

"I used to hear my Pop say," Mammy Shelton put in, yawning, "how if folks kept on killin' out'n season thar wouldn't be nothin' left to kill."

One of the boys had been throwing the corn cobs into the fire. Their crackling and spitting roused Sue from her reverie.

"Jeff, quit throwin' them cobs in the fire," she said irritably. "What do ye think we'll smoke the meat with?"

"You boys come to bed afore ye git into any more mischief," the tired mother said sharply. Rising she gave her apron a few careless shakes. "Good night, Mr. Mathews. Good night you all," then, taking the children with her without undressing they all tumbled into the family bed that stood in one corner.

When Gabriel had finished cleaning his game he returned to the hearth where he sat sullenly poking the smouldering ashes. Paul Mathews puffed on his pipe, now and again looking at Sue with eyes freighted with some calculation. The girl had again taken up her knitting and the three sat long in silence while the wind howled through the pine trees and the snow sifted in through the cracks of shiftless Dan Shelton's cabin.

At last Mathews, looking through half closed eyes, said, "It's a bad night, Gabriel, and you're a long way from home."

Gabriel shot from his bench like a thunderbolt.

"Look ahere, Paul Mathews," he exploded, "I reckon I kin out-sit you with my girl any night. I've got a right here. She's a-carryin' my child!"

Mathews was struck dumb with astonishment; for a moment he seemed glued to the spot. Any one might fancy that the mountaineer does his courting in an unobtrusive way, but this — slowly he knocked the ashes from his pipe, then rose from his chair. He had got news hard to swallow, but he took up his candle steadily enough and with a curt, silent nod, withdrew defeated into the outer room that had been made ready for him.

Sue's silk-clad arms were around her man's neck.

"That was a-tellin' him," she said, a gleam of pride and mischief in her eyes.

Gabriel's great hands were upon hers; at the feel of the silk he drew away.

"Take them things off," he said hoarsely.

Motionless she looked at him coaxingly.

"Take 'em off before I tear 'em off," he demanded.

Like a sulky child Sue slowly drew off the gloves, patting and rolling them neatly. Then crossing the room laid them in her treasure box where were other wondrous things from out yonder that Paul Mathews had given her. In the back of her mind was the secret determination to wear those gloves when Gabriel was not around.

A long white winter followed, making life in the Shelton cabin more desolate than ever. There were weeks when Gabriel, seasoned woodsman though he was, could not push his way through the snow to Sue's home. At this season there was no Paul Mathews for company; outsider though he was he was at least a source of interest and a link to the outside world. From time to time the old minister managed to come to the little church to preach his futile sermons to a handful of mountaineers; in their desperate loneliness they were willing to risk their lives to hear a "preachin'" or see a "purty fight." But from the Shelton cabin on Wild Goose Point no one dared venture. One bad winter five years before, Hal, an older brother of Sue's, had attempted to go down the mountain and he never came back. The next spring his body was found by a party of sap-tappers.

As the dreary days wore on, each one like the last, Sue used often to think that death in the snow-clad woods must be better than the bleak monotony of life in the cabin. Mammy and the sister next to Sue came down with the fever. The younger children quarreled and fought among themselves — there being nothing else to do. The only recreation any of them had was eating — eating at the risk of running out of food before the winter was past.

One morning, early in February (it was February as near as the Sheltons could judge), Tibbie Shelton, coming in from the out kitchen, announced tragically —

"The meal's out!"

The entire family stared at her in horror.

"Sure 'nough?" queried a younger sister when she could speak.

"That's the truth from my heart," Tibbie replied. "I cooked a mess o' victuals day 'fore yesterday to last nigh a week if them younguns had of left them alone."

At this a grimy little fellow with corn pone and molasses smeared all over his face slipped from the table that was always filled with partly eaten food and hid himself behind a box.

"Lor!" Mammy wailed from the bed. "I reckon we'll jes pass out by degrees. Gimme a drink o' water."

Mathy Shelton, who had been occupied with tying a small sister's pigtail to the handle of a pail of water that stood on the hearth, now released the screaming child to fill a tin can with the muddy fluid.

"Hit's thawed out now, Mammy," he said, carrying it to the bed. "Hit wuz a right smart turn fetchin' it from the spring this mornin'."

The minister on his one visit to Wild Goose Point had warned the Sheltons that their spring was too near the cabin and that was why every year one of the family was carried off with the fever. But not liking the overbearing old man they delighted in doing just the opposite of whatever he suggested — whether he told them to say their prayers or keep their cabin clean. To their childish minds such contrariness hurt the intruder and not themselves.

Propping herself feebly on one arm to drink the water, Mammy's gaze fell upon her daughter Orilla, whose man had "swung over the mountain," leaving her with a young baby to care for. She was violently rocking the infant to and fro.

"Quit rockin' that youngun all the time, Orilla," she scolded. "That's all ye do — ye'll spile him rotten."

"Wall, I ain't got nothin' else to do of a winter so I reckon I might just as well spile him," the young mother returned, adding gusto to her rocking.

All this while Sue had remained silent, motionless by the fire. She had sat so day after day, her white face expressionless, dull eyes gazing listlessly at the burning logs. Her sister's words rousing her, she cast an envious glance at the babe in her arms.

"Wish mine'd come," was all she said, but it voiced the terrible loneliness that was eating out her heart.

"I wish it would too, if it would give ye an appetite to eat. You jes' sit around quiet like ye wuz somebody else," this from Tibbie, who was busy stuffing oiled paper in the crack of the cabin wall. "Thar," she cried, giving a violent push to the unwieldy paper, "I calc'late that'll keep out the weather."

The door suddenly opened and Jeff Shelton, his pinched little face purple with the cold, his arms filled with logs, staggered into the room.

"Lor!" he said, kicking the door closed. "The weather ain't let up none yit."

Dropping his load to the hearth he began to carefully brush off the snow.

"Wood's low," he observed quietly.

"Great day in the mornin'!" Mammy shrieked. "No wood, nothin' to eat an' two of us down with the fever! I reckon all this trouble's come on us 'cause me nor Orilla nor Sue ever had the marriage-lines read over us. Mr. More said we ought to have weddins'."

"Hit ain't been no time since Gabriel split us a pile o' wood," Mathy exclaimed.

"Gabriel ain't been here fer more than three weeks and from the looks of the weather it'll be longer than that afore he comes agin," Tibbie remarked.

"Mebbie Sue would chirp up if he'd come agin," Mathy said, with a sly look at his oldest sister.

"She ought to be glad he didn't up and leave her," Orilla put in bitterly. "Gabriel's a good man, if he do spend most o' his time singing. He'll be comin' soon as the weather lets up, bringing some meal and salt with him."

Sue had risen.

"Mebbie he'll git through the holla an' mebbie he won't," Sue said. "I ain't sayin' he won't try," she added loyally. "Anyhow, we've got to git some meal and salt or we'll all be starvin'."

The family looked at her expectantly.

"I'm a-going to Aunt Carry's to borry some salt an' meal," she announced, with more spirit than she had displayed for weeks.

Mammy sat up in bed, staring at Sue with frightened, fever-lighted eyes.

"Ye're crazy! Yer baby's nigh here — ye'll die," she cried.

"I might as well die outside as in," her daughter returned quietly, drawing on the one coat the family boasted.

"I'll go, Sue — I kin find the trail," Jeff spoke up bravely.

"Now ain't that smart! You know Ma needs all you boys round the cabin — supposin' you froze to death like Hal?"

If Sue's words were hard her look was full of tenderness for the little lad.

"You might be froze to death with yer baby in ye — let one o' the others go," Mammy screamed, adding frantically, "hard as it is to feed 'em all. I can't tell which I'd rather lose."

"Thar's you an' Dora down with the fever, 'Rilly nursing her baby, ye need the three boys, an' the others is too young. I'm goin'," and around her neck she wound an old scarf that had somehow found its way into the cabin.

"Don't try it, Sue," Tibbie begged. "Ye'll be lost like Hal."

Sue turned upon her sister with something of the old fire and passion in her voice.

"I tell ye I'd rather die out in the cold than sit starin' into that fire another day. My mind's a-gettin' haunts in it and my heart's most et up. I'm a-going'," and with this she flung herself out of the door.

After the gloom of the cabin the brilliant whiteness of the world without blinded Sue. But when she had accustomed herself to the light she stood as one enchanted, staring at the dazzling scene before her. Through the flaky torrent that fell all about her she beheld white, leafless branches uplifted to the sky and the green-needled arms of pines and cedars drooping under their hoary burdens. Here and there splendid streaks of light filtered down from the sky, glazing the snow-covered earth and lighting up the great trees as though they had suddenly been hung with a thousand candles.

"Winter's lonesome but it's purty," she whispered as a breath of the pure, crisp air sent the blood racing through her veins and made her feel that she was alive once more.

In the little clearing before the cabin the sun had baked a crust upon the snow. Sue, exhilarated after her days indoors, forgot the unaccustomed weight within her and sped across the surface with light, sure steps.

Soon she was ploughing through the soft snow in a woods where the sun could never penetrate, crossing glassy streams, letting herself down steep, icy ravines, then hand over hand, pulling herself up glazed hillsides.

But as the day wore on her steps became less light, her movements less free. From time to time she paused, panting, to lean heavily against a tree.

"Hell for women and mules," she murmured abstractedly to herself once, as she stumbled. It had come to be a saying in the mountains that life there was "Hell for women and mules." Old Pop Breeden had said it first in a fatalistic spirit at his third wife's funeral.

"I reckon hit ain't so bad fer women out yonder," Sue added resentfully.

Faint with hunger, numb with cold, weary with her heavy load, to lie down and wait for the snow to cover her seemed the easiest, happiest thing to do. Then she thought of the little throbbing life beneath her heart, seemed to hear its unknown voice, to feel its flower fingers clutching at her breast; thus urged, she pushed numbly on through the white wilderness.

Night was descending. A sharp wind whined through the pine trees as though wildly murmuring for spring's return. She paused to blow in her reddened hands and swing her arms about her head. Her pains were growing sharper, more frequent, her strength less and less. Could she endure until she reached her kin's cabin? For answer there rose before her visions of her coming babe, of her mother's fever-haunted eyes and the pinched faces of that hungry little brood that waited her return.

"I can't quit," she sobbed. "I must git on."

The evening star blossomed; a pale moon feebly shed its light through the trees.

Sue had come to a little clearing in the woods and there, dimly outlined against the snow, nestled the church.

"Oh, you're like a friend," she cried. "I didn't know I wuz so near. I'll stop by an' git my breath."

Her heart leaped in joy toward the blessed little church but it seemed to take endless time to drag her poor body even near it.

Plodding wearily forward she kept her eyes fastened upon the great bell that was the pride of the congregation, her benumbed mind clinging persistently to thoughts of it. Ever since her childhood she had had an affection for the faithful old thing. She recalled the day it was hung there — how the minister had told them it was the gift of a church out yonder and that its mission was to call folks to service, how the Organ Lady had played notes upon the organ that sounded just like the chiming of the bell, and then, when the meeting was over what merrymaking there was to celebrate the event! It always announced a marryin' or buryin', on Christmas and Whitsunday it was the first sound to be heard and it always called the children to school. The fights were usually held in the hollow by the church and if one faction, outnumbered, was losing, the bell was rung for help. One winter's day a boy had stole Gentry's cow, milked her dry and left her to wander, hungry and shedless, about Church Hollow. Old Floss, mistaking the hempen rope for straw, gnawed at it, bringing the whole mountain to her rescue. Once or twice a wild wind rocking the belfry had sent out a false alarm, but all humans had an awed respect for the bell. Boys might throw rocks at the minister in the pulpit, drink-crazed men break up the services, but no man, woman or child, drunk or sober, dared to lawlessly touch that bell.

The wind had gone down with the sun. Over the mountain world reigned a stillness that was terrifying to the worn, spent girl. The snow and a faint light from the sky was all that saved the earth from darkness, but to Sue the ghost-like shadows were more fearsome than the night.

At last she reached the church. Gasping, writhing with pain she fell against the wall. Her baby was coming she was sure — Mammy had told her it would be like this. Here alone in the cold, amidst these awful shadows — with no one to help her, it might be days, weeks before any one passed this way. In this moment of anguish her whole nature revolted against her life.

"'Tain't right — 'tain't right," she sobbed.

Flinging out her arms in a gesture of agonized appeal to she knew not what, her hand struck something round and cold that moved at the contact. A shudder passed through her. The blood ceased to move through her veins. For an instant, dumb with horror, she stood as one dead. In the next moment all the harrowing tales of spooks and haunts were racing through her frenzied brain. Some folks said that her brother Hal had been murdered by a snow-spook. Perhaps the spell had been passed on to her!

Presently, when she could move, she turned her head and there dangling above her was the stiff icy bell-rope. An hysterical cry of relief sprang from her lips. The dear old bell-rope for all its ghastly winter garb, seemed to Sue the friendliest, most human thing in all the world.

It took no thought to tell her that it might save her life. Reaching up with her red hands she pulled the rope with all the strength that was left her.

Its voice broke and faltered in the darkness, then was still. With trembling hands Sue pulled the rope

again. The sound rang loudly out upon the stillness of the night.

Then, with one last effort, the girl dragged herself up the steps of the church and pushing open the door, fell prostrate upon the floor.

* * * * * *

From the moment Gabriel found his wee, wailing daughter in the church late that February night the little girl had led a sickly, miserable existence. Sue loved her baby with the passionate, ignorant devotion of the mountain mother. But the child wailed and grew thinner all the time, not thriving on the same food Sue herself ate nor the coffee she shared with her.

Mammy and Dora having recovered from the fever, Gabriel argued with Sue that her sister was now able to take her place. But when he talked of the cabin he was building she would listen half-heartedly. Little time as Sue had for feminine introspection, she would often wonder if after all her love for Gabriel were strong enough. Suppose he was the best man on the mountain — what had he to offer her but children and hard work? Their life together could only stretch on, bleak, barren, changeless. In such moods she would think of Paul Mathews, of the wondrous things he promised her out yonder, for in his measured, persistent way the man still stuck to his courtship and it was in the lure of riches he put his trust, — an organ, hats and a cook-stove. But it was not for herself alone that Sue dreamed these dreams. It was because she thought it lay in her power to save her baby girl from the hardships she had known, because she thought she might bring to her child the pretty things that she herself had all her life longed for.

In the summer that followed Gabriel did what he could to lessen Sue's burdens. But the mountaineer is not much given to making life easier for his woman; in his opinion she is as capable of work as he. So if the boy lacked consideration for Sue it was because he had never seen a woman treated other than as a female machine and a fellow toiler.

Weary, heartsore, Sue dragged through the summer, seeming to care little for any human being save her ailing child.

One scorching August morning when she was ploughing in the field Paul Mathews, after an absence, well-fed, neatly-dressed, his white collar spotless and glistening in the sun, rode up to her. Even his horse (which was the envy of the mountainside) seemed cool and comfortable. As the "furrener" sat there, looking down at the toiling girl, he seemed more than ever to typify ease and prosperity.

"Hello, Sue," he called, dismounting. "I'm glad to be back. This mountain of yours certainly is a fine place."

Sue's back ached and her bare feet were blistered. Pausing to push the big sunbonnet back from her perspiring forehead she glared at him for a moment with rebellious eyes before she retorted —

"Well, hit may be all right for men and horses but it's Hell fer women and mules!"

Mathews was staggered. This was the first open admission of discontent Sue had voiced to him. While he scrutinized her searchingly, significantly, the girl returned to her work. He stroked his chin thoughtfully, then, walking over to the Sheltons' tumble-down fence, hitched his horse.

A moment later, hands thrust deep in his pockets, he strode back to Sue.

"Sue, you're too pretty a girl to wear your life out like this."

Her hands dropped from the plough and she stood staring at him in amazement. That was the very thought which had at that moment been going through her own mind.

"I've a present for you," he went on, "a calico dress with pink flowers in it."

Mathews' eyes compelled hers. As she took the parcel he held out to her she trembled like a frightened bird caught in a snare.

"I — I shouldn't take it," she said weakly, but as she said it her eager fingers were tearing aside the wrapping. "It's like silk," she cried stroking it lovingly. "And pink flowers!" He took her in his arms.

"Come with me, Sue, and you can wear such things all the time," he whispered, his restless hands running over her body. "What do you think I've been hanging around here for this long? Why do you think I've been giving you these presents?"

Sue struggled angrily in his arms.

"Well, if it's jest so ye kin love me, ye kin — —"

"You've a hasty tongue in that pretty mouth," he said, taking her face in his hands. "I love you. You know I ain't bothered with other women since I came here, but when I saw you growing into what you are," he paused, his eyes taking her in from head to foot. "When I saw that figure so fine and them eyes so bright I says to myself, 'I want that girl,' and I'm going to have you!"

She was silent in his arms. It flattered Sue to know that this man loved her. But even as she lay in his embrace, making no effort to be released, her thoughts fled to Gabriel and his roughly tender caresses that somehow seemed so right.

"Come out yonder with me," Mathews said when his lips had been long on hers. "Say something, Sue."

"I'm a-studyin'," she answered chokingly.

"You can leave the youngun with your mammy — she don't mind one more or less."

Sue raised horrified eyes to his, staring at him in unbelieving silence. The next instant she tore away from him, her black eyes blazing.

"You devil from Hell," she shrieked. "Do ye think I'd quit my baby for you and your fine clothes? Well I wouldn't — not for everything there is out yonder," and she flung his gift at his feet.

He watched her as she ran toward the cabin. Then stooping, he picked up the dress, brushed the dust from its folds, and carefully wrapped it. He seemed to be keeping it as a weapon still likely to be useful.

The summer faded and with it Sue's baby. Herbs, the witch doctor's charms — every mountain remedy failed. Sue even permitted the minister to baptize her child, for like most of the backwoods folks, she considered baptizing a kind of charm from out yonder. Even this hope was futile, and each day the little girl's cry grew more feeble.

It was late one November afternoon. Sue, wan and shadow-eyed with watching, hung over the bed where her baby lay.

On a fireside bench, her apron thrown over her head, rocking to and fro sat Mammy Shelton.

"I've had fifteen head o' children," she wailed. "And I take on every time one passes out jes' like thar never would be another."

On the opposite side of the hearth was Gabriel with moist eyes, his great head sunk upon his chest. Not for many a day had Gabriel played his banjo or sung his rollicking songs.

"She wuz a-goin' to be as purty as her mother. I 'lowed I've have —" the words were lost in a sob.

Suddenly a sharp, convulsive cry came from the child. Both women sprang to their feet, Sue lifting the purple, distorted little figure in her arms.

"She's goin' to die out," Mammy shrieked, clasping Sue in terror.

When the spasm had passed the baby lay quietly in her mother's arms, an occasional weak, gasping breath the only sign of life.

The fire crackled, the kettle on the stove bubbled noisily. Now and then a sob broke from Mammy Shelton's lips, but Sue remained terribly quiet.

Gabriel, unable to bear it longer, strode to the door.

On the threshold he collided with Paul Mathews.

The tragic, white-faced youth stared at the man, hatred in his eyes.

"Thar's trouble in thar," he said, nodding toward the room. "And thar'll be trouble out here if you try to go in!"

Mathews turned, but he left as if he were undefeated.

When he was out of sight Gabriel descended the steps, dropping down upon a discarded rabbit trap. There in the autumnal twilight the distracted youth poured forth the sorrow of his heart in the only form of expression that was natural to him. His voice was husky as he sang:

"The clouds are heavy and my heart is too.
I'm a'goin' to lose my baby an' my woman too.
My heart's bowed down — I ain't got no cause
to live — —"

Try as he would he could go no farther.

"Ye damned furrener," he cried, shaking his fist in the direction Mathews had taken. Then he dropped his shaggy head in his arms, his mighty body shaken with sobs.

The latch of the cabin door clicked softly. The door opened and Sue appeared.

"Gabriel," she choked, "little Sue's passed out."

* * * * * *

The day of the "buryin' " dawned grey, still, the air pregnant with snow. The funeral was not until three but by eight o'clock in the morning neighbors, some mounted on mules, others walking, began to appear at the lonely Shelton cabin. The women helped prepare the dinner that was to be eaten when the party returned from the burying ground, while the men helped Gabriel dig the grave.

Later when the minister arrived the little pine casket that Gabriel had made was placed on a chair in the middle of the cabin. The company, weeping profusely, gathered around the crude box whispering their sympathy to Sue and Gabriel or silently clasping one another's hands and nodding mournfully to their neighbors.

The feeble old minister looking piously over his glasses read in his usual feeble fashion the funeral services during which performance babies cried and there was a general sniffing. Then doleful voices united in singing "We Shall Meet Across the River."

Then the pall-bearers carried out the casket, the company following.

At the top of the hill behind the cabin was a little burying ground and toward it the procession filed. The threatened snow had begun to fall. In irregular groups the mourners walked up the hill, the bright colors of the women's skirts contrasting vividly with the greyness of the landscape.

"Sue's as good a gal as the sun ever shined on an' it's hard this luck has come on her," Carrie Gentry whispered to the woman next her.

The top of the hill reached, the procession halted, forming into awed little clusters. The casket was reopened. Gabriel and Sue hung over it while the minister read the last services.

When it came to closing the coffin, Sue pushing the men aside snatched her dead baby from the box, pressing it to her breast.

"Ye shan't take her — ye shan't take her," she cried.

Carrie gently took the body from her, placing it in the pine box. When the men had put on the lid Sue flung herself upon the casket, her sobs re-echoing throughout the mountain.

When the coffin had been lowered into the grave the company silently made its way toward the cabin that was almost hidden from view by the dusk and the falling snow.

In the bustling of filling the long tables with victuals the mourners became more cheerful. By the time the feast was ended, the blackberry wine and corn whisky drunk they were quite merry, indeed; toward the end of the evening, there was even fiddling and dancing.

To escape the gaiety Sue stole away to the outkitchen. She, too, had all a mountaineer's strong childlike demand for a reaction. Only she turned in a disgust, not new, from this drunken boisterousness. In there was Gabriel drinking, too. She hated drink.

Suddenly, in the half-dark kitchen a figure loomed up. Sue, in her overwrought state, thought it must be the Death Spook, and looked her terror.

"Don't be scared — it's only me."

Mr. Mathews spoke calmly, deliberately, as usual. Now he stepped close to her, whispering —

"Sue, I know how you used to go down to the church just to hear the organ — I'll buy you an organ — I'll buy you anything if you'll come with me. You don't belong with that gang in there," he ended with a contemptuous nod toward the cabin.

The girl looked at him silently for a moment. When she answered there was a strange fatality in her words —

"I do belong to them — I can't help it."

That was her simple way of acknowledging the chains of loyalty that heredity and tradition had bound around her heart.

Mathews had her in his arms, straining her to him, his lips upon hers. Strong though she was, Sue could not keep him off.

A great hulking form appeared in the doorway. Its shadow on the wall opposite quivered, seemed to stagger. Sue saw it but Mathews, mad with desire, heard nothing, saw nothing but Sue.

"Thar's been one buryin' here to-day and it looks like thar's goin' to be another." It was Gabriel's voice, husky with pain and rage.

At the sound of it Mathews released Sue, staring dumbly at the boy.

"An' I don't know but what you deserve a bullet too," Gabriel went on, turning upon Sue.

"God in Heaven," she cried, "you know I'm true."

Mathews was fumbling for his revolver.

"Not yit," Gabriel said quietly, leveling his own at the other man. "We got to settle somethin' first."

Sue shrank in fear at the frenzy that lay beneath that quiet manner. With his free hand Gabriel took her by the wrist, pulling her toward him, his eyes searching hers.

Too proud to defend herself, the girl stood before him, looking straight in his eyes.

"It ain't you," he said, loosing his grip. "Now git."

Now Sue saw all his pent-up fury rise unchecked.

"Don't, Gabriel," she shrieked. "No good'll come of it!"

"Git," he repeated, and pushed her toward the door. Then turning to Mathews, "Ye damned furrener! Ye've two hands and a pistol — now fight!"

Trembling Sue closed the door behind her. With a convulsive sob she dropped upon the ground, her ear pressed to the door, listening, tense and breathless.

Lying there in the little clearing between the cabin and out-kitchen, snow all about her, cold stars glittering above her, she heard the sound of laughter and fiddling from the cabin, and such oaths and scuffling from the outer room as made her heart stand still.

Suddenly a low, mournful, protracted neigh rang out on the night air. Then following a dull pounding of the earth somewhere by the cabin fence. Sue sat bolt upright. It must be the Snow Spook! When she could move she looked in the direction of the sound. There by the fence pulling at his bridle and pawing the ground stood nothing more appalling than Paul Mathews' horse!

Before she had got her senses there was a shot, a low moan, then a terrible silence. Sue fell back upon the ground.

People began pouring out of the cabin asking questions and answering them in high, excited voices.

Someone picked Sue up.

"Are ye hurt?" Cal Taylor asked.

"No, only skeered," she cried, pushing him aside. "Mebbie it's Gabriel! Mebbie it's Gabriel!"

Thrusting open the door she entered the room, the others following. Prostrate upon the floor lay Paul Mathews and towering above him, gun in hand, stood Gabriel.

No one spoke. No one moved.

"He's dead," the lad said facing them. "Ye kin do what ye like with me."

No one needed any explanation to substantially understand what had happened.

Cal Taylor stepped from out the crowd bending over the body, feeling the heart. Shaking his head he straightened up, looking gravely at Gabriel.

"Nothin' but justice's been done. You and Sue'd better clear out."

Sue ran to her man.

"Ye hear what he says?" she cried excitedly. "We'll git."

But Gabriel remained immovable.

"It's ugly business, boy, but we'll kiver ye up," Cal said, laying his hand on Gabriel's arm. Then to the crowd — "We'll kiver him up — won't we, boys?"

There were ardent affirmations; the men crowding around Gabriel urging him to go.

"Come on, Gabriel," Sue coaxed. "We'll go to the minister an' have the lines said over us — then everything'll be all right."

Dazed, he allowed Sue to lead him from the room where the people remained talking and gesticulating with great vehemence.

Outside Gabriel paused to draw a deep breath of the crisp air and put his revolver in his belt.

"Hurry," Sue admonished. "Hit's a long way to the preacher's."

A horse whinnied. Gabriel raised his head, looking toward the fence where Paul Mathews' horse pawed and snorted, impatient for a rider.

"Hold on, Sue," he said, catching her around the waist, "I'll take ye thar in style."

In a moment they had crossed the yard and Gabriel was proudly helping Sue to mount.

"I always knew," he said as he swung up behind her, "if I waited long enough I'd own a horse!"

Things That Live Under the Floor

By Will Burt

"WHAT is it under the floor at night that makes such a noise?" asked Luella Brayton.

"Mice, most likely," answered her husband, "or pack rats."

"But it sounds like something was being chased," insisted the woman. "Something tears thumping about under the joists, squealing like it was terrified."

"Oh, fighting among themselves, I guess."

Howard Brayton sat in the threshold of his homestead shack, pounding the dirt out of his shoes. To his left stretched the sixty acres of corn that he was cultivating for the third and last time. Silhouetted against the glow of a prairie sunset, the cultivator was visible, standing next the fence at the end of his last "land", the handles raised high and hooked together as he had left them when he hung up the shovels and unhitched. To his right lay the eighty acres of badly fired wheat that Brayton admitted would not require a threshing machine. Around his dwelling was the square acre of native buffalo grass and cactus which he had left for a lawn. It was now sear and brown, like the unfenced lands across the road and his own nineteen acres of still unbroken prairie that reproached him from the slope beyond the wheat.

Howard Brayton yanked off his socks, turned them inside out and slapped them vigorously against the doorstep upon which he sat. He slumped down on his backbone with a sigh that was half a groan, stretched out his legs and twiddled his toes. Luella looked at Howard's thin legs. She remembered that Howard's legs were plump when she married him — plump and white. Now the lean shanks under the worn overalls were doubtless almost as discolored as the ankles and calves that Howard had bared to the evening coolness. Streaks of dirt showed where wrinkles in his socks, under pressure of the shoes, had caught the sediment in the sweat of his feet. The scab of a galled place on his instep had been torn off, allowing a little pus to exude. Observing it, he squeezed the sore empty. "The socks stick," he said.

"I wish you'd bathe to-night," said Luella. "I saved the water that I washed the children in."

"Why, it's only Friday, isn't it?" answered Brayton, bending over to thrust a pin into a blister on the side of his heel. His thin, black cotton shirt pulled tight across the back, revealing white splotches left by drying perspiration.

"Yes, it's only Friday," sighed Luella.

"How much is there left? Down to the fourth hoop?" asked Howard.

"Almost."

"I hoped it would last till Sunday morning. I wanted to finish laying by to-morrow, and there are twenty rounds to do."

"I'll be careful," said Luella listlessly.

"There isn't any too much out at the barn, either. I wish we had a tank instead of barrels."

"I wish we had a well," snapped Luella with sudden vigor. "I wish —" She ceased.

"Of course, of course," assented Howard. "Maybe we will have better luck next time."

"Next time?"

"Yes, next time. If the corn is any good this year."

"Oh, you —! Has it ever been any good? Has anything ever been any good?"

"It will be."

"Maybe there is not water on this flat. Mrs. Foreman says there are a good many places where you can't find water no matter how deep you go."

"And then again maybe this flat is not one of those places," returned Howard.

"You dug a hundred feet and quit. You bored a hundred and fifty feet and quit. What do you propose to do now?"

"You know very well, Lou, that the first hole became unsafe to work in. And that we got the auger stuck in the other and lost it. But the next time I shall drill, and keep going down till we get what we are looking for."

"Then why wait for a corn crop?"

"It will take cash — forty cents a foot. I tried to get Jackson to do it now and wait till fall for his money but he wouldn't. Said there was no telling how deep it would take, and he had too much out already."

"Jackson doesn't think much of your corn, I guess," commented Luella.

"Perhaps. You can't blame him," admitted Brayton. "But even if the corn doesn't pan out I'll have the well. I'll get a job — or manage some way."

"Get a job! You had a job. You'd better have stuck to the —"

"Isn't that lightning over there, Lou?" he interrupted, sitting up and peering intently at a dark splotch on the eastern horizon. "I thought I saw it twice."

A sunburned boy of six came running around the corner of the shack to his mother where she sat on an old blanket spread out on the grass. "Millie is sticking her hand in a gopher hole," he panted.

Springing up, Luella darted away, followed by the boy. Shortly she returned, cuddling a whimpering girl of four in her arms. "There, there," she soothed the child, "Mama had to spank the naughty little hand because it didn't mind. Mama doesn't want a wicked snake to bite her baby. Millie must keep her hands out of gopher holes."

"Do you want your hand to be like Marty Heindel's, Millie?" asked the boy. "Marty stuck his hand into a hole, too. You wouldn't be such a pretty girl, Millie, if your hand was all shriveled up like the old rooster's foot."

"Where are the others?" asked Howard.

"They're asleep — worn out," answered Luella. "I fixed a pen for them outside as soon as the shade was big enough, but the gnats simply ate them up."

"Yes, they were pretty bad to-day, till the wind came up," assented Howard.

He arose and went in through the main room toward the lean-to kitchen, where his supper awaited him. Luella tarried a moment in the larger room to look at the two babies asleep in the children's bed. Bessie, nearly three years old, was breathing stertorously, gritting her teeth and twitching her fingers. Luella pressed her hand for a second to the child's forehead, then smoothed the hair back from the flushed, peaked little face and followed her husband.

"I am worried about Bessie," she said. "I think there is something in the water. Her food runs right through. And she doesn't get over it. I wish we had milk."

"We'll get a cow as soon as we have a well; two miles is a long way to haul water for extra animals. A cow drinks an awful lot."

The low lean-to, built against the south side of the original one-roomed shack, was still full of the heat driven into it by the afternoon sun. The quick fire of sunflower stalks and cattle dung over which Luella had fried Howard's supper had now burnt out; but warm, greasy odors still lingered above the stove and around the stove pipe, where half a dozen bluebottle flies buzzed luxuriously.

Luella took a platter of salt pork and fried eggs from the oven and set it before Brayton, who had dropped into a chair at the kitchen table. "I tried to find potatoes enough for a mess," said she, "but they're no bigger than marbles; and something's eating them, too. They're dying — mostly dead now."

"Peas all gone?"

"Dried up long ago."

"I wouldn't mind a nice cold salad now," remarked Howard, putting down his cup after a swig at the hot tea.

"I suppose maybe some of the rest of us wouldn't either," rejoined his wife.

"Lettuce all gone to seed, I suppose?"

"What hasn't gone to seed has gone into mice or rabbits or something — it's gone. The last you sowed never came up."

"Oh, well," said Howard, flipping a fly out of his plate. He glanced up at the low ceiling above him, where several more were clinging. "Give us a little light, Lou."

"It draws the bugs," she said, as she lighted the kerosene lamp.

"I know, but I'll soon be done."

"Jennie Vaughn died," stated Luella.

"So? How'd you hear? When?"

"In the paper. Last Tuesday. Mr. Foreman came by this afternoon and brought our mail. She turned all spotted and tried to rattle, Mrs. Foreman said. They had to tie up her mouth."

"Any other mail?" inquired Howard.

"Letter from Grigsby asking if you can't pay some on account."

"Oh, well. Anything else?"

"Letter from mother."

"Yes?"

"She wants you to take your old job back. Homer is going into business for himself and she wants you to run the store again."

"Yes? Well, I'm in business for myself, too. Let's see the paper, Lou."

She brought him the "Wray Rattler." He swung sideways to the light and put his bare feet upon the upended soap box that served as a seat at table for six-year-old John when the family ate together. Little black beetles tilted at the lamp.

"Mother had a party for Nell last week," said Luella. "Fifteen couples; ice cream and cake served on the lawn, Chinese lanterns in the maples. Spread canvas on the croquet ground and had dancing. Jimmie fiddled. Kate Miller's engaged —"

"Yeah?"

"To — to Fred Brevard," went on Luella.

Brayton cast a quick glance at his wife. She was scraping the remains of his supper into the dog's pan. Her back was toward him. He went on reading.

"He got hold of the Borden house in a deal and it's being remodeled — new bath, repainted brown and buff. Taking down the fence. He's got his real estate office in the Haley block now. They're to be married next month."

Luella went out with the dog's pan. Brayton kept on reading. A moth fluttered furiously about the lamp. Away in the gathering darkness a brace of coyotes broke into cry.

"Old time cattlemen," read Brayton, "are much concerned over an imminent outbreak of rabies among their herds. Mr. Edward Boles, of the Boles & Wiggles Cattle Company, reports that he lost three valuable animals last week from hydrophobia. He states that the coyotes on the range are many of them suffering from rabies and that in the extreme cases the coyotes go completely mad and run amuck, snapping at anything and everything that comes in their path. In this way many herds become infected, and in this way, also, the malady may be communicated to the dogs, some of them household pets, which at times fraternize with the coyotes of their community."

Luella returned with the dog's pan unemptied and set it under the stove. "Shep is sick," she declared. "He hasn't been right for two days."

"Yeah?"

Brayton arose, slipped his shoes on bare feet and limped out to turn his team onto the prairie for the night. He had no hay and very little grain. His horses worked by day and rustled their own living by night. He led the lean, work-worn animals down to the front gate, put on the hobbles and turned each loose with a slap on the rump. There was fair grazing for horses on the two unfenced "tree claims" across the road. A tree claim, in the later eighties, was a quarter section of government land upon which no trees grew, claimed by some individual on the strength of a declared intention to plant trees upon it. Residence was not required, and the declared intention was seldom performed. Hence a tree claim generally retained its pristine appearance until, after the lapse of years, some covetous settler contested it for a homestead. Brayton intended to contest those two. He already had his homestead, but he could still use a preemption right, and also take a tree claim. He had not confided to Luella his purpose regarding this land. While he was out Luella called the children in and got them to bed, John in a pallet on the floor and Millie in the bed with Bessie. Although the doors and windows were wide open, the house was still intensely hot. She carried the baby into the cool outside air and sat down again on the blanket to nurse her.

The baby was eleven months old. Luella always nursed her babies as long as possible, in the futile hope of staving off the appearance of another. The thought of giving birth to another child in that place filled Luella with a dismay that at times became almost terror. The baby was born in that homestead shack — in August. So was Bessie born there in August — August 13, 1886. Bessie's birth was premature. Luella had had a shock. She had stepped on a rattlesnake while she was coming in from the field with her arms full of roasting ears — in that one good year of '86, when they had nothing planted but a few acres of sod corn. She had screamed and then fainted away. Howard had come running and carried her to the house — but not before he had hurriedly killed the snake with a dry sunflower stalk and cut off the rattles. Howard was saving rattles then. Afterward he lost interest in his collection. She often wondered why she was not bitten that time. The birth had followed within four hours — very successfully, but with the thermometer at 102 in the shade outside the shack, and the air inside almost unbearable. And for a week afterward it was little better except at night.

Brayton came back and dropped down beside his wife. "Well, it went 'round again, Lou," he said, indicating the storm cloud, now well up above the horizon. The cloud had grown greatly in size, but had shifted to the southeast. Out of its dark mass lightning crackled and streaked jaggedly across the sky.

"Wouldn't save the wheat anyway," he went on, "and the corn will stand it a good bit longer. If I can borrow a mowing machine I'll start in on that wheat Monday for hay, before it's all dried up. Foreman say anything about his crop?"

"It's burnt up, corn and all."

"Uhuh! That's what comes of planting instead of listing. Now mine will stick it out for quite a while yet. Foreman didn't cultivate enough, either — only twice over. If my horses were not so played out I'd go over mine a time or two more. I'll bet he'll use a lister next year."

"He's going to leave."

"What?" asked Brayton incredulously, staring at her with disgust growing in his eyes. "You mean running away — turning tail?"

"He hasn't had a decent crop since he's been here," she said.

"Well, I haven't, either." Brayton pondered a few moments, while his wife covertly watched his face. "I wonder if Foreman would sell his rake and mowing machine on time," he added finally.

Luella sighed. "Let's get a fresh drink from the cave before we go to bed," she said. "It tastes of the barrel, anyway; but it's awful unless it's a little bit cool. I'll take the baby in and get a light."

"Never mind the light, we can see well enough."

The water for household use was kept in the cave for coolness. The cave door was kept open at night because then the outside air was colder than the air in the cave, but by seven o'clock in the morning the reverse was true and the door was closed against the fierce prairie heat.

As Brayton lifted the lid of the barrel something slid off and dropped heavily to the ground. Between Luella's feet it wriggled. She could feel it rubbing against her shoes in its passage to the door. "Quick," she gasped, "kill it. Quick!"

"It's only a bull snake," said Howard, unperturbed. "They're harmless and kill lots of gophers and prairie dogs."

"How do you know it was not a rattler?"

"Well, it didn't rattle, did it? A rattler will rattle and fight. This fellow was getting away as fast as he

could. Besides, it was too big for a rattlesnake. I got a look at it as it reached the door."

"There was a funny smell," she insisted, "just like those others that you killed."

"Oh, well; he's gone, anyway."

They went back to the house, Luella carrying a gallon pail of water. She set it in the usual place, on a box just outside the door, where it would keep cool and still be handy during the night. In the same black cotton shirt he had worn all day in the corn Howard Brayton lay down with his wife and baby on the larger of the two beds that occupied one-half of the living room, and slept profoundly till one o'clock in the morning. He awoke to find Luella roughly pulling at his collar. "Sh!" she whispered. "Listen! That's what I mean. What makes it? It's been going on for ten minutes — the thumping around and squealing. Something's being killed!"

"Mama," called the boy from his pallet on the floor, "can I come up in your bed?"

"Yes, darling," she answered, reaching out an arm to the child, who came with wide, shining eyes and cuddled down against her shoulder.

"Oh, the rats having a rumpus — or doing a little courting, maybe," said Brayton, turning over on his side. "Maybe a weasel slipped in to catch a mouse," he muttered drowsily.

A couple of hours later, when Bessie called for a drink, Luella found the screen door unhooked and ajar, swinging gently as if some one had just passed out. She got a cup of water, then, after a swift survey of the room had shown her that the family were all within, she snapped the door shut with sudden irritation and slipped the hook in place. "As if it were not hell enough," she muttered, "without a house full of mosquitoes. How many times lately have I told them!"

In the morning when Brayton led his horses by the shack, he was drenched to the knees because he had tramped a mile through the dew-drenched grass to find them. "The grazing is good close by," he said, "but they always think it is better farther off."

Luella looked up. She was banking fresh earth against the house.

"So they have to be hobbled," he continued; "their trying to break away only makes trouble for themselves — and for me."

"You beast!" said Luella.

"The rats will dig that all open again to-night," Brayton called back, as he proceeded toward the barn.

By six o'clock he was in the corn. Up and down the half mile rows till noon he urged his reluctant team. The lines, knotted together behind him, pulled over one shoulder and under the other, rubbing constantly on an irritated spot as large as a dollar, low down on the slope of his neck. Over this surface perspiration carried the alkaline dust that continually puffed up from the dry soil and attended the cultivator like a thin smoke screen from end to end of the long rows. The sore smarted more or less — especially when the wet shirt wrinkled and was drawn roughly over it by the jerking lines. The horses did not go evenly. They would seldom start together after Howard had checked them to pull out a tall hog weed or a burly sunflower that had eluded his first hasty snatch. Sometimes in concert, but more often separately, one after the other, the hungry beasts would pause for a quick, downward bite at some tall stalk of corn, yanking the lines forward with a jerk and stubbing the driver, by the sudden stop, against the implement with which he marched — in a close order formation. And occasionally one or other of the team would be goaded into a frenzy of stamping and head tossing by some persistent bee or gadfly. The ordinary flies and gnats that hovered over the sweating horses in a little undulating cloud were fought off more or less successfully by twitching skins and swishing tails — which clamped down with annoying frequency upon the reins; but wasps, bees and gadflies were super pests that had to be hunted and killed by the driver.

Up and down the long rows Brayton urged his weary animals, turning them at the fence with the skill of long practise and starting promptly on another round. Stooped over the handles, holding them in a sweaty grip of weed-stained hands, with easy, alert, give-and-take movements of his arms, he threw the flowing soil against the stiff, green stalks, while his intent gaze searched the row for weeds too large to be overwhelmed by the hurtling earth. These were wrenched out, in passing, by a swift grab with whichever hand could at the moment be the better spared from a plow handle. The dust puffed up in his face; the stench from the weeds, from the earth, from the horses, from himself, assailed his nostrils; gnats batted into his eyes, his ears, his nose — his mouth, if he forgot to keep it closed; the sun bored into the back of his neck; between his shoulders was a dreary, persistent ache; his eyes smarted from sweat and gnat bites; at every step seams in his overalls sawed across chafed surfaces on the inside of his thighs, while his feet were swelling from the rank, hot moisture in his shoes and ached for ease and coolness with an urgency that almost smothered the lesser protests of sores and blisters.

When he had completed his tenth round Brayton could tell by the shadows of the fence posts that it was noon, but he made the turn and tried to start on the eleventh. Then the horses protested. They danced, backed up, twisted around, throwing their heads over each other's necks and looking back reproachfully at the man.

"All right," he said, capitulating. "I just wanted to make it a bit shorter for you this afternoon. I'm afraid it's going to get hot to-day."

Luella had finished banking up the house. She had carried the earth on a hand sled from the plowed ground because the prairie around the house was too hard for her to dig into. The hand sled was a home-made affair with a soap box nailed on top. It slid over the grass almost as easily as upon snow. After the task was completed she and the children had bathed and put on clean clothes.

"We used yesterday's water again," she explained to her husband. "But I guess it will still be clean enough for you to-night," she added, looking him over consideringly.

"I'm glad you saved it," was all he said.

"Bessie ain't any better," announced Luella. "We ought to take her to the doctor. She has been sleeping almost all morning. The mosquitoes nearly ate her up last night — and the baby, too. You and John *must* quit leaving that screen door unhooked when you get up in the night. I've told you time and again."

"I always do hook it, Mama," asserted the boy.

"Not guilty," declared Brayton; "I wasn't up last night. And I never left a screen door open in my life. They are not particularly useful when open."

"Well, somebody does," persisted his wife. "Every time I get up to give Bessie a drink I find that door open."

"What, no eggs?" asked Brayton, glancing disappointedly at the fare before him.

"The mice got at them again last night. Nothing's safe about this place that isn't made of iron. Something's always eating everything else."

"Must have been pretty strong mice," chuckled John. "They tipped over a cover with a flat iron on it."

"Leave the shells?" asked Brayton.

"Yes."

"Wasn't pack rats then."

"No," said Luella, "we moved everything and looked the floor all over for holes. There were only little ones, too small for anything except mice. They rummage into everything whether it's food or not, pulling the things around, but leaving them uninjured. They act just like they were *looking* for something."

Before 1:30 Brayton's horses, refreshed by corn and the stale water at the barn, were again dragging the cultivator up and down the rows — under ten degrees more of heat than they had endured in the morning. In mid-afternoon, because he was then working close to the house, Brayton came in to refill his gallon jug from the cool water in the cave. Luella and the children, all in their clean clothes, were reclining on the old blanket, stretched out in the shade of the shack. Luella was reading fairy tales aloud. Howard grinned slyly at the group.

"Yeah," he said, "pretty tough on the women and kids — this homesteading business. Worst thing about it they got to stay cooped up in one spot no bigger'n a blanket. Now it wouldn't be so bad if they could only get out in the glorious sunshine and hold down the tail end of a cultivator."

Luella looked him over. His hair was long and sunburned, his teeth were long and yellow, his eyes were red and puffed from the strain of gazing always downward at the gliding row; in the week-old beard that covered his gaunt face stuck the gray dust of the field, moistened to a clinging paste by sweat; from head to toe his garments were sodden with perspiration. Luella looked him over — the young dandy she had married seven years before. "Oh, Howard," she cried, with sudden contrition, "I've never said you shirked your part."

"And I've never said, have I, Lou," he asked gravely, "that you shirked yours?"

"No, no, Howard, I know; but it's too hard, it's all so terribly hard!"

"Yeah," he grinned amiably, "I see it is. Well, I got to be moving. I can't bear to miss a minute of the glorious sunshine out in the open field."

By this time in the day the corn was so shrunken, the broad leaves so tightly curled up, that the plants seemed spindling and weak, and showed light green in color — a marked contrast to the stiff dark green, luxuriant foliage of early morning. This daily change in the corn had been going on for weeks, would go on till the drouth ended or the corn burnt up — the day's heat drawing the sap out of the corn faster than the roots could gather it from the drying earth. Daily, as the drouth lasted, the deficit became greater. Only at night was it overcome and the plants revived with a full flow of moisture through their fibers. There would come a day — it had come to Brayton in other years and he knew that it had arrived this year for Foreman and other farmers less thorough than himself — when that deficit in sap would become too large for nature to endure and the corn would suddenly begin to "fire", to dry up and turn white.

"The trick is," muttered Brayton as he plodded along, "to keep the moisture from getting out of the ground except through the plants. That's the trick; any one could see that's the whole thing. Plenty rain in this country for the crops if you could keep it for them. But not enough left for the crop after the sun and wind have sucked up all they want. Plain as day. Got to keep that rain from the sun and wind and let only the roots get at it. A mulch, eh? Something like that — all the year 'round; to keep the sun and wind out. No, to keep the wet in — from coming out to the sun and wind. Well, that's the trick, sure thing, holding the moisture in the ground for the crops — all the year's rain for one crop. Or two years' rain for one crop, or — say, the big idea is simply not to let any of it get away at all, except through the roots of a crop. Then there'd be no waste of moisture and you could raise as many crops and as big crops as the sum total of your rain for all the years would divide up into. Ha, I got the right scheme all right. It's just a matter of figuring out a way to work it. I wonder if some other fellows in the west haven't been trying out some new methods. I'll see what I can find out next week in town. Several heads are better than one. But that's the main idea — holding the moisture in the soil for the crops. Not for you fellows," he addressed a tall hogweed that he jerked out with a dexterous twist of his wrist, just as automatically as he had pulled hundreds of others that day, "not for you fellows; for crops.

"Lou thinks this country is no good because a rattlesnake will sneak under the house now and then for a mess of rats or drop in to sit on her water barrel. No, that isn't it at all. I want to be fair to Lou. She thinks it is no good because it hasn't *been* any good. And her argument is sound. Only thing that can beat it is vision. And I got it. I know I got it."

Brayton completed his "laying by" shortly before sunset and started with the cultivator to the barn. His weary horses brightened and stepped out briskly as they felt the implement rattling along behind them on the hard ground. "So that is done," they seemed to congratulate themselves. "He's taking it to the barn."

"You bet it is," said Howard, who understood his horses almost as well as they understood him. "And I'm just as tickled as you. But you'd not get out of a fourth time over, old chappies, if you had any meat left on your ribs and there were feed in the barn. I can't afford to kill you entirely; I'll need you next year, too."

While the animals ate a small evening ration of corn he bathed their galled shoulders and the sore places on their backs, applying axle grease as a salve and hair restorer. Then he smeared a thick coating of the grease over the cultivator shovels, took the implement apart with a few deft movements and stored it away in the small shed. Being a "tongueless", it separated readily into three principal parts — arch, wheels and plow beams — which packed into small compass. "All Gaul is divided —" grinned Howard to himself. "Yeah, old Julius C. had some job all right, but he never tackled a short-grass homestead — with a shoe string."

After Brayton had turned his horses out on the prairie with a sarcastic admonition to "lick it up, old chappies, you've eaten your last ear of corn for quite some time," he observed a rattlesnake basking against the warm west side of the gatepost. He killed it with a few lashings of the halter rope, complemented by a heavy heel. Then, noticing the large size of the snake and feeling a primitive impulse to display his kill before

his mate and young, he impaled the head on a short piece of wire that was knotted in the rope and trailed four feet of mottled serpent behind him as he sauntered back to his family group by the shack. They crowded around to look at it. But when the long tail suddenly drew up into a loose coil, the baby began to cry and all of them shrank away — all except Bessie. She stepped closer and looked down pityingly at the mangled head.

"Bessie is never afraid of snakes," remarked John. "She'd like to pet the pretty things, I guess," he added, poking fun at Bessie's intelligence.

Brayton caught Luella's eye. "So!" he asked, startled.

"I'm afraid so," she answered briefly.

"Oh, well, it might work both ways. Maybe she's safer."

"Howard!" she flared, "are you made of iron! Don't you care about *anything?*"

"Well, mightn't it?" he repeated.

"I wonder if this is the same one that was on the barrel," remarked Luella.

"No; that was a bull snake, and bigger."

"It smelled the same," she insisted. "Ugh!"

"It didn't rattle and fight. It ran like it was scared to death. Besides, it was too big. This might be his mate," he added thoughtlessly.

"His mate! Howard," she said with quick gravity, "never try to fool me. You can rule me because I am flesh and blood and you are not. But I want to look things in the eyes. I must not be fooled."

After supper, Brayton shaved by lamp light and called for the much used bath water. "It's Saturday night, Lou," he announced, "got to bathe whether I need it or not."

"I emptied the barrel to-night," she reported, "there is only the gallon bucketful of fresh water left."

"The horses didn't have enough, either. We'll have to go after it first thing in the morning. You'll come, won't you? It'll be cool."

"Of course. The children enjoy anything — even going after water in a rickety old wagon. I wonder if you realize, Howard, how much of life they are missing?"

"Oh, well."

Brayton was undressing for his bath when his wife went out. But the instant she was gone, he seized the lamp and hurriedly searched both floors. As Luella had found, there was not a hole larger than the cracks between the boards of the kitchen floor, and those cracks were nowhere more than half an inch wide. He shook his head in puzzlement and went back to the bath.

In the small hours of the night a shriek from the pallet awoke the father and mother. "It's a snake!" screamed the boy, leaping for his mother's bed. "Mama, Mama, it's a snake!"

"Where, John?" asked Brayton calmly, taking the child in his arms, "show me the snake."

"It was on Bessie's bed," he panted. "It was sitting up looking at her."

The room was full of moonlight. Brayton stepped across to the children's bed. Millie was still asleep. Bessie was awake, her eyes shining. "I want a drink," she said.

He went to the door. The screen was unhooked and ajar, gently swinging as if some one had just passed out. Luella had kept at his heels. Howard turned, and their eyes met. "Does somebody open the door for the snake?" asked the eyes.

"Johnnie boy," said Brayton, "you were dreaming. See! There wasn't any snake. That one I killed last night was on your mind and you dreamed about a snake. We'll just take a light and look behind everything to make sure, and then you can go to sleep again. Lou, you get the drink for Bessie, won't you?"

The next morning they were all up very early because they wanted to get back from the creek with the load of water before the severe heat set in. Luella rode in the spring seat with the baby and little girls, while John and Brayton perched jauntily on barrels.

"All set?" called Howard, starting his team.

"All here but Shep," Luella replied. "He is so sick that I could not let him come. So I had to shut him up in the setting hen pen. He loves to go to the creek for water with us, and if I had not fastened him up he would have come if it killed him. He seemed to know we were going for water. He broke out twice before I got it fixed strong enough."

"Does he eat anything?" asked Brayton.

"No, and he's getting to be all skin and bones."

"Try him with water?"

"Oh, Howard, you don't think —"

"Hadn't I better shoot him?"

"No! Don't you dare!"

"He's so thick with the children," argued Brayton. "Bessie is always wooling him around."

"He loves Bessie," said Luella. "No, Howard, we can't shoot Shep. He is the same as one of us. We'll have to keep him locked up and take care of him till he gets well or — the other thing, if that's it."

The old freight trail along the shallow cañon that led from the flat down to the creek was little used. It was rough, steep in places and strewn with small stones. Brayton kept close watch on the tires and several times halted to pound them on when they were about ready to run off the felly. "They'll have to be set the first time I'm in town," he said. "I've put it off as long as I can. I'll smash a wheel sure if it's not attended to."

"I thought the blacksmith refused to carry you any longer."

"Oh, well, I'll manage it some way. I got to."

"There's a bunch of baling wire, there by the ant hill," said John, pointing.

Brayton got out and quickly fastened the tires on with a few twists of the wire. "It won't last, you know, John," he instructed his son. "It'll wear out in a little while on this road."

"I know," replied John, "but we can soak them at the creek to get home on."

The creek was a clear, rapid stream four or five feet wide, running through a green meadow some four hundred yards across. There was not a tree in sight; nevertheless, that cold sparkling water, rippling over a pebbly bed between green banks, meant an oasis in the desert to the little folk who came down from the high flats that July morning, thirty-two years ago, after four barrels of water. For an hour the children pattered delightedly through the shallow places and rolled and tumbled in the green grass, while Luella poured into barrels the *bucketfuls* that Howard handed up to her.

"Why didn't you get a homestead here, papa?" asked John.

"Oh, this bottom was gobbled up by the cattlemen long ago," his father answered. "Besides, it isn't good land, John; it won't raise good corn and wheat."

"I like this place best," said Millie. "This place is more juicy."

On the return trip, after the long, hard pull up the draw, Brayton stopped on the crest to let his team blow. He and Luella looked out over their farm and the seared lands around it. The wheat, of course, was spotted with burnt areas. Brayton did not like to look at his wheat. He tried to imagine the whole quarter section a solid mass of waving dark green like his corn, which was close before him. Brayton was proud of that corn. It had cost him sweat and blood, but there it was — a sixty-acre oblong of rank, green foliage stirring gently in the breeze, not a whitened blade in sight. He touched his wife's shoulder. "Some day," he said, "it'll all be like that — the whole farm, the whole flat; and a big house with trees."

Luella sighed.

It was nearly noon before the first puff of hot wind came. Luella and the children were out in the shade on the blanket. Brayton was rummaging about inside the house. From the southwest it came — a quick, strong puff like the air from an oven door when the housewife opens it to look at her bread. Luella called her husband. When he came outside it was calm again; but a dry, oppressive heat pervaded the atmosphere.

"Whew! It's going to be a hot one to-day," he said. "What you want, Lou?"

Then it came again, that quick, strong puff of warm air. Brayton threw back his head and stood for a moment gazing into the southwest. Luella thought of the picture that used to hang in her mother's parlor entitled "The Listening Stag." Brayton was estimating a new adversary.

"I'd forgotten that," he said, finally, "it'll have to be figured out, too — what makes it, how to stop it. I've heard the old timers tell about it. It's worse than locusts, they say."

Once or twice more there were intermissions of calm, then the wind became a steady blast of warm air, from which a man had to turn away his face. For four hours it blew, straight out of the southwest, while the Braytons sweltered in their tightly closed shack. Then the wind ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and a bank of storm clouds rolled up behind it.

The children rushed outdoors to the blanket. Brayton and Luella went over to look at the corn. It was still green in color — because it had been cured without a wetting, dried on the stalk without bleaching. The blades crumbled under his hand and were already falling by the thousand. One night's dew would turn the field white.

"Oh, well," said Brayton.

"I'm sorry, Howard," she said, turning back.

John and Millie had taken the baby to the cave for a fresh drink. Bessie sat on the blanket by the house; and nearby was coiled the snake, looking up into her face. Luella touched Brayton's arm and pointed. "Sh!" she whispered. "We must not frighten them. He might strike. Can't you enter by the other door and get your shotgun?"

As Brayton slipped away, Shep appeared from the other side of the house, staggering, weak and thin, with sick eyes. Instantly the snake was alert, and turned a baleful gaze upon the dog, darting out its forked tongue from a misshaped mouth. The tip of its tail curled up from the coil and began to tremble violently. It was trying to rattle!

The dog stiffened and accepted the challenge. Holding the evil eyes of the serpent with his own, Shep advanced steadily, slowly, one foot after the other, crouching a little lower as he came. The snake raised its head still higher and thrust forward its open mouth in little, tentative passes, disclosing long fangs behind the flickering tongue. Its tail broke into a fury of vibrations. The dog kept coming on. Suddenly, as if realizing its handicap without its terror-instilling instrument, the snake broke and ran. With two bounds the dog was on top of it, had it by the back of the neck in his strong jaws. But Shep had misjudged his distance. The six inches of muscle between the dog's grip and the snake's misshapen mouth snapped the head back and hooked the fangs into Shep's nose. The dog tore the snake in two where he had gripped it, and with a low whimper slunk off in the corn field.

When Brayton appeared again Luella was holding Bessie in her arms. "I couldn't find the shells, Lou," he said. "What happened?"

She told him. They pushed the two pieces of snake together. It was fully five feet long, and heavy. The head was unduly flattened, as if it had sometime been crushed and afterward healed. The rattles had been severed and the wound long dried up.

"I wonder if the rattles have anything to do with their growth," said Luella. "Bessie," she added, setting the child down, "run along and play with John and Millie." Then to her husband: "Howard, I want to know how that snake got into the house."

"All right, Lou; come in and I'll show you something I discovered while I was knocking around in there to-day. You see this screen door is hooked into a staple about three feet from the floor, out of a snake's reach, of course. But if I push my hand strongly against the bottom of the door at the corner here, where it hangs loosely and there is a little hole, anyway, then the hook flies unfastened, the door sags open — and the snake passes out; that is, he would pass out if it were his nose instead of my hand that pushed at the door."

"Yes, I see. But he can't open it from the outside. How did he get in? Does somebody op —" She stopped.

"Lou," he said gravely, "there is nothing uncanny about this ranch."

"Oh, there isn't, eh? Hmm!"

"No; not a thing. Nor about — about Bessie. I admit that I was puzzled, but I've figured it all out. It's perfectly all right. She simply lacks the usual instinctive hatred for serpents — a foolish and wicked hatred, too, it seems, when you remember that most snakes are not only harmless, but also very useful. But then she likes everything — not snakes alone, but mice, gophers, rabbits, little chickens — everything. And things like her. See what Shep did for her. Bessie is just a sweet little child possessing the gift of friendship with dumb creatures. It is not common, but neither is it supernatural. And after all, Lou, who's right? Bessie or we? Do the wild things like us? Who are we, to distrust what they find trustworthy? I wanted to shoot the dog, remember."

"Oh, it's a muddle, Howard. It's a muddle. You can talk, but — well, for one thing, how did the snake get into the house?"

He led her over to the side of the unplastered room. A small piece of board, four inches wide and sixteen inches long, constituted the flooring between two joists. He pressed down on one end and it gave, forcing the other end up a couple of inches. Luella could see that the underedge of the raised end had been beveled off by

the sloughing away of some defective wood. "It's nailed loosely in the middle to a floor joist," explained Howard. "The stick was a little short to begin with. And all the wood about the shack has so dried up and shrunk that the board was pretty loose when that snake came nosing along under the floor feeling for an opening to get through. His snout struck that cavity in the smooth undersurface of the floor made by the bevel at the end of this scrap of board. The snake pushed with his nose, the board yielded, the head slipped through, the rest of him followed."

"Then he turned around, I suppose, and politely closed the trap," remarked Luella.

"Well, I guess that wasn't necessary. The board was pretty loose, you see. It'll almost drop back of its own weight when I release the other end."

"Almost!"

"You generally keep a chair sitting against the wall here, Lou. See! Like that! The weight of that chair leg pressing down on the board would always make it drop back after the snake slipped through."

"Howard," cried Luella, "I want you to go out and bury that snake right now — good and deep. Here, I'll get the rest of him." She brought the rattles of a snake — five rattles and a button — to which a tag was attached, marked "August 13, 1886."

"I found it on Bessie's bed last night when I gave her the drink. The rattles were all together, Howard, in the same old cigar box that you kept them in. It was in the bottom of the washstand. Dozen of rattles, Howard, all tagged with the dates. This morning I found the box had been ripped open and the contents rummaged through. I checked up the list that you used to keep. This was the only one missing."

A glare of lightning flashed in the darkening air outside, thunder crashing simultaneously. The children came tearing in, John and Millie dragging the baby between them. "Gee!" cried John. "The wheat is gonna get wet now."

"Quick, Howard," urged Luella, seizing his arm, "quick, we can do it before the rain gets here."

They rushed outside — in time to see a burst of flame and smoke leap from the roof of the stable and strain toward the black sky. Brayton's jaws clamped together. "I'll save the harness and implements," he growled through set teeth.

He did save them, by a close shave. The building was like tinder. In fifteen minutes three blackened water barrels and a pile of glowing embers marked the site of Brayton's stable. Ten minutes more, and the glowing embers were bedraggled mud, over which swept from the higher ground a deluge of water, heavy with silt from the cornfield. Green corn blades by the hundred lightly rode the crest of the racing water until, saturated at last, they became entangled in the muck and froth of the flood.

When the rain finally slacked in volume and seemed about to cease, Brayton and his wife stood in their doorway and looked past the three water barrels and the ruined crops to the bare prairie beyond. Already, in the evening light, appeared a renascence of green.

"Oh, well," said Brayton. Then his eyes brightened. "With all that rain, Lou, I'll be able to break to-morrow. I'll have that nineteen acres over there turned under in a week."

Luella sighed. "Howard," she said softly, "you are a hard man, but I honor you. I hate it all and I've been bitter. But I honor you, and I don't want to be bitter. You are hard as granite."

"Lou," he answered, "it's a hard game. If a man softened up and got sorry for himself, or even for his wife — he'd fizzle. Of course, Lou," he went on, "there are other ways of getting land. Fred Brevard will get land, lots of land; but he will get somebody else's land. And somebody else will till it, for Fred Brevard."

"Oh — Brevard!" said Luella, with a little gesture of distaste. "Come!" she cried eagerly. "It's almost stopped now. If we hurry we can do it before dark. But it's got to be deep — good and deep."

Howard went to the cave for a spade. She lingered in the kitchen to lay out some food for the children. When she came out, Brayton was walking up and down in the dusk near the spot where Shep had received his death. "It was here, wasn't it, Lou?" he asked.

"No, it was over there, exactly two feet beyond that cactus." She pointed. She was staring at the place with widening eyes.

The snake was gone.

The Billboard

By Avery Gaul

THE billboard reared its gaudy face triumphantly above the sordid city sidewalk, shutting out the unwanted view of the chasm behind it, where the oily river crawled between the steel mills. The billboard mocked this view of the city, and denied it. On its wrinkled paste-spotted surface was a man in evening clothes, holding up a young woman who was struggling out of the half of her clothes which still remained on her, heels flung high, and head hanging low, wriggling in endeavor to avoid a trickle of champagne, which our hero was pouring down upon her. His gesture was victorious, but her distress made a direct appeal to the sidewalk crowd who glanced up at it.

This caricature was named "Life," the letters were scrawled in black across its red and yellow, and that, without any qualifications, was what it represented, to Anna Konopka.

Anna, waiting on this corner every morning for her street car, never looked behind the garish billboard. Its flamboyant advertisements were a protection from the sinister things, which reached up groping hands out of the mist. Anna did not care to think about the coal mines, which bordered the greasy river below for fifty

miles. To her, coal mines meant her father, and her father had been killed in The New Hole, when the timbers caved in on number nine gallery. After that her mother had thrown her things into the great sack in which she had brought them to this country, and gone back to Eastern Gallicia. She recrossed the Atlantic, with the same number of babies that she had carried with her, only they were not identical. Anna, and her brother Victor, who was old enough to begin work in the mills, she left behind, in the land which their father had chosen.

Victor became Anna's hero; big, strong Victor, who found her a room in his boarding house when she had been turned out of the "Home," a great awkward girl, too old to be longer taken care of by charity, and too green to be of any value. It was Victor who secured a job for her in a department store, telling her, from his heights of experience, that she must be a good girl, or he would "knock her block off," and save money like he did, so they could "bring mom and the kids back."

And Anna, sitting on the side of the bed in the little room that was to be her home, had gulped hard, and answered with simulated sophistication, "You said it!"

Afterward, when the war gobbled up Victor, it did not seem so much like a frustration of life as it did like the evil ending of a dream that had started out very well. The living that was to have materialized when the threads of the family had all been gathered together, never was fulfilled, that was all. Things stopped where they were. In the same sooty house backed up against the cliffs above the mills, where Victor had once lunged down the path at evening, with his tin pail swinging, Anna pasted a gold star on her service flag. That was why she never looked behind the sign board to the smoke stacks that poured their gray grit and their funnels of pure golden flame up into the tortured streets of the city above them. The mills meant Victor to Anna.

During the war, as if in mockery of the poverty of the heart which girls endured, Anna earned more money than she was worth. At first, working in the basement store of "Steinfelt Bros.," hanging up dresses on round racks, she was not even a clerk, but as she passed long mirrors, she would hold up a sparkling evening gown to her face, and wonder if she would look like the ladies on the billboard, could she miraculously appear in some such garment. With every week's shift of advertising on the sign, Anna's standards changed, and her acquaintance with "Life" widened. The billboard was her library, her Sunday school, and her university. In fatigued moments, this was her sole mental image, which led her in a straight line from her working day into the glittering expansion the motion pictures offered her at night.

Anna had become an important wrapper and checker, handling all the sports goods that left the twelfth floor of "Steinfelt's Big Store," and she was hanging on to her position in the same spirit with which she clutched her strap every morning in the street car. The hottest day in summer, in the dirtiest city of the world, could not keep Anna from being smartly dressed. There were no runs in her silk stockings. She had bought her plaid skirt in the bargain basement after the fourth of July, and the Irish lace edging on her collar she had fished out of a remnant bin, after a noon-hour of searching. Her slip-over sweater she had made herself, during many stifling hours under the gas jet. No one knew where her hat had come from, a crushed duvetyn creation, almost covering her short black hair, with embroidered brim rolled back from her wide open eyes. You couldn't go out to dance halls every night, with a man who was a swell dresser like her friend Will, could you, unless you had something decent to wear?

Will Brown was a driver on one of Steinfelt's delivery trucks, and every evening Anna would wait for him until he had finished his route, and then they would patronize the movies, and eat ice cream. Will, who was tall and lumbering, called himself one hundred per cent. American, and scolded to Anna about "foreigners," while she smiled and said nothing. He had been in the war and out of it, gaining more than he lost, and at present was using his prestige to pry a position out of a reluctant reconstruction period. Anna was thinking of him, as she wrapped up the forty-fifth bathing suit that morning, and wondered what Will would look like in a one-piece Jersey. A bathing suit, meant a railroad journey, Anna reflected. She had never seen any stretch of water greater than the oily brown stream which the mills permitted to escape through the locks, but when she heard him arguing the merits of a sample canoe, which was temporarily grounded on her twelfth floor, something in Anna stirred. The craving for water becomes a tormented instinct to those who live a day's journey from any lake, and a day and a night from the sea.

It was ten minutes to one and almost closing time, for it was Saturday. Anna was to meet Will at one-five, and if she were prompt, they could catch the one-fifteen for Acropolis Heights, where there was a good floor. If you have only nine afternoons in the whole year, you do not miss trains. Anna was just reaching for her hat when one of the boys dropped a hammock down on the counter of her pen.

"Hurry up, the guy wants to take it with him!"

Anna looked at the great bulky thing, and at the elevator, already waiting on the twelfth floor, for the clerks who were through, and streaming toward it. She searched for the price mark, which she must check off, and tally with the clerk's bill, but it was not on her end of the hammock. She started to unroll the length, and it seemed to her an endless serpent, that would entangle her, and hold her there. The elevator banged its gates on the first load down.

"Oh, give it here," urged the clerk, "you ain't going to unwind the whole blamed thing, are you?"

"No," said Anna, "I ain't."

With quick decision she tied a cord around it, and handed it back. "If he keeps it, that will pass," she argued, "and no one would buy a hammock at this hour who didn't want it awful bad!"

She ran all the way down the twelve flights of concrete stairs, met Will at the south entrance at one-four-and-three-quarters, and caught the train. That much of "Life," at least, was hers. When she had caught her breath enough to tell about the hammock, and how the thing unrolled longer and longer, and coiled around her, he laughed.

"That's too hard work for you, up there, ain't it?"

"Oh, I don't know!"

Anna Konopka always thought of her mother when any one spoke of hard work.

"It's no job for a girl, I'd say, handling all them big things; all I can do to lift 'em around on the truck."

"Well, don't spread the idea," answered Anna. "There is too many college boys out of work now, would be only too glad to butt in!"

"I wouldn't care if they was to tie a tin can on to me," said Will. "It's too hot to work!"

"It ain't too hot to eat, is it?" asked Anna.

Will laughed at her again and bought her an ice cream cone. There was something stimulating about Anna Konopka. He liked her independence, always ready to go, and always a credit to a fellow. Once he had talked to her about clothes, scolded her, while they were eating a banana split — which was the only thing Anna had put in her mouth that day, having just paid the installment on her spring suit — telling her it was "bad business" for a girl to go around looking like a rummage sale. Anna had not answered him for a while, she was too busy wondering whether Will would recognize it if she dyed her old georgette waist this new shade of tangerine. Suddenly she saw her opportunity.

"Take hats now, straw hats is only good when snow is on the ground, before Easter. By summer time a girl ought to show up with something nobby in the velvet line!"

"If you don't like my hat," said Anna, "you can buy me a new one!"

That was how she had acquired the crushed white duvetyn she was now wearing.

Starving yourself to buy clothes has this advantage, you keep your figure, even if you grow pale in the face. And a little rouge can fix that cheaper and quicker than a quart of milk a day. There was not a slimmer waist with a man's arm around it, on the dancing floor, nor whiter knees in their rolled down socks than Anna's. Often Anna wished, when they were dancing, that in some magic way, they might be lifted up and away from this whirling madness, as the Arabian carpet wafted its heroes into space, but always they would be dropped down again, part of the restless mob. Their moments together were spent in places of confusion, and their farewells took place under the arc light in front of the dingy brick house on the alley. They were inured to crowds, which were their protection against themselves, just as the garish sign-board was Anna's bulwark against the deeper things behind it, which she wanted to forget.

On this Saturday night, as they returned from Acropolis Heights, a more intimate atmosphere embraced them. It seemed to Anna that at any moment Will might break through the casual goodbys that they were saying, into words more real. But "at any moment," is not any moment at all.

"You sure knock 'em dead with that black and white outfit," was his last remark. "You're a good looker, Anna."

And her off hand, "Don't kid me!" ended with a dissatisfied admission to herself, that it was only her clothes he cared about, insofar as they fed his passion and flattered his pride.

"A fellow can't keep his hands off you, when you wear one of those soft tight things," he had said.

She blushed again, in her room, as she drew the offending garment over her head. Yet she did not want him to keep away from her, precisely, or she would not have worn it. She desired his caresses, but she preferred him to have the right to them, without any squeamish self-consciousness roused on her side. Yet she knew that what she wanted was more preposterous than the magic carpet. Girls whom she knew, were daily making substitutes for marriages, which were so hard to manage, that the side of the world which feels the economic pressure most, was doing the best they could without them, and that part of society which sets the pace, was getting rid of them as fast as room could be made for their headlines in the newspapers. Anna looked forward to nothing more than earning her living all her life.

That was why, when on the following Monday she lost her job, her theories of life, and her relationship to it, had to be entirely readjusted.

Anna knew it was coming. All day Sunday, which she had spent in washing clothes, while Will overhauled his truck, she had dreaded going back to Steinfelt Bros. She deliberately let herself be late, and succeeded so well, that by nine-thirty, when she had reached the twelfth floor, the storm had passed. The man who had bought the hammock, as if materialized by Anna's fear, had been there when the store opened, and demanded his money back. The hammock had been purchased on a Saturday sale, and the floorman refused to refund. Then on investigating the price mark, it developed that this particular hammock had never been reduced, that it ought not to have been on sale at all, and that the clerk had made a mistake in selling it for the figure that he did. Trying to ascertain how the clerk could put through such an error, the floorman found that Anna had never compared the price tag with the bill of sale, nor checked it off. If she had the difference would have been discovered. The transaction was very simple, quite unfortunate, and final. By the time Anna arrived both the abused customer and the angry clerk had gone, and another girl was occupying the mahogany pen of the checker and wrapper in the sports goods department.

The hot day dawdled. Up and down the blistering sidewalk, in and out of the sultry stores, walked Anna. She had never had so much leisure since those far away days when she used to climb around with the dingy goats, between the company houses on the cinder-packed mountain side, before the New Hole had caved in. This endless walking in and out of great buildings looking for something which she remembered from time to time must be a job, was like the things which had happened to others in her family, Anna felt. She had been picking at life in a blind tunnel, and the roof had fallen in. And there was no escape from the empty galleries where she wandered.

She saw other girls looking around for work, too. Met them in various waiting rooms, and pretended she did not recognize them when they went up in the same elevator. In the morning she had felt nothing in common with their strained embarrassment, she knew that she could get a job, she was good. But by afternoon she was less sure than the shyest of them, more despondent than the meekest. Another day of this was unthinkable. She bought a newspaper, and in a women's dressing room furtively read the advertisements, turning the page if she thought anyone was following her eye through that very small list of "Help Wanted — Female." She decided that this couldn't be a very exhaustive column, but another paper held even less. There was only one place mentioned that she could by any chance fill, and to that the ways of her recent life, if not the paths of her mind, were entirely strange. It made her think of her mother.

Seven o'clock found her waiting for Will in their favorite soda grill on Y street. He found her unresponsive to his solicitation that she should have a bittersweet, and go for a walk with him, down at the point of the three rivers.

"If I got out on that bridge, I'd jump in," said Anna.

"Oh, now," Will tried to sooth her, "don't take it so hard! You'd think that was the only job in the world!'

"It is," replied Anna, "there ain't any more, I been around!"

Then suddenly she turned upon him. In the low basement room, where the lights were shaded with faded pink paper roses, and gauze shielded the nickel-plated fountain from the flies, Anna leaned forward over the white topped table, and told him what had been seething in her mind all day. Her black eyes grew darker as she spoke, and the color in her face flamed higher, but she kept on.

"It's you that's been half the trouble, — you and your ways, and what you've wanted of me, and all that I've tried to be on account of you!"

And before Will could gasp out a surprised, "I like that!" she followed with:

"And I'm not going walking with you no more, anywhere, nor dancing, either!" The tears stood in her eyes.

"What's wrong, Anna?"

He thought her words fantastic, but he saw that her need to hurl them at him was very great. "What do you mean?"

"Mean?" Anna almost choked over the words and syllables that raged up too fast to be of any use to her. . . . "The Billboard!"

"The Billboard?"

He only half understood, but he was held. He could not escape the grip of this responsibility. "Go on."

"You know the picture on it, 'Life'? Well, that's what I mean! That's me, — that's why I lost my job!"

"Anna!"

"Oh, there's no use saying, 'How do you get that way?' — I didn't get that way all alone! You fed it to me every time I seen you! The look of things, and the feel of them, is all you care about! You don't know what I'm like, — inside, — no more than if I was a Kewpie doll! If I tried to tell you, didn't you always give me the razz? . . . You would buy me a ice cream soda, any day. Will, I know you would, — but you wouldn't buy me a beefsteak if I was starving! You'd say — "

Will's white face shot forward into hers. He was six feet tall and sinewy. His blue serge suit may have been too short in the waist and too tight in the chest, but his strength did not burst his clothing for nothing. Some of it was in his lantern jaws.

"What are you going to do about it?"

He bit the words off angrily. It was as if something in him strained for an exact answer he required, and doubted the girl could give him. "What's the idea?"

"I'm going into housework!"

"Housework!"

The man leaned back in his little iron legged chair, and laughed. Some tired shoppers glanced crossly at them, over their straws. But as his ironic titter died away, the hard lines of his face softened.

"Funny, ain't it?" asked Anna.

Her own face was blanched. She knew that she was choosing a path that would irrevocably alienate him, for what would a man like Will do with a girl in a kitchen in the suburbs? So, like an inebriate who pitches his flask from a high window, she tossed him the dreaded word again, letting it break sharply into the silence between them.

"Housework!"

"What do you know about housework?"

"I don't know nothing," replied Anna fiercely, "but I can learn, can't I? My mother was a good cook all right, and I," she stopped abruptly, remembering that he knew nothing at all about her mother.

Something which she had at one time suggested came slowly back into the man's mind. "I thought you told me once your mother was an actress?"

"If I did, I lied. My mother was no more an actress than yours was."

But Will's estimate of himself had never included a romantic background of his mother. "I always told you," he replied, quietly, "that my folks lived on a farm, up in the Ligonier mountains."

"Well, mine didn't," said Anna, crisply, bound she would sever every tie, and shrivel the last illusion. "Mine was Slovak miners, and they had six children and kept boarders in a company house, and" — her voice was hard, but her lip trembled — "I suppose somebody like you would call them *enemy aliens!*"

Then Will began to realize to what an extent the girl was willing to go in an effort to disillusion him, how dangerously far the pendulum was swinging. His mind was forced back to those grim days when this girl's brother, with as simple loyalty as any other Pennsylvania boy, had followed the American colors until they were spread across his grave. Why quibble over where he had been born, when he had given his life for the Allies? It was pitiful for Anna to deny her share in his glory, when, in Will's own branch of the Legion, hung a bronze tablet in memory of Victor Konopka.

"I think," he said, groping inadequately for the right words, which were all at once so necessary, and so fugitive, "that you and me are more alike, Anna, than we have been pretending."

Anna turned her face and would not answer.

"That is, we have been going clear out of our way, to make a mistake, — but on account of each other. Do you get me?"

Anna shook her head.

Will tried again. "I only been taking you around to all these jazz joints because I thought you wanted me to. If you think I couldn't stand sitting down, quiet, and spending the evening with you somewheres, and just talking, like we are now, Anna," he pulled her hand down from her eyes, "you got me wrong!"

"But that's it," cried Anna, unable to control her words or her ideas any longer, "I haven't got any house, where we can talk, not one room, not even a back steps or somebody else's kitchen!"

"Then suppose we get one!"

They stared at one another for a moment, breathless with the audacity of his simple statement. Then they relaxed. The tension turned to such swift content that Anna did not know till long afterwards that this was that precious and elusive thing, called a proposal.

"If you want to do housework, for a change, do it for me and you! What do you say?"

"I'll say, — it certainly would be a change!" gasped Anna. And then she leaned down and kissed his great hand that gripped hers on the table.

When they had walked home, up the long hill that skirted the river bed, where the lights were beginning to shine in the mill towns of the valley, and the coal barges were transformed at evening into mysterious fairy shapes, they paused a moment, and stood with their arms around each other, looking down behind the great Billboard, where Anna had never dared to linger.

They did not glance at the sign, and so they failed to see that the advertisement had been changed, and that now a little bungalow was blooming among flower beds, with roses and white birch trees, and a blue river winding away between soft green hills, and that over the bright picture, as if the Billboard had determined not to lose its influence, were the magic words:

"Own Your Own Home in the Country."

The Breaking Point

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—

"I'D like to go back to the ranch at Norada to clear up things, to fill in the gap in my memory and find out whether I'm a free man, before I ask Elizabeth's father for his consent to our marriage." Young Doctor Dick Livingstone was talking to Doctor David Livingstone, whom he knew as his uncle. The latter showed a dogged obstinacy and irritability that were oddly like fear. "You let well enough alone, Dick. There's no reason why you should not marry."

Lucy Crosby, David's widowed sister, who presided over his household, had mothered Dick from the time when, as a lad of twenty-two, David had brought him East to his home in the tree-shaded suburb of Haverly and sent him to medical college. She had always deplored David's course in the shaping of the boy's life and had warned him that some day Dick would have to be told.

Dick had taken Elizabeth Wheeler to see Beverly Carlysle in "The Valley." The actress' brother, Gregory, who happened to be standing at the rear of the theater with Bassett, a reporter, discovering Dick in the audience, behaved as if he had seen a ghost. Bassett learned later that Gregory believed Dick to be Judson Clark! The name brought back to Bassett the memory of a notorious murder case of ten years before: Clark, the reckless young millionaire, whom Beverly Carlysle, the actress, rejected for Howard Lucas; the murder of Lucas at Clark's ranch in Norada, Wyoming; Clark's escape and the general acceptance of his death in a mountain storm.

Bassett's sympathies were with "Clark" in spite of the "big story," and he was seriously considering whether he ought to drop the whole thing when a newspaper's headlines the next morning started him toward Wyoming. "Is Judson Clark Alive? Wife of former ranch manager makes confession!" Maggie Donaldson on her death bed confessed that she and her husband and a stranger had cared for Jud Clark, who was ill from exposure, in a mountain cabin near Norada, immediately following the murder of Lucas. She had died leaving her confession unfinished.

The search for Clark was on again with scores of reporters heading for Norada, among them Bassett. From the moment of his arrival the latter was amazed at the ease with which he linked up all his evidence to prove beyond doubt that he had found Judson Clark.

Following a visit from Gregory, Dr. David collapsed from a stroke. Dick knew that his illness was due to some great shock, and he had a shrewd suspicion that it had to do with himself, especially since Clare Rossiter, a young girl who had secretly admired him greatly, but to whom he had paid scant attention, through pique at his indifference to her charms had foolishly gone to him with some unsavory gossip that was being whispered about his parentage.

His suspicions were confirmed by the receipt of a mysterious telegram addressed to Doctor David which Dick withheld from him. The telegram warned David that Bassett was on the trail and advised that "the person" be gotten out of the way. It was signed "G."

Dick carried this telegram to Elizabeth's father who, agreeing that it was serious, offered to accompany the young doctor to Norada, but that night Jim Wheeler, his son, was killed under rather unfortunate circumstances in an automobile accident.

Dick went quietly to Norada where he encountered Bassett. Both of them laid all their cards on the table, and it became obvious to the reporter at once that while Dick Livingstone and Jud Clark were undoubtedly one person Dick had no least knowledge of the fact, beyond what he had recently learned from outside sources. Bassett was about to offer his help when Dick became seriously ill, soon lapsing into unconsciousness. Leaving him in the care of a chambermaid, Hattie Thorwald, Bassett went in search of a doctor and on returning found the sheriff (who had learned that some one resembling Clark was in the hotel) in charge.

TO Elizabeth the first days of Dick's absence were unbelievably dreary. She seemed to live only from one visit of the postman to the next. She felt sometimes that only a part of her was at home in the Wheeler house, slept at night in her wide bed, donned its black frocks and took them off, and made those sad daily pilgrimages to the cemetery above the town, where her mother tidied with tender hands the long, narrow mound, so fearfully remindful of Jim's tall, slim body.

That part of her grieved sorely, and spent itself in small comforting actions and little caressing touches on bowed heads and grief-stooped shoulders. It put away Jim's clothing, and kept immaculate the room where now her mother spent most of her waking hours. It sent her on her knees at night, to pray for Jim's happiness in some young-man heaven which would please him. But the other part of her was not there at all. It was off with Dick in some mysterious place of mountains and vast distance, called Wyoming.

And because of this division in herself, because she felt that her loyalty to her people had wavered, because she knew that already she had forsaken her father and her mother and would follow her love through the rest of her life, she was touchingly anxious to comfort and to please them.

"She's taking Dick's absence very hard," Mrs. Wheeler said one night, when she had kissed them and gone upstairs to bed. "She worries me sometimes."

Mr. Wheeler sighed. Why was it that a man could not tell his children what he had learned? — that nothing was so great as one expected; that love was worth living for, but not dying for. The impatience of youth for life! It had killed Jim. It was hurting Nina. It would all come, all come, in God's good time. The young did not live to-day, but always to-morrow. There seemed no time to live to-day for anyone. First one looked ahead and said, "I will be so happy!" And before one knew it one was looking back and saying: "I was so happy."

"She'll be all right," he said aloud.

He got up and whistled for the dog.

"I'll take him around the block before I lock up," he said heavily. He bent over and kissed her. She was a sad figure to him in her black dress. He did not say to her what he thought sometimes; that Jim had been saved a great deal. That to live on, and to lose the things one loved, one by one, was harder than to go quickly, from a joyous youth.

He had not told her what he knew about Jim's companion that night. She would never have understood. In her simple and child-like faith she knew that her boy sat that day among the blessed company of heaven. He himself believed that Jim had gone forgiven into whatever lay behind the veil we call death, had gone shriven and clean before the Judge who knew the urge of youth and life. He did not fear for Jim. He only missed him.

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He walked around the block that night, a stooped, commonplace figure, the dog at his heels. Now and then he spoke to him, for companionship. At the corner he stopped and looked along the side street toward the Livingstone house, and as he looked he sighed. Jim and Nina, and now Elizabeth. Jim and Nina were beyond his care now. He could do no more. But what could he do for Elizabeth? That, too, wasn't that beyond him? He stood still, facing the tragedy of his helplessness, beset by vague apprehensions. He went on doggedly, his hands clasped behind him, his head sunk on his breast.

He lay awake for a long time that night, wondering whether he and Dick had been quite fair to Elizabeth. She should, he thought, have been told. Then, if Dick's apprehensions were justified, she would have had some preparation. As it was — suppose something turned up out there, something that would break her heart?

He had thought Margaret was sleeping, but after a time she moved, and slipped her hand into his. It comforted him. That too was life. Very soon now they would be alone together again, as in the early days before the children came. All the years and the struggle, and then back where they started. But still, thank God, hand in hand. . . .

Ever since the night of Jim's death Mrs. Sayre had been a constant visitor to the house. She came in, solid, practical, and with an everyday manner neither forcedly cheerful nor too decorously mournful, which made her very welcome. After the three first days, when she had practically lived at the house, there was no necessity for small pretensions with her. She knew the china closet and the pantry and the kitchen. She had even penetrated to Mr. Wheeler's shabby old den on the second floor, and had slept a part of the first night there on the couch with broken springs which he kept because it fitted his body.

She was a kindly woman, and she had ached with pity. And, because of her usual detachment from the town and its affairs, the feeling that she was being of service gave her a little glow of content. She liked the family, too, and particularly she liked Elizabeth. But after she had seen Dick and Elizabeth together once or twice she felt that no plan she might make that would solve the problem for Wallace could possibly succeed. Lying on the old leather couch that first night, between her frequent excursions among the waking family, she had thought that out and abandoned it.

"I've cared for you for years," he said

But, during the days that followed the funeral, she was increasingly anxious about Wallace. She knew that rumors of the engagement had reached him, for he was restless and irritable. He did not care to go out, but wandered about the house or until late at night sat smoking alone on the terrace, looking down at the town with sunken, unhappy eyes. Once or twice in the evening he had taken his car and started out, and lying awake in her French bed she would hear him coming in hours later. In the morning his eyes were suffused and his color bad, and she knew that he was drinking in order to get to sleep.

On the third day after Dick's departure for the west she got up when she heard him coming in, and putting on her dressing gown and slippers, knocked at his door.

"Come in," he called ungraciously.

She found him with his coat off, standing half-defiantly with a glass of whisky and soda in his hand. She went up to him and took it from him.

"We had enough of that in the family, Wallie," she said. "And it's a pretty poor resource in time of trouble."

"I'll have that back, if you don't mind."

"Nonsense," she said briskly, and flung it, glass and all, out of the window. She was rather impressive when she turned.

"I've been a fairly indulgent mother," she said. "I've let you alone, because it's a Sayre trait to run away when they feel a pull on the bit. But there's a limit to my patience, and it is reached when my son drinks to forget a girl."

He flushed and glowered at her in sombre silence, but she moved about the room calmly, giving it a housekeeper's critical inspection, and apparently unconscious of his anger.

"I don't believe you ever cared for any one, in all your life," he said roughly. "If you had, you would know."

She was straightening a picture over the mantel, and she completed her work before she turned.

"I care for you."

"That's different."

"Very well, then. I cared for your father. I cared terribly. And he killed my love."

She padded out of the room, her heavy, square body in its blazing kimono a trifle rigid, but her face still and calm. He remained staring at the door when she had closed it, and for some time after. He knew what message for him had lain behind that emotionless speech of hers; not only understanding, but a warning. She had cared terribly, and his father had killed that love. He had drank and played through his gay young life, and then he had died, and no one had greatly mourned him.

She had left the decanter on its stand, and he made a movement toward it. Then, with a half smile, he picked it up and walked to the window with it. He was still smiling, half boyishly; he put out his light and got into bed. It had occurred to him that the milkman's flivver, driving in at the break of dawn, would encounter considerable glass.

By morning, after a bad night, he had made a sort of double-headed resolution, that he was through, as he termed it, with booze, and that he would find out how he stood with Elizabeth. But for a day or two no opportunity presented itself. When he called, there was always present some grave-faced, sympathizing visitor, dark clad and low of voice, and over the drawing room would hang the indescribable hush of a house in mourning. It seemed to touch Elizabeth, too, making her remote and beyond earthly things. He would go in, burning with impatience, hungry for the mere sight of her, fairly overcharged with emotion, only to face that strange new spirituality that made him ashamed of the fleshly human urge in him.

Once he found Clare Rossiter there, and felt at once something electric in the air. After a time he identified it. Behind the Rossiter girl's soft voice and sympathetic words, there was a veiled hostility. She was watching Elizabeth, was over-conscious of her. And she was, for some reason, playing up to him. He thought he saw a faint look of relief on Elizabeth's face when Clare at last rose to go.

"I'm on my way to see the man Dick Livingstone left in his place," Clare said, adjusting her veil at the mirror. "I've got a cold. Isn't it queer, the way the whole Livingstone connection is broken up?"

"Hardly queer. And it's only temporary."

"Possibly. But if you ask me, I don't believe Dick will come back. Mind, I don't defend the town, but it doesn't like to be fooled. And he's fooled it for years. I know a lot of people who've quit going to him." She turned to Wallie. "He isn't David's nephew, you know. The question is, who is he? Of course, I don't say it, but a good many are saying that when a man takes a false identity he has something to hide."

She gave them no chance to reply but sauntered out with her sex conscious, half sensuous walk. Outside the door her smile faded, and her face was hard and bitter. She might forget Dick Livingstone, but never would she forgive herself for her confession to Elizabeth, nor Elizabeth for having heard it.

Wallie turned to Elizabeth when she had gone, slightly bewildered.

"What's got into her?" he inquired. And then, seeing Elizabeth's white face, rather shrewdly: "That was one for him and two for you, was it?"

"I don't know. Probably."

"I wonder if you would look like that if anyone attacked me!"

"No one attacks you, Wallie."

"That's not an answer. You wouldn't, would you? It's different, isn't it?"

"Yes. A little."

He straightened, and looked past her, unseeing, at the wall. "I guess I've known it for quite a while," he said at last. "I didn't want to believe it, so I wouldn't. Are you engaged to him?"

"Yes. It's not to be known for a while, Wallie."

"He's a good fellow," he said, after rather a long silence. "Not that that makes it easier," he added with a twisted smile. Then boyishly and unexpectedly he said, "Oh, my God!"

He sat down and when the dog came and placed his head on his knee, he patted it absently. He wanted to go, but he had a queer feeling that when he went he went for good.

"I've cared for you for years," he said. "I've been a poor lot, but I'd have been worse, except for you."

And again:

"Only last night I made up my mind that if you'd have me, I'd make something out of myself. I suppose a man's a cad to put a responsibility like that on a girl."

She yearned over him, rather. She made a little tentative overture of friendship and affection. But he scarcely seemed to hear them, wrapped as he was in the selfish absorption of his disappointment. When she heard the postman outside and went to the door for

(*Continued on page 112*)

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$1.00 Complete.

The Breaking Point

(*Continued from page 110*)

the mail, she thought he had not noticed her going. But when she returned he was watching her with jealous, rather tragic eyes.

"I suppose you hear from him by mail?"

"There has been nothing to-day."

Something in her voice, or her face, made him look at her closely.

"Has he written at all?"

"The first day he got there. Not since."

He went away soon, and not after all with the feeling of going for good. In his sceptical young mind, fed by Clare's malice, was growing a comforting doubt of Dick's good faith. If he wasn't writing—

When Wilkins had disappeared around the angle of the staircase, Bassett went to a chair and sat down. He felt sick, and his knees were trembling. Something had happened, a search for Clark room by room perhaps, and the discovery had been made.

He was totally unable to think or to plan. With Dick well they could perhaps have made a run for it. The fire-escape stood ready. But as things were—

The murmuring among the crowd at the foot of the stair ceased, and he looked up. Wilkins was on the staircase, searching the lobby with his eyes. When he saw Bassett he came quickly down, and confronted him, his face angry and suspicious.

"You're mixed up in this somehow," he said sharply. "You might as well come over with the story. We'll get him. He can't get out of this town."

With the words, and the knowledge that in some incredible fashion Dick had made his escape, Bassett's mind reacted instantly.

"What's eating you, Wilkins?" he demanded. "Who got away? I couldn't get that tongue-tied bell-hop to tell me. Thought it was a fire."

"Don't stall, Bassett. You've had Jud Clark hidden upstairs in three-twenty all day."

Bassett got up and towered angrily over the Sheriff. The crowd had turned and was watching.

"In three-twenty?" he said. "You're crazy. Jud Clark! Let me tell you something. I don't know what you've got in your head, but three-twenty is a Doctor Livingstone from near my home town. Well known and highly respected, too. What's more, he's a sick man, and if he's got away, as you say, it's because he is delirious. I had a doctor in to see him an hour ago. I've just arranged for a room at the hospital for him. Does that look as though I was hiding him?"

The positiveness of his identification, and his indignation resulted in a change in Wilkins' manner.

"I'll ask you to stay here until I come back." His tone was official, but less suspicious. "We'll have him in a half hour. It's Clark all right. I'm not saying you knew it was Clark, but I want to ask you some questions."

He went out, and Bassett heard him shouting an order in the street. He went to the street door, and realized that a search was going on, both by the police and by unofficial volunteers. Men on horseback clattered by to guard the borders of the town, and in the vicinity of the hotel searchers were investigating yards and alley-ways.

Bassett himself was helpless. He stood by, watching the fire of his own igniting, conscious of the curious scrutiny of the few hotel loungers who remained, and expecting momentarily to hear of Dick's capture. It must come eventually, he felt sure. As to how Dick had been identified, or by what means he had escaped, he was in complete ignorance, and an endeavor to learn by establishing the former *entente cordiale* between the room clerk and himself was met by a suspicious glance and what amounted to a snub. He went back to his chair against the wall, and sat there, waiting for the end.

It was an hour before the Sheriff returned, and he came in scowling.

"I'll see you now," he said briefly, and led the way back to the hotel office behind the desk. Bassett's heart sank when he saw sitting there, pale but composed, the elderly maid. The Sheriff lost no time.

"Now I'll tell you what we know about your connection with this case, Bassett," he said. "You engaged a car to take you both to the main line to-night. You paid off Clark's room as well as your own this afternoon. When you found he was sick you cancelled your going. That's true, isn't it?"

"It is. I've told you I knew him at home, but not as Clark."

"I'll let that go. You intended to take the midnight train on the main line, but you ordered a car, instead of using the branch road."

"Livingstone was sick. I thought it would be easier. That's all." His voice sharpened. "You can't drag me into this, Sheriff. In the first place, I don't believe it was Clark, or he wouldn't have come here, of all places on the earth. I didn't even know he was here, until he came into my room this morning."

"Why did he come into your room?"

"He had seen that I was registered. He said he felt sick. I took him back and put him to bed. To-night I got a doctor."

The Sheriff felt in his pocket and produced a piece of paper. Bassett's self-control almost went when he saw that it was Forsyth's letter to David.

"I'll ask you to explain this. It was on Clark's bed."

Bassett took it and read it slowly. He was thinking hard.

"I see," he said. "Well, that explains why he came. He was too sick to talk when I saw him. You see, this is not addressed to him, but to his uncle, David Livingstone. David Livingstone is a brother of Henry Livingstone, who died some years ago at Dry Rivers. This refers to a personal matter connected with the Livingstone estate."

The Sheriff took the letter and re-read it. He was puzzled.

"You're a good talker," he acknowledged grudgingly. He turned to the maid.

"All right, Hattie," he said. "We'll have that story again. But just a minute." He turned to the reporter. "This woman hasn't seen Lizzie Lazarus, the squaw. Lizzie has been sitting in my office ever since noon. Now, Hattie."

Hattie moistened her dry lips.

"It was Jud Clark, all right," she said. "I knew him all his life, off and on. But I wish I hadn't screamed. I don't believe he killed Lucas, and I never will. I hope he gets away."

She eyed the Sheriff vindictively, but he only grinned.

"What did I tell you?" he said to Bassett. "Hell with the women—that was Jud Clark. And we'll get him, Hattie. Don't worry. Go on."

She looked at Bassett.

"When you left me, I sat outside the door, as you said. Then I heard him moving, and I went in. The room was not very light, and I don't know him at first. He sat up in bed and looked at me, and he said, 'Why hello, Hattie Thorwald.' That's my name. I married a Swede. Then he looked again, and he said, 'Excuse me, I thought you were Hattie Thorwald, but I see now you're older.' I knew him then, and I thought I was going to faint. I knew he'd be arrested the moment it was known he was here. I said, 'Lie down, Mr. Jud. You're not very well.' And I closed the door and locked it. I was scared."

She paused, evidently on the verge of hysteria. The Sheriff glanced at Bassett.

"Now where's your Livingstone story?" he demanded. "All right, Hattie?"

"I said, 'For God's sake, Mr. Jud, lie still, until I think what to do. The Sheriff's likely down-stairs this very minute.' And then he went queer and wild. He jumped off the bed and stood listening and staring, and shaking all over. 'I've got to get away,' he said, very loud. 'I won't let them take me. I'll kill myself first!' When I put my hand on his arm he threw it off, and he made for the door. I saw then that he was delirious with fever, and I stood in front of the door and begged him not to go out. But he threw me away so hard that I fell, and I screamed."

"And then what?"

"That's all. If I hadn't been almost out of my mind I'd never have told that it was Jud Clark. That'll hang on me to my dying day."

An hour or so later Bassett went back to his room in a state of mental and nervous exhaustion. He knew that from that time on he would be under suspicion and probably under espionage, and he proceeded methodically, his door locked, to go over his papers. His note-book and the cuttings from old files relative to the Clark case he burned in his wash-basin, and then carefully washed the basin. That done, his attendance on a sick man, and the letter found on the bed was all the positive evidence they had to connect him with the case. He had had some thought of slipping out by the fire-escape and making a search for Dick on his own account, but his lack of familiarity with his surroundings made that practically useless.

At midnight he stretched out on his bed without undressing, and went over the situation carefully. He knew nothing of the various neuroses which affect the human mind, but he had a vague impression that memory, when lost, did eventually return, and Dick's recognition of the chambermaid pointed to such a return. He wondered what a man would feel, under such conditions, what he would think. He could not do it. He abandoned the effort finally, and lay frowning at the ceiling while he considered his own part in the catastrophe. He saw himself, following his training and his instinct, leading the inevitable march toward this night tragedy, planning, scheming, searching, and now that it had come, lying helpless on his bed while the march went on past him and beyond his control.

When an automobile engine backfired in the street below, he went sick with fear.

He made the resolution then that was to be the guiding motive for his life for the next few months, to fight this thing of his own creating to a finish. But with the resolution newly made, he saw the futility of it. He might fight, would fight, but nothing could restore to Dick Livingstone the place he had made for himself in the world. And

that, after all, was what a man wanted, to hold the place he had fought to gain.

All at once he was aware that some one was working stealthily at the lock of the door which communicated with a room beyond. He slid cautiously off the bed, and went to the light switch, standing with a hand on it, and waited. The wild thought that it might be Livingstone was uppermost in his mind, and when the door creaked open and closed again, that was the word he breathed into the darkness.

"No," said a woman's voice in a whisper. "It's the maid, Hattie. Be careful. There's a guard at the top of the stairs."

He heard her moving to his outer door, and he knew that she stood there, listening, her head against the panel. When she was satisfied she slipped with the swiftness of familiarity with her surroundings to the stand beside his bed, and turned on the lamp. In the shaded light he saw that she wore a dark cape, with its hood drawn over her head. In some strange fashion the maid, even the woman, was lost, and she stood, strange, mysterious, and dramatic in the little room.

"If you found Jud Clark, what would you do with him?" she demanded. From beneath the hood her eyes searched his face. "Turn him over to Wilkins and his outfit?"

"I think you know better than that."

"Have you got any plan?"

"Plan? No. They've got every outlet closed, haven't they? Do you know where he is?"

"I know where he isn't, or they'd have him by now. And I know Jud Clark. He's taken to the mountains, same as he did before. He's got a good horse."

"A horse!"

"Listen. I haven't told this, and I don't mean to. They'll learn it in a couple of hours, anyhow. He got out by a back fire-escape—they know that. But they don't know he took Ed Rickett's black mare. They think he's on foot. I've been there now, and she's gone. Ed comes in one night a week and plays poker with a crowd upstairs. They break up about three o'clock, and he'll miss his horse then. That's two hours yet."

Bassett tried to see her face, in the shadow of the hood. He was puzzled and suspicious at her change of front, more than half afraid of a trap.

"How do I know you are not working with Wilkins?" he demanded. "You could have saved the situation to-night by saying you weren't sure."

"I was upset. I've had time to think since."

He was forced to trust her, eventually, although the sense of some hidden motive, some urge greater than compassion, persisted in him.

"You've got some sort of plan for me, then? I can't follow him, haphazard, into the mountains at night, you know, and expect to find him."

"Yes. He was delirious when he left. That thing about the Sheriff being after him—he wasn't after him then. Not until I gave the alarm. He's delirious, and he thinks he's back to the night he—you know. Wouldn't he do the same thing again, and make for the mountains and the cabin? He went to the cabin before."

"It's possible. It might be worth following up."

He looked at his watch. It was half past twelve.

"Even if I could get a horse I couldn't get out of the town."

"You might, on foot. They'll be trailing Rickett's horse by dawn. And if you can get out of town I can get you a horse. I can get you out, too, I think. I know every foot of the place."

A feeling of theatrical unreality was Bassett's chief emotion during the trying

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.....

Only one tube to a family

time that followed. The cloaked and shrouded figure of the woman ahead, the passage through two dark and empty rooms by pass key to an unguarded corridor in the rear, and the descent of the fire-escape, where they stood flattened against the wall while a man, possibly one of the posse, rode in, tied his horse and stamped in high heeled boots into the building, and always just ahead the sure movement and silent tread of the woman, kept his nerves taut and increased his feeling of the unreal.

At the foot of the fire-escape the woman slid out of sight noiselessly, but under Bassett's feet a tin can rolled and clattered. Then a horse snorted close to his shoulder, and he was frozen with fright. After that she gave him her hand, and led him through an empty outbuilding and another yard, into a street.

At two o'clock that morning Bassett, waiting in a lonely road near what he judged to be an oil driller's camp, heard a horse coming toward him, and snorting nervously as it came, and drew back into the shadows until he recognized the shrouded silhouette leading the animal.

"It belongs to my son," she said. "I'll fix it with him to-morrow. But if you're caught you'll have to say you came out and took him, or you'll get us all into trouble."

She gave him careful instructions as to how to find the trail, and urged him to haste. She seemed to have no doubt whatever that the fugitive was heading for the cabin, and her own conviction influenced Bassett. It was true that she had given him a reason for the conviction, but sometimes, in the months that followed, he wondered whether there was not something more, some curious, psychic quality, the same instinct that in another form enabled her to avoid objects in the dark, behind her absolute certainty.

He mounted and prepared to ride off. He would have shaken hands with her, but the horse was still terrified at her shrouded figure and veered and snorted when she approached. "However it turns out," he said, "you've done your best, and I'm grateful."

The horse moved off and left her standing there, her cowl drawn forward and her hands crossed on her breast. She stood for a moment, facing toward the mountains, like some cloistered figure absorbed in prayer. Then she turned back toward the town.

Dick had picked up his life again where he had left it off, so long before. Gone was David's house built on the sands of forgetfulness. Gone was David himself, and Lucy. Gone,—no, not even born into his consciousness was Elizabeth. The war, his work, his new place in the world, were obliterated, drowned in the flood of memories revived by the shock of Bassett's revelations.

Not that the breaking point had revealed itself as such, at once. There was confusion first, then stupor and unconsciousness, and out of that, sharply and clearly, came memory. It was not ten years ago, but an hour ago, a minute ago, that he had stood staring at Howard Lucas on the floor of the billiard room, and had seen Beverly run in through the door.

"Bev!" he was saying. "Bev! Don't look like that!"

He moved and found he was in bed. It had been a dream. He drew a long breath, looked about the room, saw the woman and greeted her. But already he knew he had not been dreaming. Things were sharpening in his mind. He shuddered and looked at the floor, but nobody lay there. Only the horror in his mind, and the instinct to get away from it. He was not thinking at all, but rising in him was not only the need for flight, but the sense of pursuit. *They* were after him. *They* would get him. *They* must never get him alive.

Instinct and will took the place of thought. And whatever closed chamber in his brain had opened, it clearly influenced his physical condition. He bore all the stigmata of heavy and prolonged drinking; his nerves were gone; he twitched and shook. When he got down the fire-escape his legs would scarcely hold him.

The discovery of Ed Rickett's horse in the court-yard, saddled and ready, fitted in with the brain pattern of the past. Like one who enters a room for the first time, to find it already familiar, for a moment he felt that this thing that he was doing he had done before. Only for a moment. Then partial memory ceased, and he climbed into the saddle, rode out and turned towards the mountains and the cabin. By that strange quality of the brain which is called habit, although the habit be of only one emphatic precedent, he followed the route he had taken ten years before. How closely will never be known. Did he stop at this turn to look back, as he had once before? Did he let his horse breathe there? Not the latter, probably, for as, following the blind course that he had followed ten years before he left the town and went up the canyon trail, he was riding as though all the devils of hell were behind him.

One thing is certain. The reproductions of the conditions of the earlier flight, the familiar associations of the trail, must have helped rather than hindered his fixation in the past. Again he was Judson Clark without a doubt, and Judson Clark in panic flight.

Before long his horse was in acute distress, but he did not notice it. At the top of the long climb the animal stopped, but he kicked him on recklessly. He was as unaware of his own fatigue, or that he was swaying in the saddle, until galloping across a meadow the horse stumbled and threw him.

He lay still for some time, not hurt, but apparently lacking the initiative to get up again. He had at that period the alternating lucidity and mental torpor of the half-drunken man. But struggling up through layers of blackness at last there came again the instinct for flight, and he got on the horse and set off.

The torpor again overcame him and he slept in the saddle. When the horse stopped he roused and kicked it on. Once he came up through the blackness to the accompaniment of a great roaring, and found that the animal was saddle deep in a ford and floundering badly among the rocks. He turned its head upstream, and got it out safely.

Toward dawn some of the confusion was gone, but he was firmly fixed in the past. The horse wandered on, head down, occasionally stopping to seize a leaf as it passed, and once to drink deeply at a spring. Dick was still not thinking, there was something that forbade him to think—but he was weak and emotional. He muttered:

"Poor Bev! Poor old Bev!"

A great wave of tenderness and memory swept over him. Poor Bev! He had made life hell for her, all right. He had an almost uncontrollable impulse to turn the horse around, go back and see her once more. He was gone anyhow. They would get him. And he wanted her to know that he would have died rather than do what he had done.

The flight impulse died; he felt sick and very cold, and now and then he shook violently. He began to watch the trail behind him for the pursuit, but without fear. He seemed to have been wandering for a thousand black nights through deep gorges and over peaks as high as the stars, and now he wanted to rest, to stop somewhere and sleep, to be warm again. Let them come and take him, anywhere out of this nightmare.

With the dawn still gray he heard a horse behind and below him on the trail up the cliff face. He stopped and sat waiting, twisted about in his saddle, his expression ugly and defiant, and yet touchingly helpless, the look of a boy in trouble and at bay. The horseman came into sight on the trail below, riding hard, a middle-aged man in a dark suit and a straw hat, an oddly incongruous figure and manifestly weary. He rode bent forward, and now and again he raised his eyes from the trail and searched the wall above him with blood-shot, anxious eyes.

On the turn below Dick, Bassett saw him for the first time, and spoke to him in a quite voice.

"Hello, old man," he said. "I began to think I was going to miss you after all."

His scrutiny of Dick's face had rather reassured him. The delirium had passed, apparently. Dishevelled as he was, covered with dust and with sweat from the horse, Livingstone's eyes looked level into his. As he rode up to him, however, he was not so certain. He found himself surveyed with a sort of cool malignity that startled him.

"Miss me!" Livingstone sneered bitterly, "with every damned hill covered by this time with your outfit! I'll tell you this. If I'd had a gun you'd never have got me alive."

Bassett was hurt and slightly ruffled.

"*My* outfit! I'll tell you this, son, I've risked my neck half the night to get you out of this mess."

"God Almighty couldn't get me out of this mess," Dick said sombrely.

It was then that Bassett saw something not quite normal in his face, and he rode closer.

"See here, Livingstone," he said, in a soothing tone, "nobody's going to get you. I'm here to keep them from getting you. We've got a good start, but we'll have to keep moving."

Dick sat obstinately still, his horse turned across the trail, and his eyes still suspicious and unfriendly.

"I don't know you," he said, doggedly. "And I've done all the running away I'm going to do. You go back and tell Wilkins I'm here and to come and get me. The sooner the better." The sneer faded, and he turned on Bassett with a depth of tragedy in his eyes that frightened the reporter. "My God," he said, "I killed a man last night! I can't go through life with that on me. I'm done, I tell you."

Last night. Some faint comprehension began to dawn in Bassett's mind, a suspicion of the truth. But there was no time to verify it. He turned and carefully inspected the trail to where it came into sight at the opposite rim of the valley. When he was satisfied that the pursuit was still well behind them, he spoke again.

"Pull yourself together, Livingstone," he said, rather sharply. "Think a bit. You didn't kill anybody last night. Now listen," he added impressively. "You are Livingstone, Doctor Richard Livingstone. You stick to that, and think about it."

But Dick was not listening, save to some bitter inner voice, for suddenly he turned his horse around on the trail. "Get out of the way," he said, "I'm going back to give myself up."

He would have done it, probably, would have crowded past Bassett on the narrow trail and headed back toward capture, but for his horse. It balked and whirled on the ledge, but it would not pass Bassett. Dick swore and kicked it, his face ugly and determined, but it refused sullenly. He slid out of the saddle, then, and tried to drag it on, but he was suddenly weak and sick. He staggered. Bassett was off his horse in a moment, and caught him. He eased him on to a boulder, and he sat there, his shoulders sagging and his whole body twitching.

"Been drinking my head off," he said at last. "If I had a drink now I'd straighten out." He tried to sit up. "That's what's the matter with me. I'm funking, of course, but that's not all. I'd give my soul for some whiskey."

"I can get you a drink, if you'll come about a mile," Bassett coaxed. "At the cabin you and I talked about yesterday."

"Now you're talking." Dick made an effort and got to his feet, shaking off Bassett's arm. "For God's sake, keep your hands off me," he said irritably. "I've got a hangover, that's all."

He got into his saddle without assistance, and started off up the trail. Bassett once more searched the valley, but it was empty, save for a deer drinking at the stream far below. He turned and followed.

He was fairly hopeless by that time, what with Dick's unexpected resistance and the change in the man himself. He was dealing with something he did not understand, and the hypotheses of delirium did not hold. There was a sort of desperate sanity in Dick's eyes. The statement, now, about drinking his head off—he hadn't looked yesterday like a drinking man. But now he did. He was twitching, his hands shook. On the rock his face had been covered with a cold sweat. What was that the doctor yesterday had said about delirium tremens? Suppose he collapsed? That meant capture.

He did not need to guide Dick to the cabin. He turned off the trail himself, and Bassett, following, saw him dismount and survey the ruin with a puzzled face. But he said nothing. Bassett, waiting outside to tie the horses, came in to find him sitting on one of the dilapidated chairs, staring around, but all he said was:

"Get me that drink, for God's sake. I'm going to pieces."

Bassett found his tin cup where he had left it, on a shelf, and poured out a small amount of whiskey from his flask.

"This is all we have," he explained. "We'll have to go slow with it."

It had an almost immediate effect. The twitching grew less, and a faint color came into Dick's face. He stood up and stretched himself. "That's better," he said. "I was all in. I must have been riding that infernal horse for years."

He wandered about while the reporter made a fire and set the coffee pot to boil. Bassett, glancing up once, saw him surveying the lean-to from the doorway, with an expression he could not understand. But he did not say anything, nor did he speak again until Bassett called him to get some food. Even then he was laconic, and he seemed to be listening and waiting.

Once something startled the horses outside, and he sat up and listened.

"They're here!" he said.

"I don't think so," Bassett replied, and he went to the doorway. "No," he called back over his shoulder, "you go on and finish. I'll watch."

"Come back and eat," Dick said surlily.

He ate very little, but drank most of the coffee. Bassett, too, ate almost nothing. He was pulling himself together for the struggle that was to come, marshalling his arguments for flight, and trying to fathom the extent of the change in the man across the small table.

Dick put down his tin cup, and got up. He was strong again, and the nightmare confusion of the night had passed away. Instead of it there was a desperate lucidity, and a courage born of desperation. He remembered it all distinctly; he had killed Howard Lucas the night before. Before long Wilkins or some of his outfit would ride up to the door, and take him back to Norada. He was not afraid of that. They would always think he had run away because he was afraid of capture, but it was not that. He had run away from Bev's face. Only he had not got away from it. It had been with him all night, and it was with him now.

But he would have to go back. He couldn't be caught like a rat in a trap. The Clarks didn't run away. They were fighters.

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Only the Clarks didn't kill. They fought, but they didn't murder.

He picked up his hat and went to the door.

"Well, you've been mighty kind, old man," he said. "But I've got to go back. I ran last night like a scared kid, but I'm through with that sort of foolishness."

"I'd give a good bit," Bassett said, watching him, "to know what made you run last night. You were safe where you were."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Dick said drearily. "I didn't run from *them*. I ran to get away from something." He turned away irritably. "You wouldn't understand. Say I was drunk. I was, for that matter. I'm not over it yet."

Bassett watched him.

"I see," he said quietly. "It was last night, was it, that this thing happened?"

"You know it, don't you?"

"And, after it happened, do you remember what followed?"

"I've been riding all night. I didn't care what happened. I knew I'd run into a whale of a blizzard, but I——"

He stopped and stared outside, to where the horses grazed in the upland meadow, knee deep in mountain flowers. Bassett, watching him, saw the incredulity in his eyes, and spoke very gently.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you are right. Try to understand what I am saying, and take it easy. You rode into a blizzard right enough, but that was not last night. *It was ten years ago.*"

Had Bassett had some wider knowledge of Dick's condition, he might have succeeded better during that bad hour that followed. Certainly, if he had hoped that the mere statement of fact and its proof would bring results, he failed. And the need for haste, the fear of the pursuit behind them, made him nervous and incoherent.

He had first to accept the incredible, himself—that Dick Livingstone no longer existed, that he had died and was buried deep in some chamber of an unconscious mind. He made every effort to revive him, to restore him into the field of consciousness, but without result. And his struggle was increased in difficulty by the fact that he knew so little of Dick's life. David's name meant nothing, apparently, and it was the only name he knew. He described the Livingstone house; he described Elizabeth as he had seen her that night at the theatre. Even Minne. But Dick only shook his head. And until he had aroused some instinct, some desire to live, he could not combat Dick's intention to return and surrender.

"I understand what you are saying," Dick would say. "I'm trying to get it. But it doesn't *mean* anything to me."

He even tried the war.

"War? What war?" Dick asked. And when he heard about it he groaned.

"A war!" he said. "And I've missed it!"

But soon after that he got up, and moved to the door.

"I'm going back," he said.

"Why?"

"They're after me, aren't they?"

"You're forgetting again. Why should they be after you now, after ten years?"

"I see. I can't get it, you know. I keep listening for them."

Bassett, too, was listening, but he kept his fears to himself.

"Why did you do it?" he asked finally.

"I was drunk, and I hated him. He married a girl I was crazy about."

Bassett tried new tactics. He stressed the absurdity of surrendering for a crime committed ten years before, and forgotten.

"They won't convict you anyhow," he urged. "It was a quarrel, wasn't it? I mean, you didn't deliberately shoot him?"

"I don't remember. We quarreled. Yes. I don't remember shooting him."

"What do you remember?"

Dick made an effort, although he was white to the lips.

"I saw him on the floor," he said slowly, and staggered a little.

"Then you don't even know you did it."

"I hated him."

But Bassett saw that his determination to surrender himself was weakening. Bassett fought it with every argument he could summon, and at last he brought forward the one he felt might be conclusive.

"You see, you've not only made a man's place in the world, Clark, as I've told you. You've formed associations you can't get away from. You've got to think of the Livingstones, and you told me yesterday a shock would kill the old man. But it's more than that. There's a girl back in your town. I think you were engaged to her."

But if he had hoped to pierce the veil with that statement he failed. Dick's face flushed, and he went to the door of the cabin, much as he had gone to the window the day before. He did not look around when he spoke.

"Then I'm an unconscionable cad," he said. "I've only cared for one woman in my life. And I've shipwrecked her for good."

"You mean—?"

"You know who I mean."

Some time later Bassett got on his horse and rode out to a ledge which commanded a long stretch of trail below. Far away, two horsemen were riding along it, one behind the other, small dots that moved slowly but steadily. He turned and went back to the cabin.

"We'd better be moving," he said, "and it's up to you to say where. You've got two choices. You can go back to Norada and run the chance of arrest. You know what that means. Without much chance of a conviction, you will stand trial and bring wretchedness to—to the people who stood by you before and who care for you now. Or you can go on over the mountains with me, and strike the railroad somewhere to the west. You'll have time to think things over, however. They've waited ten years. They can wait longer."

To his relief, Dick acquiesced. He had become oddly passive; he seemed indeed not greatly interested. He did not even notice the haste with which Bassett removed the evidences of their meal, or extinguished the drying fire and scattered the ashes. Nor, when they were mounted, the care with which they avoided the trail. He gave, when asked, information as to the direction of the railroad at the foot of the western slope of the range, and at the same instigation found a trail for them some miles beyond their starting point. But mostly he merely followed, in dead silence.

They made slow progress. Both horses were weary and hungry, and the going was often rough and even dangerous. But for Dick's knowledge of the country they would have been hopelessly lost. Bassett, however, although tortured by muscular soreness, felt his spirits rising as the miles were covered, and there was no sign of the pursuit.

By mid-afternoon they were obliged to rest their horses and let them graze, and the necessity for food for themselves became insistent. Dick stretched out and was immediately asleep, but the reporter could not rest. The magnitude of his undertaking obsessed him. They had covered perhaps twenty miles since leaving the cabin, and the railroad was still sixty miles away. With fresh horses they could have made it by dawn of the next morning, but he did not believe their jaded animals could go on much longer. The country grew worse instead of better. A pass ahead, which they must cross, was full of snow.

He was anxious, too, as to Dick's physical condition. The twitching was gone, but he was very pale, and he slept like a man exhausted and at his physical limit. But the

necessity of crossing the pass before nightfall or of waiting until dawn to do it, drove him back from an anxious reconnoitering of the trail at five o'clock, to rouse the sleeping man and start on again.

Near the pass, however, Dick roused himself and took the lead.

"Let me ahead, Bassett," he said, peremptorily, "and let your horse's head alone. He'll take care of you if you'll give him a chance."

Bassett was glad to fall back. He was exhausted and nervous. The trail frightened him. It clung to the side of a rock wall, twisting and turning on itself; it ran under milky waterfalls of glacial water, and higher up it led over an ice field which was a glassy bridge over a rushing stream beneath. To add to their wretchedness mosquitoes hung about them in voracious clouds, and tiny black gnats, which got into their eyes and their nostrils, and set the horses frantic.

Once across the ice fields Dick's horse fell and for a time could not get up again. He lay, making ineffectual efforts to rise, his sides heaving, his eyes rolling in distress. They gave up then and prepared to make such camp as they could.

With the setting of the sun it had grown bitterly cold, and Bassett was forced to light a fire. He did it under the protection of the mountain wall, and Dick, after unsaddling his fallen horse, built a rough shelter of rocks against the wind. After a time the exhausted horse got up, and there was no forage, and the two animals stood disconsolate, or made small, hopeless excursions, noses to the ground, among the moss and scrub pines.

Before turning in Bassett divided the remaining contents of the flask between them, and his last cigarettes. Dick did not talk. He sat, his back to the shelter, facing the fire, his mind busy with what Bassett knew was bitter and conflicting thoughts. Once, however, as the reporter was dozing off, Dick spoke.

"You said I told you there was a girl," he said. "Did I tell you her name?"

"No."

"All right. Go to sleep. I thought if I heard it, it might help."

Bassett lay back and watched him.

"Better get some sleep, old man," he said.

He dozed, to waken again, cold and shivering. The fire had burned low, and Dick was sitting near it, unheeding, and in a deep study. He looked up, and Bassett was shocked at the quiet tragedy in his face.

"Where is Beverly Carlysle now?" he asked. "Or do you know?"

"Yes. I saw her not long ago."

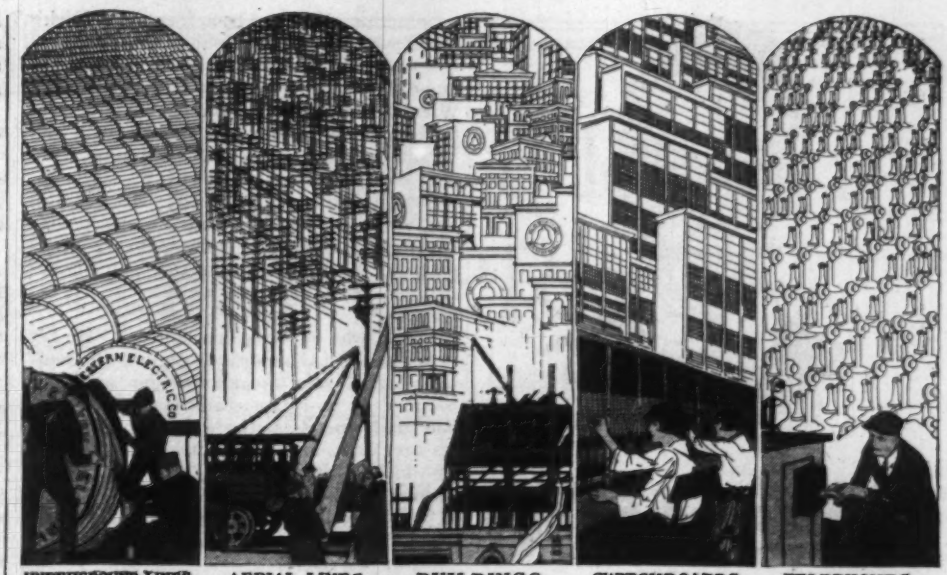
"Is she—married again?"

"No. She's revived The Valley and she's in New York with it."

Dick slept for only an hour or so that night, but as he slept he dreamed. In his dream he was at peace and happy, and there was a girl in a black frock who seemed to be a part of that peace. When he roused, however, still with the warmth of his dream on him, he could not summon her. She had slipped away among the shadows of the night.

He sat by the fire in the grip of a great despair. He had lost ten years out of his life, his best years. And he could not go back to where he had left off. There was nothing to go back to but shame and remorse. He looked at Bassett, lying by the fire, and tried to fit him into the situation. Who was he, and why was he here? Why had he ridden out at night alone, into unknown mountains, to find him?

As though his intent gaze had roused the sleeper, he opened his eyes, at first drowsily, then wide awake. He raised himself on his elbow and listened, as though for some far off sound, and his face was strained and anxious. But the night was silent, and he relaxed and slept again.



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Something that had been forming in Dick's mind suddenly crystallized into conviction. He rose and walked to the ledge of the mountain wall and stood there listening. When he went back to the fire he felt in his pockets, found a small pad and pencil, and bending forward to catch the light, commenced to write.....

At dawn Bassett wakened. He was stiff and wretched, and he grunted as he moved. He turned over and surveyed the small plateau. It was empty, except for his horse, making his continuous hopeless search for grass.

David was enjoying his holiday. He lay in bed most of the morning, making the most of his one after-breakfast cigar and surrounded by newspapers and magazines. He had made friends of the waiter who brought his breakfast, and of the little chambermaid who looked after his room, and such conversations as this would follow:

"Well, Nellie," he would say, "and did you go to the dance on the pier last night?"

"Oh, yes, doctor."

"Your gentleman friend showed up all right, then?"

"Oh, yes. He didn't telephone because he was on a job out of town."

Here perhaps David would lower his voice, for Lucy was never far away.

"Did you wear the flowers?"

"Yes, violets. I put one away to remember you by. It was funny at first. I wouldn't tell him who gave them to me."

David would chuckle delightedly.

"That's right," he would say. "Keep him guessing, the young rascal. We men are kittle cattle, Nellie, kittle cattle!"

Even the valet unbent to him, and inquired if the doctor needed a man at home to look after him and his clothes. David was enormously tickled.

"Well," he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "I'll tell you how I manage now, and then you'll see. When I want my trousers pressed I send them downstairs and then I wait in my bath robe until they come back. I'm a trifle better off for boots, but you'd have to knock Mike, my hired man, unconscious before he'd let you touch them."

The valet grinned.

"Of course, there's my nephew," David went on, a little note of pride in his voice. "He's become engaged recently, and I notice he's bought some clothes. But still I don't think even he will want anybody to hold his breeches while he gets into them."

David chuckled over that for a long time after the valet had gone.

He was quite happy and contented. He spent all afternoon in a roller chair, conversing affably with the man who pushed him, and now and then, when Lucy was out of sight, getting out and stretching his legs. He picked up lost children and lonely dogs, and tried his eye in a shooting gallery, and had hard work keeping off the roller coasters and out of the sea.

Then, one day, when he had been gone several weeks, he was astonished, on entering his hotel, to find Harrison Miller sitting in the lobby. David beamed with surprise and pleasure.

"You old humbug!" he said. "Off on a jaunt after all! And the contempt of you when I was shipped here!"

Harrison was constrained and uncomfortable. He had meant to see Lucy first. She was a sensible woman, and she would know just what David could stand, or could not. But David did not notice his constraint; took him to his room, made him admire the ocean view, gave him a cigar, and then sat down across from him, beaming and hospitable.

"Suffering Crimus, Harrison," he said. "I didn't know I was homesick until I saw you. Well, how's everything? Dick's letters haven't been much, and we haven't had any for several days."

Harrison cleared his throat. He knew that David had not been told of Jim Wheeler's death, but that Lucy knew. He knew, too, from Walter Wheeler, that he did not know that Dick had gone west. Did Lucy know that, or not? Probably yes. But he considered the entire benevolent conspiracy an absurdity and a mistake. It was making him uncomfortable, and most of his life had been devoted to being comfortable.

He decided to temporize.

"Things are about the same," he said. "They're going to pave Chisholm Street. And your Mike knocked down the night watchman last week. I got him off with a fine."

"I hope he hasn't been in my cellar. He's got a weakness, but then— How's Dick? Not overworking?"

"No. He's all right."

But David was no man's fool. He began to see something strange in Harrison's manner, and he leaned forward in his chair.

"Look here, Harrison," he said, "there's something the matter with you. You've got something on your mind."

"Well, I have and I haven't. I'd like to see Lucy, David, if she's about."

"Lucy's gadding. You can tell me if you can her. What is it? Is it about Dick?"

"In a way, yes."

"He's not sick?"

"No. He's all right, as far as I know. I guess I'd better tell you, David. Walter Wheeler has got some sort of bee in his bonnet, and he got me to come on. Dick was pretty tired and—well, one or two things happened to worry him. One was that Jim Wheeler—you'll get this sooner or later—was in an automobile accident, and it did for him."

David had lost some of his ruddy color. It was a moment before he spoke.

"Poor Jim," he said, huskily. "He was a good boy, only full of life. It will be hard on the family."

"Yes," Harrison Miller said simply.

But David was resentful, too. When his friends were in trouble he wanted to know about it. He was somewhat indignant and not a little hurt. But he soon reverted to Dick.

"I'll go back and send him off for a rest," he said, "I'm as good as I'll ever be, and the boy's tired. What's the bee in Wheeler's bonnet?"

"Look here, David, you know your own business best, and Wheeler didn't feel at liberty to tell me very much. But he seemed to think you were the only one who could tell us certain things. He'd have come himself, but it's not easy for him to leave the family just now. Dick went away just after Jim's funeral. He left a young chap named Reynolds in his place, and I believe, in order not to worry you, some letters to be mailed at intervals."

"*Went where?*" David asked, in a terrible voice.

"To a town called Norada, in Wyoming. Near his old home somewhere. And the Wheelers haven't heard anything from him since the day he got there. That's three weeks ago. He wrote Elizabeth the night he got there, and wired her at the same time. There's been nothing since."

David was gripping the arms of his chair with both hands, but he forced himself to calmness.

"I'll go to Norada at once," he said. "Get a timetable, Harrison, and ring for the valet."

"Not on your life you won't. I'm here to do that, when I've got something to go on. Wheeler thought you might have heard from him. If you hadn't, I was to get all the information I could and then start. Elizabeth's almost crazy. We wired the chief of police of Norada yesterday."

"Yes!" David said thickly. "Trust your friends to make every damned mistake

possible! You've set the whole pack on his trail." And then he fell back in his chair, and gasped, "Open the window."

When Lucy came in, a half hour later, she found David on his bed with the hotel doctor beside him, and Harrison Miller in the room. David was fighting for breath, but he was conscious and very calm. He looked up at her and spoke slowly and distinctly.

"They've got Dick, Lucy," he said.

He looked aged and pinched, and entirely hopeless. Even after his heart had quieted down and he lay still among his pillows, he gave no evidence of his old fighting spirit. He lay with his eyes shut, relaxed and passive. He had done his best, and he had failed. It was out of his hands now, and in the hands of God. Once, as he lay there, he prayed. He said that he had failed, and that now he was too old and weak to fight. That God would have to take it on, and do the best He could. But he added that if God did not save Dick and bring him back to happiness, that he, David, was through.

Toward morning he awakened from a light sleep. The door into Lucy's room was open and a dim light was burning beyond it. David called her, and by her immediate response he knew she had not been sleeping.

"Yes, David," she said, and came padding in in her bedroom slippers and wadded dressing gown, a tragic figure of apprehension, determinedly smiling. "What do you want?"

"Sit down, Lucy."

When she had done so he put out his hand, fumbling for hers. She was touched and alarmed, for it was a long time since there had been any open demonstration of affection between them. David was silent for a time, absorbed in thought. Then:

"I'm not in very good shape, Lucy. I suppose you know that. This old pump of mine has sprung a leak, or something. I don't want you to worry if anything happens. I've come to the time when I've got a good many over there, and it will be like going home."

Lucy nodded. Her chin quivered. She smoothed his hand, with its high twisted veins.

"I know, David," she said. "Mother and father, and Henry, and a good many friends. But I need you, too. You're all I have, now that Dick—"

"That's why I called you. If I can get out there, I'll go. And I'll put up a fight that will make them wish they'd never started anything. But if I can't, if I—" She felt his fingers tighten on her hand. "If Hattie Thorwald is still living, we'll put her on the stand. If I can't go, for any reason, I want you to see that she is called. And you know where Henry's statement is?"

"In your box, isn't it?"

"Yes. Have the statement first read and then have her called to corroborate it. Tell the story I have told you,— or no, I'll dictate it to you in the morning, and sign it before witnesses. Jake and Bill will testify, too."

He felt easier in his mind after that. He had marshalled his forces and began his preparations for battle. He felt less apprehension now in case he fell asleep, to waken among those he had loved long since and lost awhile. After a few moments his eyes closed, and Lucy went back to her bed and crawled into it.

It was, however, Harrison Miller who took the statement that morning. Lucy's cramped old hand wrote too slowly for David's impatience. Harrison took it, on hotel stationery, covering the carefully numbered pages with his neat, copper-plate writing. He wrote with an impassive face, but with wild interest, for by that time he knew Dick's story.

Never, in his orderly bachelor life, of daily papers and a flower garden and political

(*Continued on page 122*)

How Big a Thing Is CHIROPRACTIC

CHIROPRACTIC comes upon the field and makes vast pretensions.

For five thousand years, the best minds of the medical profession have searched the heavens and the earth trying in vain to find the cause of disease, which Chiropractic teaches is to be found within the body.

Against the wonderful organization known as the American Medical Association, with its endowments of millions, its secure position in the educational institutions, and the popular prejudice of the general public, Chiropractic has nothing to hurl but the constantly increasing "whereas I was sick and am now well" of those upon whom all other methods have failed.

To succeed where all others fail is the supreme test, and unless Chiropractic can do this, it has no excuse for its existence.

Though but a quarter of a century has elapsed since its discovery, 10,000 practitioners in the United States alone, place it second among the professions engaged in getting the sick well, while in efficiency it has easily stepped into first place and is already heralded as the "pinch hitter" in the health game.

Honest and open-minded members of other health professions acknowledge its merit, while progressive and forward-looking ones study its theory, and are led in increasingly great numbers to adopt it and to abandon their former methods.

Unfortunately it has also attracted to itself a horde of pretenders, who find the word CHIROPRACTIC the most profitable addition they can make to their business cards.

Chiropractic has won legal recognition in twenty-three states in spite of strenuous, and sometimes unscrupulous, opposition.

To an unbiased judgment it would seem that any method that can be built upon the failure of others, in spite of ignorance and prejudice, and in spite of organized opposition backed by millions of wealth and unlimited legal power; any method that can convert the members of antagonistic professions and multiply its practitioners and converts at such a phenomenal speed, MUST BE A BIG THING.

DEFINITION

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In Which Class Are You?

By Paul Tomlinson

ACCORDING to figures published recently by a life insurance company, of every hundred men who die one leaves wealth, two leave comfort, fifteen leave from two to ten thousand dollars, and eighty-two leave nothing.

It is not stated how many of these men leave families, but the majority of men are married, and consequently have dependents. What happens to these dependents when the husband is gone? What, in many cases, happens to the husband and the dependents when the man of the family, the earner, becomes old and his earning capacity grows less, or ceases altogether?

Well, those left behind must try to earn their own living, or, as this is oftentimes impossible, they become objects of charity and live upon the bounty of relatives or of the state. Not a pleasant prospect, and one to be avoided if humanly possible. And in the majority of cases it is humanly possible.

Of course it does happen sometimes by reason of misfortune or because of circumstances that in the ordinary course of events cannot be foreseen and guarded against, a man is unable to save anything for his old age or for the support of his family after he is dead. But this does not happen often. Few men can accumulate wealth, and not many can leave their families in ease and comfort, but on the other hand there is no good reason why eighty-two out of every hundred should leave nothing at all.

A man who assumes the obligation of a wife and family should realize that his responsibility to them involves more than providing food, shelter and clothing from day to day; he should bear in mind that their futures also must be taken into account. And the time to think of the future is now.

John D. Rockefeller is often quoted as saying that the way to make a thousand dollars is to save a thousand dollars. People are wont to smile at the financial advice proffered by our millionaires, but if they would stop to think that these men are, in the majority of cases, millionaires because they practiced what they preach, their advice might be taken more seriously.

If a thing is worth having it is worth working for, and there are not many things in this life that a man can get for nothing. If, therefore, he wants his old age to be safeguarded; if he wants to feel that his family will be cared for when he is gone, he should be willing to deny himself in order to make these things possible. And as there is always a compensating good for every evil, the knowledge that he has done his duty will recompense him for whatever hardships he encountered in its performance.

Correspondingly, when a man knows that he has dodged his obligations he is certain to experience qualms of conscience, worry and distress far more unpleasant than any difficulties encountered in having done the proper thing.

If the way to make money is to save it, the thing to do is save. It is not so much what you get; it is what you keep that counts, and in the long run spells success or failure. It is not easy to save money; it is far more difficult than making it. But if a man will keep in mind the fact that by saving a part of what he earns he is safeguarding the future of his family the process will be somewhat easier for him.

He might also remember that it is easier to begin saving than it is to keep it up, although the more one saves the more there is available for this purpose.

Regular, systematic saving is what counts. And as saving is difficult, and as not many people will save unless they are obliged to, it is often a wise plan for them to commit themselves to some method of accumulating money that calls for the setting aside of specified sums at stated intervals.

Life insurance may combine saving and protection for one's dependents; building and loan shares represent another excellent method of collecting a competence; the partial payment plan of buying securities is another equally satisfa ctory.

Any man who buys securities should buy only those of the highest grade unless he is in a position to face the possibility of losing what he puts into them. The person who cannot afford to lose money and who buys speculative stocks is as extravagant as the man who buys an automobile when his income is suited only to a bicycle. And yet it is a curious and sometimes tragic circumstance that people who would not think of indulging in luxuries for themselves or their families will put all of their savings into a speculative stock or bond and lose every cent they have accumulated. Why is it? Few men will buy a house or a horse or an automobile without a thorough investigation, and yet a glib stock salesman can get their money away from them after only a few minutes of smooth talk and extravagant promises.

The disclosures late in the winter of the millions lost in speculation and the thousands of people fleeced by false brokers is a tragic record of ignorance, gullibility and stupidity. One would feel more sorry for these people if they had only exercised reasonable care and a modicum of common sense before parting with their hard earned savings.

The less money a man has the more careful he should be with it. A man with a million

dollars could lose a hundred thousand of them and feel it less than a man who, possessed of a fortune totaling five hundred dollars, loses one hundred.

The beginner should exercise the most scrupulous care in his first investments. The highest grade bonds are really the only kinds of securities he should consider at all. Stocks are dependent upon earnings, and earnings are bound to fluctuate from year to year; consequently the value of a stock varies, and is practically always speculative.

Further, a stock is not a fixed obligation of the issuing company, and has no claim upon assets until all prior claims have been satisfied. A bond, on the other hand—that is, a high grade bond—is secured by a pledge of definitely described property which, in case of default of either interest or principal, maybe sold for the benefit of the bondholders.

Bonds are considered the proper investment for people of small means, and the safer the bond the better its purpose is served. Amateur investors make the too common mistake of paying more attention to the yield of an investment than to the safety of its principal. But of what importance is a difference of ten or fifteen dollars a year more in income if the principal of the investment bringing in the income is not safe?

If a man is going to leave something for his family he must do more than save his money; he must invest it so that it is safe. It profits a man or his dependents little to have had money and lost it when the real need for it arises.

When a man begins to provide for his dependents or for his old age, therefore, we might suggest the following method, one which has been thoroughly tried and proven successful:

First, begin to save; save toward an investment of the highest grade. The money may be kept in a savings bank until it is sufficient for the purpose for which it is intended, or by means of the partial payment plan a bond may be contracted for before the amount required is actually in hand. The balance due is paid in regular instalments, and, with the aid of the interest received, the purchase price is eventually met, the ownership and physical possession of the bond obtained by the purchaser.

Now, when a man becomes the owner of a bond he is well started on the road to independence. And when a man owns a bond it is easier to acquire a second one than it was to purchase the first, for the reason that he has the interest on the first one to help him. The interest can also be used for another very excellent purpose, and that is the purchase of life insurance.

Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that the bond purchased yields 6 per cent. On a thousand-dollar bond this is sixty dollars a year. Sixty dollars a year will pay the premium on a life insurance policy of a face value of from two to three thousand dollars, depending upon the age of the insured. In other words, the minute a man has purchased a thousand-dollar bond he is able, without any additional expense, to provide at least three thousand dollars of protection for his wife and family.

This on the basis of the bond counting one thousand and the insurance policy two. Three thousand dollars may mean the difference between hopelessness and opportunity when he is gone. Furthermore, in case of need it is always possible to borrow on a life insurance policy and on a bond.

Figure it this way, too: That immediately you come into possession of a thousand-dollar bond and a two-thousand-dollar life insurance policy you have provided better for your dependents than eighty-two men out of every hundred. This in itself should be a source of satisfaction, and if the process be repeated it is surprising how rapidly the amount that you have set aside for your dependents piles up.

Make a start! Few of our rich men were born rich. They had to make a beginning sometime, and the sooner it is done the better the prospects are of success. Remember, too, that luck usually plays a very small part in the final results. Hard work, saving and intelligence have won ease and comfort for old age and those left behind a hundred times where luck has done it once.

Not that we can all be rich, and riches do not by any means necessarily go hand in hand with happiness. But money does provide protection for age, infirmity and those we love, and to that end it is an extremely desirable possession.

Few men would accept charity for themselves, and if they would keep in mind the possibility of their families having to take something they themselves would scorn, more money would be saved and untold misery avoided.

The life insurance statistics we have quoted group men roughly into four classes, and in connection with these figures two questions suggest themselves:

First, what class are you in now?

Second, what class are you going to be in when you are called away from your family?

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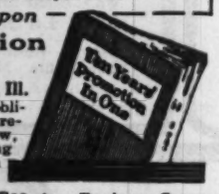

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The Breaking Point

(*Continued from page 119*)

economy at night, had he been so close to the passions of men, love and hate, and the disorder they brought with them.

"My brother, Henry Livingstone, was not a strong man," David dictated. "He had the same heart condition I have, but it developed earlier. After he left college he went to Arizona and bought a ranch, and there he met and chummed with Elihu Clark, who had bought an old mine and was reworking it. Henry loaned him a small amount of money at that time, and a number of years later, in return for that, when Henry's health failed, Clark, who had grown wealthy, bought him a ranch in Wyoming at Dry River, not far from Clark's own property.

"Henry had been teaching in an eastern university, and then taken up tutoring. We saw little of him. He was a student, and he became almost a recluse. I saw less of him than ever after Clark gave him the ranch.

"In the spring of 1910 Henry wrote me that he was not well, and I went out to see him. He seemed worried and was in bad shape physically. Elihu Clark had died five years before, and left him a fair sum of money, fifty thousand dollars, but he was living in a way which made me think he was not using it. The ranch buildings were dilapidated, and there was nothing but the barest necessities in the house.

"I taxed Henry with miserliness, and he then told me that the money was not his, but left to him to be used for an illegitimate son of Clark's, born before his marriage, the child of a small rancher's daughter, named Hattie Burgess. The Burgess girl had gone to Omaha for its birth, and the story was not known. In early years Clark had paid the child's board through his lawyer, to an Omaha woman named Hines, and had later sent him to college. The Burgess girl married a Swede named Thorwald. The boy was eight years older than Judson, Clark's legitimate son.

"After the death of his wife Elihu Clark began to think about the boy, especially after Judson became a fair-sized boy. He had the older boy, who went by the name of Hines, sent to college, and in summer he stayed at Henry's tutoring school. Henry said the boy was like the Burgess family, blonde and excitable, and rather commonplace. He did not get on well at college, and did not graduate. So far as he knew, Clark never saw him.

"The boy himself believed that he was an orphan, and that the Hines woman had adopted him as a foundling. But on the death of the woman he found that she had no estate, and that a firm of New York attorneys had been paying his college bills.

"He had spent considerable time with Henry, one way and another, and he began to think that Henry knew who he was. He thought at first that Henry was his father, and there was a wild scene. In order to end it Henry finally acknowledged that he knew who the father was, and after that he had no peace. Clifton—his name was Clifton Hines—attacked Henry once, and if it had not been for the two men on the place he would have hurt him.

"Henry began to give him money. Clark had left the fifty thousand for the boy with the idea that Henry should start him in business with it. But he only turned up wild-cat schemes that Henry would not listen to. He did not know how Henry got the money, or from where. He thought for a long time that Henry had saved it.

"I'd better say here that Henry was fond of Clifton although he didn't approve of him. He'd never married, and the boy was like a son to him for a good many years. He didn't have him at the ranch much, however, for he was a Burgess through and through and looked like them. And he was always afraid that somehow the story would get out.

"Then Hines learned, somehow or other, of Clark's legacy to Henry and he put two and two together. There was a bad time, but Henry denied it and they went upstairs to bed. That night he broke into Henry's desk and found some letters from Elihu Clark that told the story.

"He almost went crazy. He took the papers up to Henry's bedroom and wakened him, standing over Henry with them in his hand, and shaking all over. I think they had a struggle, too. All Henry told me was that he took them from him and threw them in the fire.

"That was a year before Henry died, and at the time young Jud Clark's name was in all the newspapers. He had left college after a wild career there, and although Elihu had tied up the property until Jud was twenty-one, Jud had his mother's estate and a big allowance. Then, too, he borrowed on his prospects, and he lost a hundred thousand dollars at Monte Carlo within six weeks after he graduated.

"One way and another he was always in the newspapers, and when he saw how Jud was throwing money away, young Hines went wild.

"As Henry had burned the letters he had no proofs. He didn't know who his mother was, but he set to work to find out. He ferreted into Elihu's past life, and he learned something about Hattie Burgess, or Thorwald. She was married by that time, and lived on a little ranch near Norada. He went to see her, and he accused her downright of being his mother. It must have been a bad time for her, for after all he was her son, and she had to disclaim him. She had a husband and a boy by that husband, however, by that time, and she was desperate. She threw him off the track somehow, lied and talked him down, and then went to bed in collapse.

"The queer thing was that as soon as she saw him, she wanted him. He was her son. She went to Henry one night, and said she had perjured her soul, and that she wanted him back. She wasn't in love with Thorwald. I think she'd always cared for Clark. She went away finally, however, after promising Henry she would keep Clark's secret. But I have a suspicion that later on she acknowledged the truth to the boy.

"What he wanted, of course, was a share of the Clark estate. Of course he hadn't a chance in law, but he saw a chance to blackmail young Jud Clark, and he tried it. Not personally, for he hadn't any real courage, but by mail. Clark's attorneys wrote back saying they would jail him if he tried it again, and he went back to Dry River and after Henry again.

"That was in the spring of 1910. Henry was uneasy, for Hines was not like himself. He had spells of brooding, and he took to making long trips on his horse into the mountains, and coming in with the animal run to death. Henry thought, too, that he was seeing the Thorwald woman, the mother. Thorwald had died, and she was living with the son on their ranch and trying to sell it. He thought Hines was trying to have her

(*Continued on page 124*)

The Prudential in 1921

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Reserves, held to protect policy contracts	**$717,824,358**
Held for policy dividends, payable after 1921	**20,752,077**
Other liabilities	**17,680,126**
Surplus, including capital stock	**33,251,662**
Assets	**$789,508,223**

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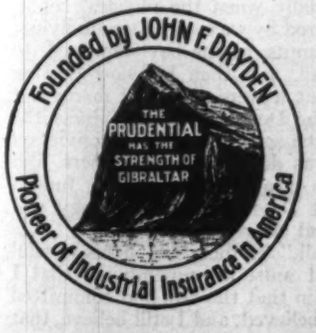

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The Breaking Point

(*Continued from page 122*)

make a confession which would give him a hold on Jud Clark.

"Henry was not well, and in the early fall he knew he hadn't long to live. He wrote out the story and left it in his desk for me to read after he had gone, and as he added to it from time to time, when I got it was almost up to date.

"Judson came back to the Clark ranch in September, bringing along an actress named Beverly Carlysle, and her husband, Howard Lucas. There was considerable talk, because it was known Jud had been infatuated with the woman. But no one saw much of the party, outside of the ranch. The Carlysle woman seemed to be a lady, but the story was that both men were drinking a good bit, especially Jud.

"Henry wrote that Hines had been in the east for some months at that time, and that he had not heard from him. But he felt that it was only a truce, and that he would turn up again, hell bent for trouble. He made a will and left the money to me, with instructions to turn it over to Hines. It is still in the bank, and amounts to about thirty-five thousand dollars. It is not mine, and I will not touch it. But I have never located Clifton Hines.

"In the last entry in his record I call attention to my brother's statement that he did not regard Cliton Hines as entirely sane on this one matter, and to his conviction that the hatred Hines then bore him, amounting to a delusion of persecution, might on his death turn against Judson Clark. He instructed me to go to Clark, tell him the story, and put him on his guard.

"Clark and his party had been at the ranch only a day or two when one night Hines turned up at Dry River. He wanted the fifty thousand, or what was left of it, and when he failed to move Henry he attacked him. The two men on the place heard the noise and ran in, but Hines got away. Henry swore them to secrecy, and told them the story. He felt he might need help.

"From what the two men at the ranch told me when I got there, I think Hines stayed somewhere in the mountains for the next day or two, and that he came down for food the night Henry died.

"Just what he contributed to Henry's death I do not know. Henry fell in one room, and was found in bed in another. The hands had been off after taking the cattle to the winter range, and he'd been alone in the house.

"When I got there the funeral was over. I read the letter he had left, and then I talked to the two hands, Bill Ardary and Jake Maizetti. They would not talk at first, but I showed them Henry's record and then they were free enough. The autopsy had shown that Henry died from heart disease, but he had a cut on his head also, and they believed that Hines had come back, and quarreled with him again, and had knocked him down.

"As Henry had in a way handed over to me his responsibility for the boy, and as I wanted to transfer the money, I waited for three weeks at the ranch, hoping he would turn up again. I saw the Thorwald woman, but she protested that she did not know where he was. And I made two attempts to see and warn Jud Clark, but failed both times. Then one night the Thorwald woman came in looking like a ghost, and admitted that Hines had been hiding in the mountains since Henry's death, and that he insisted he had killed him, and that he blamed Jud Clark for that and for all the rest of his troubles. She was afraid he would kill Clark. The three of us, the two men at the ranch and myself, prepared to go into the mountains and hunt for him, before he got snowed in.

"Then came the shooting at the Clark place, and I rode over that night in a howling storm and helped the coroner and a Norada doctor in the examination. All the evidence was against Clark, especially his running away. But I happened on Hattie Thorwald outside on a veranda—she'd been working at the house—and I didn't need any conversation to tell me what she thought. All she said was:

"'He didn't do it, doctor. He's still in the mountains.'

"I said:

"'He's been here to-night, Hattie, and you know it. He shot the wrong man.'

"But she swore he hadn't been, and at the end I didn't know. I'll say right now that I don't know. But I'll say, too, that I believe that is what happened, and that Hines probably stayed hidden that night on Hattie Thorwald's place. I went there the next day, but she denied it all and said he was still in the mountains. She carried on about the blizzard and his being frozen to death, until I began to think she was telling the truth.

"The next day I did what only a tenderfoot would do, started into the mountains alone. Bill and Jake were out with a posse after Clark, and I packed up some food and started. I'll not go into the details of that trip. I went in from the Dry River Canyon, and I guess I faced death a dozen times the first day. I had a map, but I lost myself in six hours. I had food and blankets and an axe along, and I built a shelter and stayed there over night. I had to cut up one of my blankets the next morning and tie up the horse's feet, so he wouldn't sink too deep in the snow. But it stayed cold and the snow hardened, and we got along better after that.

"I'd have turned back more than once, but I thought I'd meet up with some of the sheriff's party. I didn't do that, but I stumbled on a trail on the third day, toward evening. It was the trail made by John Donaldson, as I learned later. I followed it, but I concluded after awhile that whoever made it was lost, too. It seemed to be going in a circle. I was in bad shape and had frozen a part of my right hand, when I saw a cabin, and there was smoke coming out of the chimney."

From that time on David's statement dealt with the situation in the cabin; with Jud Clark and the Donaldsons, and with the snowstorm, which began again and lasted for days. He spoke at length of his discovery of Clark's identity, and of the fact that the boy had lost all memory of what had happened, and even of who he was. He went into that in detail; the peculiar effect of fear and mental shock on a high-strung nature, especially when the physical condition was lowered by excess and wrong living; his early attempts, as the boy improved, to pierce the veil, and then his slow-growing conviction that it were an act of mercy not to do so. The Donaldsons' faithfulness, the cessation of the search under the conviction that Clark was dead, both were there, and also David's growing liking for Judson himself. But David's own psychology was interesting and clearly put.

"First of all," he dictated, in his careful old voice, "it must be remembered that I was not certain that the boy had committed the crime. I believed, and I still believe, that

Lucas was shot by the man Hines, probably through an open window. There were no powder marks on the body. I believed, too, and still believe, that Hines had fled after the crime, either to Hattie Thorwald's house or to the mountains. In one case he had escaped and could not be brought to justice, and in the other he was dead, and beyond conviction.

"But there is another element which I urge, not in defense but explanation. The boy Judson Clark was a new slate to write on. He had never had a chance. He had had too much money, too much liberty, too little responsibility. His errors had been wiped away by the loss of his memory, and he had, I felt, a chance for a new and useful life.

"I did not come to my decision quickly. It was a long fight for his life, for he had contracted pneumonia, and he had the drinker's heart. But in the long days of his convalescence while Maggie worked in the lean-to, I had time to see what might be done. If in making an experiment with a man's soul I usurped the authority of my Lord and Master, I am sorry. But he knows that I did it for the best.

"I deliberately built up for Judson Clark a new identity. He was my nephew, my brother Henry's son. He had the traditions of an honorable family to carry on, and those traditions were honor, integrity, clean living and work. I did not stress love, for that I felt must be experienced, not talked about. But love was to be the foundation on which I built. The boy had had no love in his life.

"It has worked out. I may not live to see it at its fullest, but I defy the world to produce to-day a finer or more honorable gentleman, a more useful member of the community. And it will last. The time may come when Judson Clark will again be Judson Clark. I have expected it for many years. But he will never again be the Judson Clark of ten years ago. He may even will to return to the old reckless ways, but as I lie here, perhaps never to see him, I say this: *he cannot go back*. His character and habits of thought are established.

"To convict Judson Clark of the murder of Howard Lucas is to convict a probably or at least possibly innocent man. To convict Richard Livingstone of that crime, is to convict a different man, innocent of the crime, innocent of its memory, innocent of any single impulse to lift his hand against a law of God or the state."

For a month Haverly had buzzed with whispered conjectures. It knew nothing, and yet somehow it knew everything. Doctor David was ill at the seashore, and Dick was not with him. Harrison Miller, who was never known to depart further from his comfortable hearth than the railway station in one direction and the Sayre house in the other, had made a trip east and was now in the far west. Doctor Reynolds, who might or might not know something, had joined the country club and sent for his golf bag.

And Elizabeth Wheeler was going around with a drawn white face and a determined smile that faded the moment one looked away.

The village was hurt and suspicious. It resented its lack of knowledge, and turned cynical where, had it been taken into confidence, it would have been solicitous. It believed that Elizabeth had been jilted, for it knew, via Annie and the Oglethorpe's laundress, that no letters came from Dick. And against Dick its indignation was directed, in a hot flame of mainly feminine anger.

But it sensed a mystery too, and if it hated a jilt it loved a mystery.

Nina had taken to going about with her small pointed chin held high, and angrily she demanded that Elizabeth do the same.

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"I can't act, Nina. I do go about."

And Nina had a softened moment.

"Don't think about him," she said. "He isn't sick, or he would have had some one wire or write. And he isn't dead, or they'd have found his papers and let us know."

"Then he's in some sort of trouble. I want to go out there. *I want to go out there.*"

That, indeed, had been her constant cry for the last two weeks. She would have done it probably, packed her bag and slipped away, but she had no money of her own, and even Leslie, to whom she appealed, had refused her when he knew her purpose.

"We're following him up, little sister," he said. "Harrison Miller has gone out, and — there's enough talk as it is."

She thought, lying in her bed at night, that they were all too afraid of what people might say. It seemed so unimportant to her. And she could not understand the conspiracy of silence. Other men went away and were not heard from, and the police were notified and the papers told. It seemed to her, too, that everyone, her father and Nina and Leslie and even Harrison Miller, knew more than she did.

There had been that long conference behind closed doors, when Harrison Miller came back from seeing David, and before he went west. Leslie had been there, and even Doctor Reynolds, but they had shut her out. And her father had not been the same since. He seemed, sometimes, to be burning with a sort of inner anger. Not at her, however. He was very gentle with her.

And here was a curious thing. She had always felt that she knew when Dick was thinking of her. All at once, and without any warning, there would come a glow of happiness and warmth, and a sort of surrounding and encircling sense of protection. Rather like what she had felt as a little girl when she had run home through the terrors of the twilight, and closed the house door behind her. She was in the warm and lighted house, safe and cared for.

That was completely gone. It was as though the warm and lighted house of her love had turned her out and locked the door, and she was alone outside, cold and frightened.

She avoided the village, and from a sense of delicacy it left her alone. The small gaieties of the summer were on, dinners, dances and picnics, but her mourning made her absence inconspicuous. She could not, however, avoid Mrs. Sayre. She tried to, at first, but that lady's insistence and her own apathy made it easier to accept than to refuse. Then, after a time, she found the house rather a refuge. She seldom saw Wallie, and she found her hostess tactful, kindly and uninquisitive.

"Take the scissors and a basket, child, and cut your mother some roses," she would say. Or they would loot the green houses, and going in the car to the cemetery, make of Jim's grave a thing of beauty and remembrance.

Now and then, of course, she saw Wallie, but he never reverted to the day she had told him of her engagement. Mother and son, she began to feel that only with them could she be herself. For the village, her chin high as Nina had said. At home, assumed cheerfulness. Only at the house on the hill could she be herself.

She waited with a sort of desperate courage, for word from Harrison Miller. What she wanted that word to be she did not know. There were, of course, times when she had to face the possibility that Dick had deliberately cut himself off from her. After all, there had never been any real reason why he should care for her. She was not clever and not beautiful. Perhaps he had been disappointed in her, and this was the thing they were concealing. Perhaps he had gone back to Wyoming and had there found some one more worthy of him, some one who understood when he talked about the things he did in his laboratory, and did not just sit and listen with loving, rather bewildered eyes.

Then, one night at dinner, a telegram was brought in, and she knew it was the expected word. She felt her mother's eyes on her, and she sat very still, with her hands clenched in her lap. But her father did not read it at the table; he got up and went out, and some time later he came to the door. The telegram was not in sight.

"That was from Harrison Miller," he said. "He traced him to a hotel in Norada, but he had left the hotel, and he hasn't got in touch with him yet."

He went away then, and they heard the house door close.

Then, some days later, she learned that Harrison Miller was coming home, and that David was being brought back. She saw that telegram from Mr. Miller, and read into it failure and discouragement, and something more ominous than either.

"Reach home Tuesday night. Nothing definite. Think safe."

"Think safe?" she asked, breathlessly. "Then he had been in danger? What are you keeping from me?" And when no one spoke: "Oh, don't you see how cruel it is? You are all trying to protect me, and you are killing me, instead."

"Not danger," her father said, slowly. "So far as we know, he is well. Is all right." And seeing her face: "It is nothing that affects his feeling for you, dear. He is thinking of you and loving you, wherever he is. Only, we don't know where he is."

But when he came back on Tuesday, after seeing Harrison Miller, he was discouraged and sick at heart. He went directly upstairs to his wife, and shut the bedroom door.

"Not a trace," he said, in reply to the question in her eyes. "The situation is as he outlined it in the letter. He elaborated, of course. The fact is, and David will have to see it,-that that statement of his doesn't help at all, unless he can prove there is a Clifton Hines. And even then it's all supposition. There's a strong sentiment out there that Dick either killed himself or met with an accident and died in the mountains. The horse wandered into town last week."

Over this possibility they faced each other, a tragic middle-aged pair, helpless as is the way of middle-age before the attacks of life on their young.

"It will kill her, Walter."

"She's young," he said sturdily. "She'll get over it."

But he did not think so, and she knew it.

"There is another queer element in it," he observed, after a time. "Another man, named Bassett, disappeared the same night. His stuff is at the hotel, but no papers to identify him. He had looked after Dick that day when he was sick, and he simply vanished. He didn't take the train. He was under suspicion for being with Dick, and the station was being watched."

But she was not interested in Bassett. The name meant nothing to her. She harked back to the question that had been in both their minds since they had read, in stupefied amazement, David's statement.

"In a way, Walter, it would be better, if he —"

"Why?"

"My little girl, and — Judson Clark!"

But he fought that sturdily. They had ten years of knowledge and respect to build on. The past was past. All he prayed for was Dick's return, an end to this long waiting. There would be no reservations in *his* welcome, if only —

Some time later he went downstairs, to where Elizabeth sat waiting in the library. He went like a man to his execution, and his resolution nearly gave way when he saw her, small in her big chair and pathetically

patient. He told her the story as guardedly as he could. He began with Dick's story to him, about his forgotten youth, and went on carefully to Dick's own feeling that he must clear up that past before he married. She followed him carefully, bewildered a little, and very tense.

"But why didn't he tell me?"

"He saw it as a sort of weakness. He meant to when he came back."

He fought Dick's fight for him valiantly, stressing certain points that were to prepare her for others to come. He plunged, indeed, rather recklessly into the psychology of the situation, and only got out of the unconscious mind with an effort. But behind it all was his overwhelming desire to save her pain.

"You must remember," he said, "that Dick's life before this happened, and since, are two different things. Whatever he did then should not count against him now."

"Of course, not," she said. "Then he — had done something?"

"Yes. Something that brought him into conflict with the authorities."

She did not shrink from that, and he was encouraged to go on.

"He was young then, remember. Only twenty-one or so. And there was a quarrel with another man. The other man was shot."

"You mean Dick shot him?"

"Yes. You understand, don't you," he added anxiously, "that he doesn't remember doing it?"

In spite of his anxiety he was forced to marvel at the sublime faith with which she made her comment, through lips that had gone white.

"Then it was either an accident, or he deserved shooting," she said. But she inquired, he thought with difficulty, "Did he die?"

He could not lie to her. "Yes," he said.

She closed her eyes, but a moment later she was fighting her valiant fight again, for Dick.

"But they let him go," she protested. "Men do shoot in the west, don't they? There must have been a reason for it. You know Dick as well as I do. He couldn't do a wrong thing."

He let that pass. "Nothing was done about it at the time," he said. "And Dick came here and lived his useful life among us. He wouldn't have known the man's name if he heard it. But do you see, sweetheart, where this is taking us? He went back, and they tried to get him, for a thing he didn't remember doing."

"Father!" she said, and went very white. "Is that where he is? In prison?"

He tried to steady his voice.

"No, dear. He escaped into the mountains. But you can understand his silence. You can understand, too, that he may feel he cannot come back to us, with this thing hanging over him. What we have to do now is to find him, and to tell him that it makes no difference. That he has his place in the world waiting for him, and that we are waiting too."

When it was all over, her questions and his sometimes stumbling replies, he saw that out of it all the one thing that mattered vitally to her was that Dick was only a fugitive, and not dead. But she said, just before they went, arm in arm, up the stairs:

"It is queer in one way, father. It isn't like him to run away."

He told Margaret, later, and she listened carefully.

"Then you didn't tell her about the woman in the case?"

"Certainly not. Why should I?"

Mrs. Wheeler looked at him, with the eternal surprise of woman at the lack of masculine understanding.

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that. And she will have to know it some time."

He pondered her flat statement unhappily, standing by the window and looking out into the shaded street, and a man who had been standing, cigar in mouth, on a pavement across withdrew into the shadow of a tree box.

"It's all a puzzle to me," he said, at last. "God alone knows how it will turn out. Harrison Miller seems to think this Bassett, whoever he is, could tell us something. I don't know."

He drew the shade and wound his watch. "I don't know," he repeated.

Outside, on the street, the man with the cigar struck a match and looked at his watch. Then he walked briskly toward the railway station. A half hour later he walked into the offices of the Times-Republican and to the night editor's desk.

"Hello, Bassett," said that gentleman. "We thought you were dead. Well, how about the sister in California? It was the Clark story, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Bassett, non-committally.

"And it blew up on you! Well, there were others who were fooled, too. Well, you had a holiday, anyhow."

"Yes, I had a holiday," said Bassett, and going over to his own desk began to sort his vast accumulation of mail. Sometime later he found the night editor at his elbow.

"Did you get anything on the Clark business at all?" he asked. "Williams thinks there's a page in it for Sunday, anyhow. You've been on the ground, and there's a human interest element in it. The last man who talked to Clark; the ranch to-day. That sort of thing."

Bassett went on doggedly sorting his mail.

"You take it from me," he said, "the story's dead, and so is Clark. The Donaldson woman was crazy. That's all."

David was brought home the next day, a shrivelled and aged David, but with a fighting fire in his eyes and a careful smile at the station for the group of friends who met him.

David had decided on a course and meant to follow it. That course was to protect Dick's name, and to keep the place he had made in the world open for him. Not even to Lucy had he breathed the terror yet that was with him day and night, that Dick had reached the breaking point and had gone back. Yet he knew it was impossible. Lauler had warned him against shocks and trouble, and looking back David could see the gradually accumulating pressure against that mental wall of Dick's subconscious building; over-work and David's illness, his love affair and Jim Wheeler's tragedy, and coming on top of that, in some way he had not yet learned, the knowledge that he was Judson Clark, and a fugitive from the law. The work of ten years perhaps undone.

Both David and Lucy found the homecoming painful. Harrison Miller rode up with them from the station, and between him and Doctor Reynolds David walked into his house and was assisted up the stairs. At the door of Dick's room he stopped and looked in, and then went on, his face set and rigid. He would not go to bed, but sat in his chair while about him went on the bustle of the return, and bringing up of trunks and bags, but the careful smile was gone, and his throat, now so much too thin for his collar, worked convulsively.

He had got Harrison Miller's narrative from him on the way from the station and it had only confirmed his suspicions.

"He had been in a stupor all day," Miller related, "and was being cared for by a man named Bassett. I dare say that's the man Gregory had referred to. He may have become suspicious of Bassett. I don't know. But a chambermaid recognized him as he was making his escape, and raised an alarm. He got a horse out of the courtyard of the hotel, and not a sign of him has been found since."

"It wasn't Bassett who raised the alarm?"

"No, apparently not. The odd thing is that this Bassett disappeared too the same night. I called up his paper yesterday, but he hasn't shown up."

And with some small amplifications, that is all there was to it.

Before Harrison Miller and Doctor Reynolds left him to rest. David called Lucy in, and put his plea to all of them.

"It is my hope," he said, "to carry on exactly as though Dick might walk in tomorrow and take his place again. As I hold to my belief in God, so I hold to my conviction that he will come back, and that before I—before long. But our friends will be asking where he is and what he is doing, and we would better agree on that beforehand. What we'd better say is simply that Dick was called away on business connected with some property in the west. They may not believe it, but they'll hardly disapprove it."

So the benevolent conspiracy to protect Dick Livingstone's name was arranged, and from that time on the four of them who were a party to it turned to the outside world an unbroken front of loyalty. Even to Minnie, anxious and red-eyed in her kitchen, Lucy gave the same explanation while she arranged David's tray.

"He has been detained in the west on business," Lucy said.

"He might have sent me a post card. And he hasn't written Doctor Reynolds at all."

"He has been very busy. Get the sugar bowl, Minnie. He'll be back soon, I'm sure."

But Minnie did not immediately move.

"He'd better come soon if he wants to see Doctor David," she said, with twitching lips. "And I'll just say this, Mrs. Crosby. The talk that's going on in this town is something awful."

"I don't want to hear it," Lucy said firmly.

She ate alone, painfully remembering that last gay little feast before they started away. But before she sat down she did a touching thing. She rang the bell and called Minnie.

"After this, Minnie," she said, "we will always set Doctor Richard's place. Then, when he comes —"

Her voice broke and Minnie, scenting a tragedy but ignorant of it, went back to her kitchen to cry into the roller towel. Her world was gone to pieces. By years of service to the one family, she had no other world, no home, no ties. She was with the Livingstones, but not one of them. Alone in her kitchen she felt lonely and cut off. She thought that David, had he not been ill, would have told her.

Lucy found David moving about upstairs some time later, and when she went up she found him sitting in Dick's room, on a stiff chair inside the door. She stood beside him and put her hand on his shoulder, but he did not say anything, and she went away

That night David had a caller. All evening the bell had been ringing, and the card tray on the hat rack was filled with visiting cards. There were gifts, too, flowers and jellies and some squab from Mrs. Sayre. Lucy had seen no one, excusing herself on the ground of fatigue, but the man who called at nine o'clock was not inclined to be turned away.

"You take this card up to Doctor Livingstone, anyhow," he said. "I'll wait."

He wrote in pencil on the card, placing it against the door post to do so, and passed it to Minnie. She calmly read it, and rather defiantly carried it off. But she came down quickly, touched by some contagion of expectation from the room upstairs.

"Hang your hat on the rack and go on up."

So it was that David and the reporter met, for the first time, in David's old fashioned chamber, with its walnut bed and the dresser with the marble top, and Dick's picture in his uniform on the mantle.

Bassett was shocked at the sight of David, shocked and alarmed. He was uncertain at first as to the wisdom of telling his startling

story to an obviously sick man, but David's first words reassured him.

"Come in," he said. "You are the Bassett who was with Doctor Livingstone at Norada?"

"Yes. I see you know about it."

"We know something, not everything."

Suddenly David's pose deserted him. He got up and stood very straight, searching eyes on his visitor. "Is he living?" he asked, in a low voice.

"I think so. I'm not certain."

"Then you don't know where he is?"

"No. He got away — but you know that. Sit down, doctor. I've got a long story to tell."

"I'll get you to call my sister first," David said. "And tell her to get Harrison Miller. Mr. Miller is our neighbor, and he very kindly went west when I — when my health did not allow me to go."

While they waited David asked only one question.

"The report we have had is that he was in a stupor in the hotel, and the doctor who saw him—you got him, I think—said he appeared to have been drinking heavily. Is that true? He was not a drinking man."

"I am quite sure he had not."

There was another question in David's mind, but he did not put it. He sat, with the patience of his age and his new infirmity, waiting for Lucy to bring Harrison Miller, and had it not been for the trembling of his hands Bassett would have thought him calm and even placid.

During the recital that followed somewhat later, David did not move. He sat silent, his eyes closed, his face set.

"That's about all," Bassett finished. "He had been perfectly clear in his head all day, and it took head-work to get over the pass. But, as I say, he had simply dropped ten years, and was back to the Lucas trouble. I tried everything I knew, used your name and would have used the young lady's, because sometimes that sort of thing strikes pretty deep, but I didn't know it. He was convinced after a while, but he was dazed, of course. He knew it, that is, but he couldn't comprehend it.

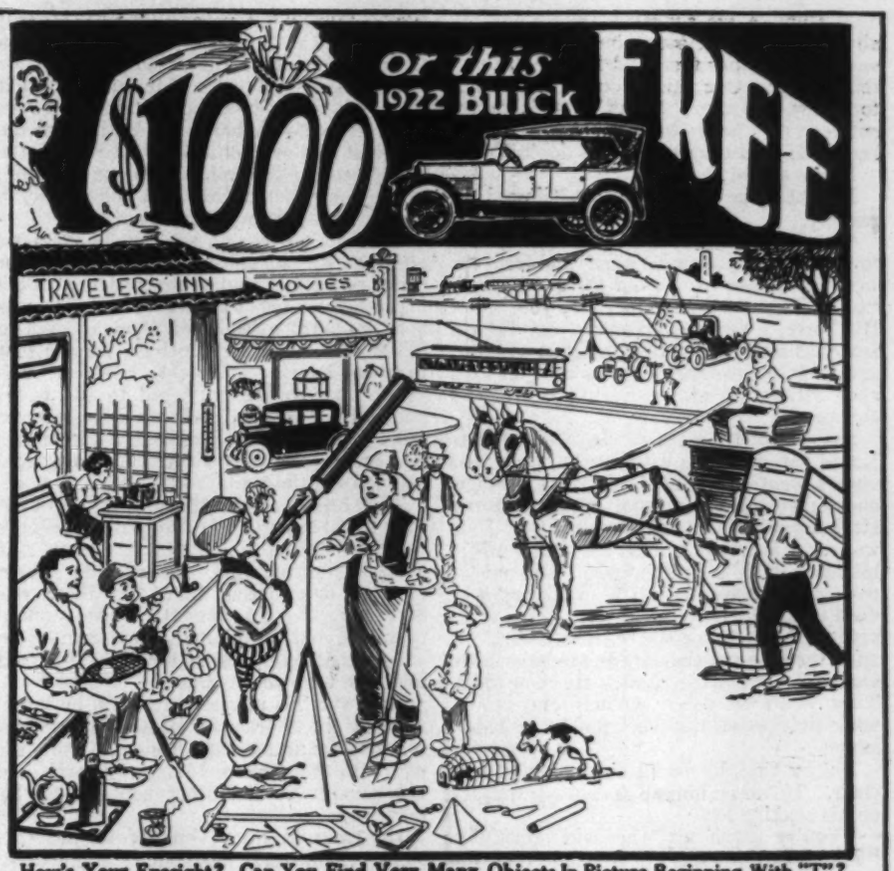
"I was done up, and I've cursed myself for it since, but I must have slept like the dead. I wakened once, early in the night, and he was still sitting by the fire, staring at it. I've forgotten to say that he had been determined all day to go back and give himself up, and the only way I prevented it was by telling him what a blow it would be to you and to the girl. I wakened once and said to him, 'Better get some sleep, old man.' He did not answer at once, and then he said: 'All right.' I was dozing off when he spoke again. He said, 'Where is Beverly Carlysle now. Has she married again?' 'She revived The Valley, and she's in New York with it,' I told him.

"When I wakened in the morning he was gone, but he'd left a piece of paper in a cleft stick beside me, With directions for reaching the railroad, and — well, here it is."

Bassett took from his pocketbook a note, and passed it over to David, who got out his spectacles with shaking hands and read it. It was on Dick's prescription paper, with his name at the top and the familiar R-X below it. David read it aloud, his voice husky.

"Many thanks for everything, Bassett," he read. "I don't like to leave you, but you'll get out all right if you follow the map on the back of this. I've had all night to think things out, and I'm leaving you because you are safer without me. I realize now what you've known all day and kept from me. That woman at the hotel recognized me, and they are after me.

"I can't make up my mind what to do. Ultimately I think I'll go back and give



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myself up. I am a dead man, anyhow, to all who might have cared, but I've got to do one or two things first, and I want to think things over. One thing you've got a right to know. I hated Lucas, but it never entered my head to kill him. How it happened God only knows. I don't."

It was signed J. C.

Bassett broke the silence that followed the reading.

"I made every effort to find him. I had to work alone, you understand, and from the west side of the range, not to arouse suspicion. They were after me, too, you know. His horse, I heard, worked its way back a few days ago. It's a God forsaken country, and if he lost his horse he was in it on foot, and without food. Of course there's a chance —"

His voice trailed off. In the stillness David sat, touching with tender, tremulous fingers what might be Dick's last message, and gazing at the picture in his uniform. He knew what they all thought, that Dick was dead, and that he held his final words in his hand, but his militant old spirit refused to accept that silent verdict. Dick might be dead to them, but he was living. He looked around the room defiantly, resentfully. Of all of them he was the only one to have faith, and he was bound to a chair. He knew them. They would sit down supinely and grieve, while time passed and Dick fought his battle alone.

No, by God, he would not be bound to a chair. He raised himself and stood, swaying on his shaking legs.

"You've given up," he said scornfully. "You make a few days' search, and then you quit. It's easy to say he's dead, and so you say he's dead. I'm going out there myself, and I'll make a search —"

He collapsed into the chair again, and looked at them with ashamed, appealing eyes. Bassett was the first to break the silence, speaking in a carefully emotionless tone.

"I haven't given up for a minute. I've given up the search, because he's beyond finding just now. Either he's got away, or he is, — well, beyond help. We have to go on the hypothesis that he got away, and in that case sooner or later you'll hear from him. He's bound to remember you in time. The worst thing is this charge against him."

"He never killed Howard Lucas," David said, in a tone of conviction. "Harrison, read Mr. Bassett my statement to you. . . ."

Bassett took the statement home with him that night, and studied it carefully. It explained a great deal that had puzzled him before; Mrs. Wasson's story and David's arrival at the mountain cabin. But most of all it explained why the Thorwald woman had sent him after Dick. She knew then, in spite of her protests to David, that Jud Clark had not killed Lucas.

He paced the floor for an hour or two, sunk in thought, and then unlocked a desk drawer and took out his bank book. He had saved a little money. Not much, but it would carry him over if he couldn't get another leave of absence. He thought, as he put the book away and prepared for bed, that it was a small price to pay for finding Clifton Hines and saving his own soul.

Dick had written his note, and placed it where Bassett would be certain to see it. Then he found his horse and led him for the first half mile or so of level ground before the trail began to descend. He mounted there, for he knew the animal could find its way in the darkness where he could not.

He felt no weariness and no hunger, although he had neither slept nor eaten for thirty-odd hours, and as contrasted with the night before, his head was clear. He was able to start a train of thought and to follow it through consecutively for the first time in hours. Thought, however, was easier than realization. And to add to his perplexity, he struggled to place Bassett and failed entirely. He remained a mysterious and incomprehensive figure, beginning and ending with the trail.

Then he had an odd thought, that brought him up standing. He had only Bassett's word for the story. Perhaps Bassett was lying to him, or mad. He rode on after a moment, considering that; but there was something, not in Bassett's circumstantial narrative but in himself, that refused to accept that loop-hole of escape. He could not have told what it was.

And with his increasing clarity, he began to make out the case for Bassett and against himself; the unfamiliar clothing he wore, the pad with the name of Livingstone on it and the sign R-X, the other contents of his pockets.

He tried to orient himself in Bassett's story. A doctor. The devil's irony of it! Some poor hack, losing sleep and bringing babies. Peddling pills, too. Leading what Bassett had called a life of usefulness! That was a career for you, a pill peddler. God!

But underlying all his surface thinking was still the need of flight, and he was continually confusing it with the earlier one. One moment he was looking about for the snow of that earlier escape, and the next he would remember, and the sense of panic would leave him. After all, he meant to surrender eventually; it did not matter if they caught him.

But, like the sense of flight, there was something else in his mind, something he fought down and would not face. When it came up he thrust it back fiercely. That something was the figure of Beverly Carlysle, stooping over her husband's body. He would have died to save her pain, and yet last night — no it wasn't last night. It was years and years ago, and all this time she had hated him.

It was unbearable that she had gone on hating him, all this time.

He was very thirsty, and water did not satisfy him. He wanted a real drink. He wanted alcohol. Suddenly he wanted all the liquor in the world. The craving came on at dawn, and after that he kicked his sick horse on recklessly, so that it rocked and stumbled down the trail. He had only one thought after the frenzy seized him, and that was to get to civilization and whiskey. It was as though he saw in drunkenness his only escape from the unbearable. In all probability he would have killed both his horse and himself in the grip of that sudden madness. But deliverance came in the shape of a casual rider, a stranger who for a moment took up the shuttle, wove his bit of the pattern and passed on, to use his blowpipe, his spirit lamp and his chemicals in some prospector's paradise among the mountains.

When Dick heard somewhere ahead the creaking of saddle leather and the rattle of harness he drew aside on the trail and waited. He had lost all caution in the grip of his craving, and all fear. A line of loaded burros rounded a point ahead and came toward him, picking their way delicately with small deliberate feet and walking on the outer edge of the trail, after the way of pack animals the world over. Behind them was a horseman, rifle in the scabbard on his saddle, and spurs jingling. Dick watched him with thirsty, feverish eyes as he drew near. He could hardly wait to put his question.

"Happen to have a drink about you, partner?" he called.

The man stopped his horse and grinned.

"Pretty early in the morning for a drink, isn't it?" he inquired. Then he saw Dick's eyes, and reached reluctantly into his saddle bag. "I've got a quart here," he said. "I've traveled forty miles and spent nine dollars to get it, but I guess you need some."

"You wouldn't care to sell it, I suppose?"

"The bottle? Not on your life."

He untied a tin cup from his saddle, and carefully poured a fair amount into it, steadying his horse the while.

"Here," he said, and passed it over. "But you'd better cut it out after this. It's bad medicine. You've got two good drinks there. Be careful."

Dick took the cup and looked at the liquor. The odor assailed him, and for a queer moment he felt a sudden distaste for it. He had a revulsion that almost shook him. But he drank it down and passed the cup back.

"You've traveled a long way for it," he said, "and I needed it, I guess. If you'll let me pay for it ——"

"Forget it," said the man amiably, and kicked his horse. "But better cut it out, first chance you get. It's bad medicine."

He rode on after his vanishing pack, and Dick took up the trail again. But before long he began to feel sick and dizzy; the aftertaste of the liquor in his mouth nauseated him. The craving had been mental habit, not physical need, and his body fought the poison rebelliously. After a time the sickness passed, and he slept in the saddle. He roused once, enough to know that the horse had left the trail, and was grazing in a green meadow. Still overcome with his first real sleep, he tumbled out of the saddle and stretched himself out on the ground. He slept all day, lying out in the burning sun, his face upturned to the sky.

(The next installment of "The Breaking Point" will appear in the June McClure's.)

THIS MONTH'S COVER

Deserves special attention. It is a reproduction of the portrait of Madame Victoire, an excellent example of early eighteenth century art, and one of the finest canvases of the great French master,

JEAN MARC NATTIER

(1685-1767)

The original hangs in the famous gallery at Versailles, and color reproductions such as this would cost you at least $2.00—probably more. It is worth noting that with McClure's for May you get for twenty-ffve cents, not only the unusual value of the magazine itself, but a picture of intrinsic and artistic worth.